PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

JAN. 1922

NOW 20 CENTS



Our New Crop of Stars

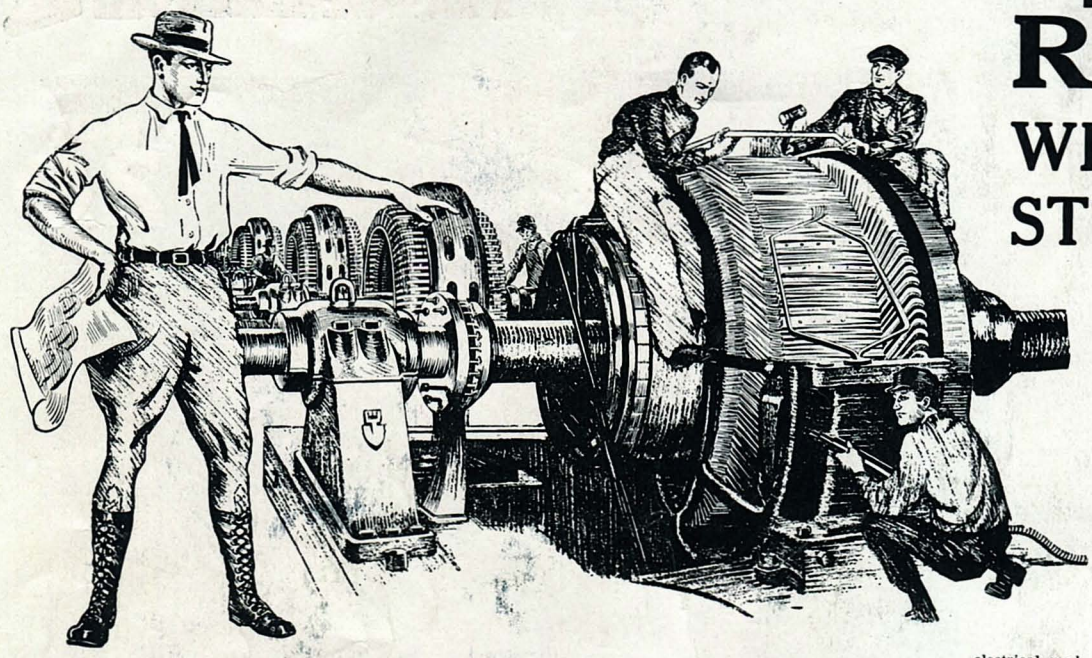
You'll soon see their names in electric lights - read about them in this issue.

Anne Brockman

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Holiday Number.

Be a Certificated
"Electrical Expert"



"Electrical Experts" Earn $12 to $30 a day

What's *Your* Future

Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known. "Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions—

Be an "Electrical Expert"

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay

$3,500 to $10,000 a Year

Get in line for one of these "Big Jobs" by enrolling now for my easily-learned, quickly-grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home-Study Course in Practical Electricity.

Age or Lack of Experience No Draw-Back

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education or previous experience the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert", able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,500 to $10,000. Many are now successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS. (Read my students' letters).

Your Success Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you, *too*, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

FREE—Electrical Working Outfit—FREE

I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

Get Started Now—Write Me I want to send you my Electrical Book and Proof Lessons both FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer Dept. 441, Chicago Engineering Works, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

READ WHAT MY STUDENTS SAY—

"Mr. Cooke can, and will, get you a job, but that part is unnecessary, because if you study, he will make you proficient, and then there will be any number of jobs LOOKING FOR YOU."—O. W. Chamberlain, Little Eagle, So. Dak., to a prospective student.

"Have just received my diploma, of which I am very proud. I think your Course is the most complete I have ever seen. I have received my money's worth many times, and any fellow that turns down your offer is sure going to regret it."—Loran C. Brown, Sebring, Ohio.

"Since I started to study with you a year ago I have, doing electrical work in my spare time, made the price of 2 Courses, and have increased my earning power just 100 per cent."—Samuel Albright, Riverside, Wash.

"During May I made about $65 in my spare time. I can hand you the credit, because when I started I knew NOTHING about Electricity."—L. Randell, Ironton, Minn.

"You will be pleased to learn of my promotion to Chief Electrician. It was your course put me where I am. Although only a little over half through your lessons, I have had my wages raised from $75 to $275.00 a month, and expect to do better before I am through."—H. E. Wolf, Columbus, Ohio.

"When I enrolled with you I was only able to make $75.00 a month. Today, thanks to your splendid lessons, I am in business for myself, making over $400.00 a month."—A. Schreck, Phoenix, Arizona.

"Electrical men here speak very highly of your course. One—the Fresno Manager of the General Electric Company—says your course is equal to the three years' training course at their Schenectady shops."—E. Linnville, Fresno, Calif.

"I want to speak a good word in regard to your Course and methods. It has helped me wonderfully. I passed a Journeyman's examination with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, and am now carrying a first-class card."—J. R. Overton, Maryville, Tenn.

"When I enrolled—I knew nothing about Electricity. Today I am the highest paid workman for the Massena Light & Power Co."—C. C. Burkhart, Massena, N. Y.

"I am still holding that position with the Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company, secured on your recommendation."—A. Swanson, Minneapolis, Minn.

"In 18 months since I started to study with you I have increased my salary from $6 a day to $1,000 a year."—A. F. Klemz, State Supt. of Const., Miller-York Co., Saginaw, Mich.

"The outfit is wonderful, so much better than I expected, and I must say I am more than pleased with same."—F. X. Droege, Covington, Ky.

"Before I started to study with you I was only able to make $50 every 2 weeks. Now I am making $300 a month, and going up all the time. Your Course has put me where I am."—J. E. Sallinger, Mine Electrician, New River & Pocahontas Con. Coal Co., Layland, W. Va.

"I would not take 1,000 dollars and be without your course. If I did the years ahead would only be like the few that have passed."—H. Swiger, Wallace, West Virginia.

Complete Letters Sent When You Write Me

USE THIS "FREE OUTFIT" COUPON

L. L. COOKE, Chief Eng., Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 441, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid without obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

YOU CAN DO IT

13c a day soon buys an Oliver Typewriter—latest model

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver paid for. And you get to use it right away—while you pay.

To begin with, you save $50.50 on the price, for we now sell the standard $100 Oliver for $49.50 cash. Or you save $45 if you pay the installment price of $55. It is our latest and best model, the No. 9. The finest product of our factories.

We are able to make these great savings for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous expensive branch houses through the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

Used by U. S. Steel Corporation, N. Y. Central Lines, National City Bank of New York, Encyclopaedia Britannica, New York Edison Co., Otis Elevator Co., Boston Elevated Railways, and other big concerns.



You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.

$100 Value

Let us send you the Oliver for Free Trial. The coupon brings it.

If you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, pay $49.50 cash for it, or $55 on installments—$3 after trial, then $4 per month.

If, after trying it, you wish to return it, we even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So the trial does not cost you a cent. Nor does it place you under obligations to buy.

Our new plan has been a tremendous success. We are selling more Olivers this way than ever before. Over 900,000 Olivers have been sold! Oliver popularity is increasing daily.

This, the Oliver 9, has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its sturdiness, speed and fine workmanship. It is handsomely finished in olive enamel and polished nickel. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this Oliver, for which we now ask only $49.50, after its being priced for years at $100.

Mail the coupon for EITHER a free trial Oliver or further information. Be your own salesman and save half. This is your great opportunity.

Canadian Price, $79

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1251 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Now $49.50

This coupon brings you a Free Trial Oliver without your paying in advance. Decide yourself. Save half.

Or this coupon brings further information. Check which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
1251 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver No. 9 Typewriter for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $55 as follows: $3 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct ten per cent and remit to you $49.50.
If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is.....

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

Vol. XV MONTHLY No. 5

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR

JANUARY, 1922

Chats With Screen Authors 8
Information and advice about scenarios and the market for them.

News Notes from the Studios 10
Items of interest about popular players.

A Calendar of Past Performances . . Johnson Briscoe . 17
What your favorites were doing years ago.

Off With the Old Love . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 18
Contrasting to-day's favorites with those of yesterday.

The Penitent Pauline . . . . . Gordon Gassaway . 20
How the West has changed Miss Frederick.

Where Do You Buy Beauty? . . . Louise Williams . 22
Dressing-room secrets of prominent stars.

Of Course You Know Dorothy! . . Helen Klumph . 24
An unusual view of little Miss Gish of the comedies.

Elaine—with a Mind of Her Own . . Harriette Underhill . 25
An informal chat with ever-popular Miss Hammerstein.

What's Bill Hart Going to Do? . . Russell Holman . 26
The answer to a question that many fans are asking.

The Glorious Adventuress . . . Alden Hughes . 28
Introducing Maude George in a new guise.

Raving Versus Reason . . . . . Emma-Lindsay Squier 29
What happened to the interviewer's resolutions when she met Richard Barthelmess.

Romances of Famous Film Folk . . Grace Kingsley . 30
The fascinating love story of Tom Mix and Victoria Forde.

The New Star Shower . . . . . Gordon Gassaway . 33
A review of the season's crop of stars and their achievements, illustrated with portraits in rotogravure.

Gloria, Ltd. . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 43
Introducing a star who lives up to all the glamorous ideas of what a star should be.

Here's to the Brave . . . . . Helen Christine Bennett 45
The true story of the risks motion-picture actors take.

The Observer 49
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning motion pictures.

Right Off the Grill . . . . . E. Lanning Masters 51
Crackling comment from the heart of the motion-picture colony.

Sketchographs—a Screen Novelty . . Gordon White . . 54
Proving that there is something new under the Kliegs.

Continued on the Second Page Following

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer; GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., Secretary. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. *All Rights Reserved.* Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.36. Foreign, $2.72.

WARNING—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons who have been thus victimized.

IMPORTANT—Authors, agents, and publishers are requested to note that this firm does not hold itself responsible for loss of unsolicited manuscripts while at this office or in transit; and that it cannot undertake to hold uncalled-for manuscripts for a longer period than six months. If the return of manuscript is expected, postage should be inclosed.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS



If it's a *Paramount Picture* it's the best show in town

—best in plot, presentation, staging, starring, dressing, laughs, thrills, pathos, everything,

—best because it is made up to a standard and not down to a price,

—best because the organization behind it is great enough to draw on the best talent of every kind in America and Europe and co-ordinate it to produce a perfect photoplay.

If you are a real fan you know a real photoplay, and the way a real fan can pick out a Paramount Picture just by seeing a few hundred feet of it in the middle is the biggest tribute to quality a film can have.

Watch the panel alongside for Paramount Pictures and watch your theatre's announcements to find out dates of showings.

Check it up for yourself, anytime, anywhere, that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DEMILLE Director General
NEW YORK

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Sept. 1, 1921, to Jan. 1, 1922

Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers"
By Byron Morgan.

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks."

Betty Compson in
"At the End of the World"
By Ernst Klein
Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

"The Golem"
A unique presentation of the famous story of ancient Prague.

Cecil B. DeMille's
"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Jeanie MacPherson
Suggested by Schnitzler's play
With Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and Julia Faye.

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by John S. Robertson.

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne.

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes
James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
with Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart.

William deMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle.

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones.

William S. Hart in "Three Word Brand."
A William S. Hart Production.

George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," with Betty Compson, by Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Briar Bush."
by Ian MacLaren.
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production, "The Sheik," with Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino. From the novel by Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North."
adapted from "Conjuror's House"
by Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was."
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel "Enchanted Hearts."
by Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp"
by Clara Beranger.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything"
by Lorna Moon.

Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
by Alice and Claude Askew.

A William deMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson. From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

Ask your theatre manager when he shall show them

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 56
Fanny the Fan passes on the latest gossip about popular players.

Bebe's Way . . . . . Louise Williams . . 60
How Miss Daniels—with the assistance of Ethel Chaffin—is solving fashion problems.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Alison Smith . . 62
A guide book to the month's productions—showing which ones you will want to see.

The Minuteman of the Movies . . . . . Paul H. Conlon . . 66
A sketch of the remarkable career of Colonel Selig.

The Revelations of a Star's Wife 69
A fascinating narrative of the lives of many motion-picture players you may know.

Without Benefit of Thrills . . . . . Charles Carter . . 72
A glimpse at the doings of the thrill king.

What the Fans Think 74
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.

Griffith's Greatest 76
Views in rotogravure of "The Two Orphans."

Motion Pictures from the Land of the Midnight Sun 78
Scenes from some prominent Swedish productions.

Innocents Abroad 80
Glimpses of May MacAvoy and Corinne Griffith in colorful rôles.

The Smell of the Sawdust . . . . . Jerome Weatherby . 83
The real reason for the return of Mrs. Wallace Reid to the screen.

The Dragon Awakens . . . . . Emma-Lindsay Squier 84
What the new Chinese productions promise to the fans.

A Fan Club Talk . . . . . Marjorie Powell Fohn 87
Latest news of the activities of fan clubs.

Merry Christmas 89
A greeting from Jane Novak.

The Picture Oracle 94
Answers to questions of our readers.

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD—AS KNOWN TO HER DEAREST FRIEND

You who have known and loved Our Mary—haven't you wished you knew her better? Haven't you wished that you might have known her through her early struggles and shared with her the first joys of success?

Haven't you ever thought of how nice it must be to drop in at Mary Pickford's house to spend the evening—just as you do, perhaps, at your next-door neighbor's?

And do you know that the one who does know Mary Pickford like that reveres her even as you and I do—and loves her more, perhaps?

That fortunate person who has long been Mary Pickford's closest friend is Lillian Gish. She can tell you of Mary as no one else can.

Don't you want to share her great friendship with the reigning favorite of the screen? You can in next month's PICTURE-PLAY, for Inez Klumph tells there the story of the real Mary Pickford just as Lillian Gish told it to her. It is a gripping story, poignantly sweet, and replete with that tenderness both these players radiate from the screen.

The Real Mary Pickford—As Lillian Gish Knows Her

WILL APPEAR IN THE FEBRUARY PICTURE-PLAY; DONT MISS IT

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave.*

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display — no more.



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of etiquette.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to depart.



What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

What Would YOU Do—

If you were not asked to dance at a ball and wished to avoid being a wallflower?

If you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair and found yourself suddenly conspicuous?

If you received a wedding or birthday gift from some one who had not been invited to the entertainment?

If you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left alone with him or her?

The lady knows how to accept and refuse a dance, how to assume correct dancing positions, how to avoid being a wallflower, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, balls, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

Send Coupon for Free Examination

Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome blue cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us $3.50 in payment.

Don't delay—mail the coupon NOW. This may be your last opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free. Clip the coupon and get it into the mail-box at once, this very minute!



How should the young man who calls for the first time be entertained?

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 401, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

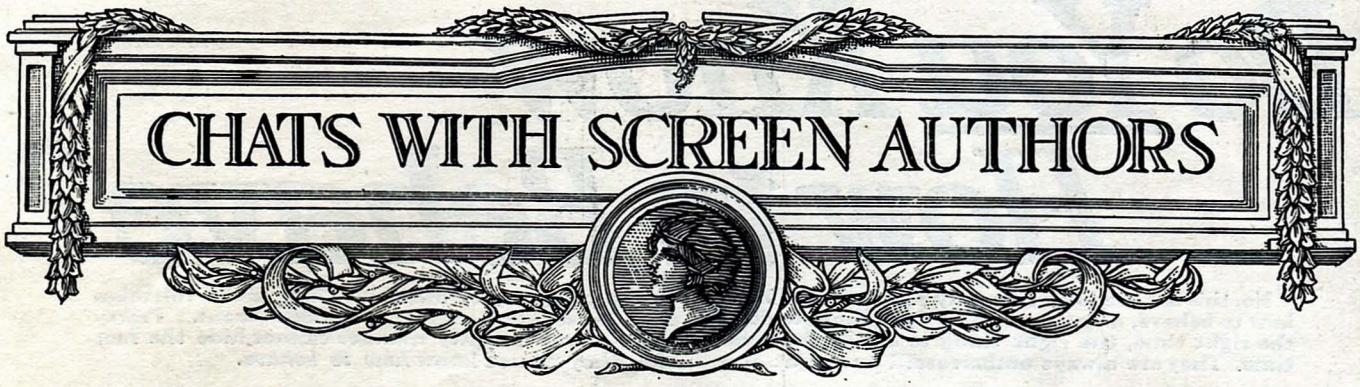
Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 401, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full leather binding** at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privileges.



Stories Are Wanted for New Stars

The market for original stories was never better, according to reports from Los Angeles. Paradoxical as it may seem, several new stars are being launched, while a majority of the studios are discarding most of their "director special" productions and thus creating an immediate demand for stories. But—and here's the new rub—the stories will be actually starred! They are not to be written around screen personalities—no, sirree, there'll be no more idiotic close-upping; emphasis will fall where it logically belongs, according to the principles of dramatic construction. The star's name, however, will be featured on the theory that it means more to the public than the rather vague all-star cast or the director's name. The stars themselves—those with brains—should welcome this sane new policy. For stars can rise to dizzy heights on the strength of three good photo plays and sink into irrevocable obscurity with three poor photo plays. The "star" who is vain and who in any way overpersuades a director to twist artificially a story so that his or her classic phiz may often be close-upped will be unconsciously closing an erstwhile profitable career.

At any rate, the S O S is out for stories, and originals written by trained, intelligent writers will receive generous consideration.

Go Slow on Costume Dramas

Studio scenario editors again are reporting that a number of amateur outside writers are sending in costume photo dramas, probably inspired by "The Three Musketeers, and "The Queen of Sheba"—or rather by the success of these productions. It will do the fledgling good to know that he is treading on the parade grounds of the great, lonely beasts of genius when he essays to create a photo play replete with spectacle and pageantry. While a photo play in which costumes and settings will entail great expense would be considered, if written by some established photo dramatist—such a story will receive scant consideration coming from the beginner. To begin with, why not play safe, Mr. Student, and Miss Tyro? Why not first send in something not quite so ambitious—or is the proper word presumptuous? Remember that for one "Queen of Sheba" there are a hundred just ordinary program pictures released to satisfy the inordinately greedy public maw. The story about the boy and girl next door or the old man around the corner—the folks we all know—yes, you've got me—that's what the herd wants; most of we poor two-legged sheep couldn't stand a daily menu of Egyptian scenery and costuming—or lack of costuming. Most of us continue to live on Main Street, and want our type justified; therefore, the popularity of mirrors and movies. For the student of photo-play writing to essay spectacles—I refer to spectacular cinemas and not horn-rimmed glasses—is like the writer of light fiction attempting to break into the *Atlantic Monthly*.

For our readers who wish to engage in screen writing we publish a booklet called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" which covers about every point on which beginners wish to be informed, and which will be sent for ten cents in stamps. For those who have written stories which they wish to submit to producers we publish a Market Booklet giving the addresses of all the leading companies, and telling what kind of stories they want. This booklet will be sent for six cents. Orders for these booklets should be addressed to the Scenario Writers' Department, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

And Go Light on Metaphysics

While on the subject of sticking to ordinary experience in contriving photo plays, it might be well once and for all to squelch the propagandists of reincarnation, faith healing, and right thinking. From the hundreds of photo plays received at studios dealing with reincarnation, in which—in some instances—inside stuff on divine plans are revealed, it all simply gets down to this: all these ideas and ideals are beautiful, and in many cases in more or less degree sustained or recurrent, but the success of photo drama hinges upon *drama*—philosophy and metaphysics are incidental.

The Most Popular Type of Picture

George Jean Nathan, in a recently published article, "In Defense of the Theater," says: "The object of the theater is not, as is habitually maintained, a shrewd excitation of the imagination of a crowd, but rather a shrewd relaxation of that imagination. . . . The theater is not a place to which one goes in search of the unexplored corners of one's imagination; it is a place to which one goes in repeated search of the familiar corners of one's imagination. The moment the dramatist works in the direction of unfamiliar corners he is lost."

This is a statement which practically every aspiring dramatist should read and remember.

Of course it is highly improbable that Doctor Nathan includes the motion-picture theater in any of his serious references, but his above observations are highly applicable to the cinema temple and to the photo dramatist. What are the most popular pictures? Answer: The Charles Ray and Mary Pickford type. Why? Because they are familiar to ordinary experience. Why was Maurice Tourneur's film version of Joseph Conrad's "Victory" a comparative box-office failure? Because it was a type of story so far removed from ordinary experience that the average spectator watching it failed to respond to it and found it, therefore, lacking in interest,

Continued on page 10



He sold two stories the first year

Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained to dramatize Gene Stratton Porter's novels for the screen. But if you have ever felt as you left a theatre, "Why, *I* could write a better story than that," you want to know just *how Mr. Meehan went about it* to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, whose test he had to pass before he was acceptable, undertook to convince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him—the ability to think out the kind of story for which producers are glad to pay from $500 to $2000.

You too, may doubt your ability

At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and women from trying to write for the screen. Literary skill, or fine writing ability, is not necessary—it cannot be transferred to the screen. What the industry needs is *good stories*—stories that spring from creative imagination and a sense of the dramatic. *Any person who has that gift can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say—just as Mr. Meehan said—how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability—the test Mr. Meehan passed—provided you are an adult and in earnest. And, notice this particularly, we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is in the form of a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays.* It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized solely to develop and produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of story-telling. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

Advisory Council

THOMAS H. INCE *Thos. H. Ince Studios*

CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

LOIS WEBER *Lois Weber Productions, Inc.*

JESSE L. LASKY Vice-President *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN Author and Producer

FRANK E. WOODS Chief Supervising Director *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

JAMES R. QUIRK Editor and Publisher *Photoplay Magazine*

ALLAN DWAN *Allan Dwan Productions*

ROB WAGNER Author and Screen Authority

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of the Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, Y-1
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free Sample Copy of the Photodramatist.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H176 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School

Dept. H176 Chicago, Ill.

Explain how I can qualify for position checked:

.....Architect $5,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer $5,000 to $15,000
.....Building Contractor $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer $2,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman's Course $2,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer $2,000 to $5,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer $2,500 to $4,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....Electrical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000
.....General Education In one year	

Name..... Address.....

Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8

The Screen Writers' Guild

The rapid strides being made by the Screen Writers' Guild are of unusual significance at this particular time. Their membership is growing rapidly and now includes practically every representative photo dramatist and continuity writer in the Hollywood and Culver City studios. Frank E. Woods, recently elected president to succeed Thompson Buchanan, is chief supervising director of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. June Mathis, who transcribed "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power" to the screen, is the new vice president. The executive committee now consists of Woods, Miss Mathis, Dwight Cleveland, Eugene Presbrey, Thompson Buchanan, Elmer Harris, Jeanie Macpherson, Frederick Palmer, Rob Wagner, Elmer Rice, and A. S. LeVino.

What the Screen Writers' Guild actually intends to accomplish is a solidarity among screen writers that will mean more proportionate recognition, both intrinsic and extrinsic. Heretofore actors and directors have monopolized an overwhelming share of the spotlight, while authors have often not even received screen credit.

Furthermore, the guild will be an intellectual brotherhood, striving to reach higher planes of intellectual beauty, representing an artistic consciousness that will assert itself against any overintensive commercial evolution. As a guild of The Authors' League of America, the Screen Writers' have a mighty grip on the literati of America; it can be easily visualized what could happen in the event of the producers failing at any time to properly recognize or consider the artistic ideals of this formidable and essential group. It is significant that at present, while other production costs are being cut, the prices for stories have not declined.

The ultimate solidarity and tremendous force of the Guild is realized when it is considered that they will consider for membership all outside photo dramatists—free lances writing photo plays in any part of the United States—who have written and sold one photo play which has been duly produced and exhibited.

Associate members are being admitted from the ranks of other arts, but only—with rare exceptions—on the grounds of artistic or intellectual prowess. Mere financial standing or conspicuous commercial success is insufficient of itself to make for eligibility.

Poetic License

Now comes the rumble of the low groan from our friend, the successful fiction writer, who objects to the rejection of his masterpieces offered to the studio market. He violently resents these "fool" turn-downs upon the ground of logic. What do people of the new art know about logic anyway? He raves when climax, dramatic conflict, or any of the hard-and-fast rules demanded by the photo play are tossed back at him with his manuscript. He knows full well that he has gone by all his life, in print, without being hampered by these dod-rotted objections, and the public has "eaten his stuff." Then comes his natural inquiry: "Why will not the public accept the same stuff, written in the same way, upon the screen?" It is a new game, my brethren, and must be played under new rules. Your stuff has been played your way, and the box office has torn its hair in consequence. The "same public" is not out on a reading jaunt this trip, Mister Fiction Writer; it is out for mental athletics and won't pay for anything else at the picture theater. Then why not be a good sport, acknowledge you have something else to learn, and become a student of the "other" profession that is going to fatten up the old bank account?

News Notes from the Studios

Items of interest about prominent stars, and productions in which they appear.

REX INGRAM will soon bring "The Prisoner of Zenda" to the screen. The Anthony Hope story of the thrilling adventures of royalty in a mythical kingdom will be filmed on an elaborate scale, rivaling anything Mr. Ingram has done, not excepting "The Four Horsemen." Alice Terry and Lewis Stone will play the leading rôles.

Harry Myers, who played the title rôle in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," will play

Continued on page 12

Stage Beauty Loses a Pound a Day Through Amazing New Method

Without exercise, starving, baths, massages, or any bitter self-denials or discomforts, Ziegfeld Follies beauty and Artist's model reduces to normal weight in record time

Free proof that anyone can lose seven to ten pounds a week. Results in 48 hours.

"IN just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, Famous Artist's Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty, whom a well known artist referred to as "one of the most perfect types of American womanhood." Yet, as she tells us in a letter written out of sheer gratitude, it is only a short time since excessive weight threatened to blight both her artistic and stage career. For some reason, unaccountable to her, she began to take on flesh steadily. This continued until in a very short time she was 20 pounds overweight—and still increasing daily.

In alarm, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a day. This brought about a weakness that was as bad as obesity. Exercise, appliances, massage and rubber clothing were all tried, but without success.

Learns of New, Easy Method

Then came the surprise. Through another young woman who had benefited by it, Miss Mullane learned of the new, simple, natural law that has been discovered, whereby she could quickly reduce to normal weight without any dangerous starving, without patent foods, exercise or special clothing—without any painful self-denials whatsoever. It seemed almost too good to be true. But after all the discomforting and disagreeable things she had already tried, it would certainly have been the height of foolishness, she felt, if she had neglected to try this newly discovered natural method which was so simple and easy to apply.

Her own letter, quoted at the beginning of this article, tells what wonderful and speedy results she secured. In three weeks she had reduced twenty pounds. And she had no fear of ever again becoming stout, for this simple, easily-followed natural law which she has learned practically places the control of her weight in her own hands.

You, Too, Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right now to lose as many pounds as you wish. With this method, many people have noted definite reductions within 48 hours. Another important feature of this discovery is that it enables you to control the rate of reduction. Some people arrange to reduce a pound a day or more. Others regulate the rate of reduction more slowly to prevent the necessity of great alterations in their clothes. In either case, you note that with a decrease in weight there comes a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step—a general improvement in your health.

And yet you make little change in your daily routine. You do pretty much as you please. You continue to eat food you like—in fact instead of giving up the pleasures of the table, many people say they actually increase them. All you really have to do is to follow one of nature's simple laws—in return, Nature gives all and exacts nothing.

The Secret Explained

Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, discovered, after years of experiment the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain foods cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated, nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly.

These CORRECT combinations which reduce weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than the WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their palates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. They approach their meals with more zest than ever, enjoy them more thoroughly. They are even able to eat many delicious dishes which they have been forced to deny themselves in the past. You, too, will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that many delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Thousands of people are now eating off weight by this new method. Men who were so stout that even walking was a tax, report a rapid return to normal weight and youthful strength and energy. Stout women, who always felt tired and listless, and who had to wear the plainest and dullest clothes because of their size, marvelled to find how simple and easy was the method by which they attained ideal weight and secured figures which look well in the daintiest, fluffiest and most stylish garments.



This is an actual photograph of Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous Ziegfeld Follies, Beauty and Artist Model, who tells how she reduced 20 pounds in less than a month without self-denial or discomfort.

READ THESE RESULTS!

Reduces 45 Pounds

"I am only 30 years of age, height only 5 feet 2 inches, yet when I started your method I weighed 188 Pounds. Was forever complaining of headaches and indigestion. Various reducing pills had proved unsuccessful but I decided to try your method because it sounded so reasonable. I reduced to 143 pounds and never felt better in my life. No more headaches or indigestion and most of all I enjoy my meals. My complexion has improved and general health benefited. The menus are satisfying and delicious."
Mrs. A. Clare, Cleveland, O.

Reduces 40 Pounds—Banished Acute Indigestion

"Had consulted doctors to get rid of my superfluous fat but without result. I weighed 200 pounds. I wrote for and applied your methods and had no trouble in quickly reducing to 160 pounds—expect to reduce to 150 pounds and then stop. My complexion has improved wonderfully—restless nights and acute indigestion have vanished. The method is so easy; no discomfort, no risk and no starvation."
Melissa Givings, New York City.

Reduces 30 Pounds—Stomach Trouble Relieved

"I reduced 30 pounds by your method without being forced to undergo the painful dieting prescribed by other methods. I enjoyed the pleasure of eating the foods my appetite called for combined according to the instructions you give. I used to have severe stomach trouble and many things I dared not eat. Now I can eat anything I please for I have no longer a touch of stomach trouble. Your method relieved me of this as well as of the excess flesh."
Elizabeth L. Johnson, Indianapolis, Ind.

Loses 16 Pounds in 2 Weeks

"I am writing to let you know how pleased I am with results so far. When I began I was 198 pounds—in two weeks I came down to 182 pounds. I am convinced I could reduce even more rapidly but don't care to reduce so fast. Will let you know in a short time how much more I have lost."
Mrs. Laura Tucker, New York City.

Above are just a few of the hundreds of letters on file in our office. Nearly every letter we receive first mentions the quick reduction of weight and then states that this reduction is accompanied by better health and improved complexion. This new discovery is the safe, quick, easy, natural way to reduce.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope, the renewed vigor it would bring to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control and Basis of Health." This is offered on free trial. Send no money; just mail the coupon, or a letter if you prefer.

When the course arrives, see your own unnecessary flesh vanish; see how your complexion improves, your eyes brighten, your step becomes more springy. See how it brings you charm, grace, attractiveness—all naturally and without the slightest harm. Weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week, and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the next day or so and note the remarkable result. Still you've taken no medicine, undergone no hardships or self-denials. You'll be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a beautiful normal figure in this new, delightful scientific way.

Although people would be willing to pay many dollars for such a safe, certain method of reducing weight, we have made our price as low as we safely can because we want as many people as possible to benefit by the new discovery. Mail coupon or letter now. The course will be mailed in PLAIN CONTAINER, and only the $1.97 (plus postage) deposited with the postman makes it yours. Then if you are not satisfied in every particular, return it within five days after its receipt and we'll gladly refund your money immediately, so you take no risk. Act today before you overlook it. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-1951, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-1951, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me, in PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I return the course.

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Letter That Saved Bob Johnson's Job

—and paved the way for a better one!

IT was written to his employer by the International Correspondence Schools. It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. *Do it now!*

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4571-B SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:—

☐ ELEC. ENGINEER	☐ BUSINESS MANAG'M'T	
☐ Electric Lighting & Rys.	☐ SALESMANSHIP	
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ ADVERTISING	
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Railroad Positions	
☐ Telephone Work	☐ ILLUSTRATING	
☐ MECHANICAL ENGR.	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.	
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning	
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary	
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Business Correspondent	
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER	
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist	
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant	
☐ MINE FOR'N or ENGR.	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER	
☐ STATIONARY ENGR.	☐ Railway Accountant	
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law	
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH	
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Com. School Subjects	
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE	
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ AUTOMOBILES	
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Railway Mail Clerk	
☐ PLUMBING & HEAT'G	☐ Mathematics	
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation	
☐ Text. Overseer or Supt.	☐ Agriculture	
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry	☐ Spanish
☐ Pharmacy	☐ Banking	☐ Teacher

Name _____ 7-1-21

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

Learn to Dance



I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours—at home—in private by the wonderful

Peak System of Mail Instruction

REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Easy—fascinating. Positively no other like it. No music—no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully. COMPLETE COURSE ON TRIAL. Write me *today* for FREE Information and Low Surprise Offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. P.,
Studio 229 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

Men Wanted to become Draftsmen

Salary $250 to $300 a month when competent. Chief Draftsman will train you personally until you are placed in high salaried position. The day you start I will give you absolutely FREE a draftsmen's complete working outfit. Thousands of draftsmen are needed. Big pay, clean work.

Write Today Send your name and address for my booklet "Successful Draftsmanship." It carries a vital message to you. Sent *free*. No obligation. Write today.

CHIEF DRAFTSMAN DOBE, Dept. 1289, 4001 Broadway Chicago, Illinois

opposite Alice Lake in "Kisses," her next production.

"The Little Minister," which is being filmed by Famous Players-Lasky, with Betty Compson in the rôle of *Lady Babbie,* will also be produced by Vitagraph. Albert E. Smith, head of that company, says he has owned the film rights to the famous Barrie play for many years, and that although he has from time to time been offered large sums of money for it he has kept it for future use. He thinks this is the proper time to bring it out, so production has been started with Alice Calhoun in the leading rôle.

Lillian Rich will play the leading feminine rôle in "Man to Man," Harry Carey's latest.

Jackie Coogan is supported in his latest picture, "My Boy," by his father, who plays the part of an old ice-cream peddler. In "The Kid," the picture that made Jackie famous, his father, who used to be a well-known vaudeville performer, played seven different parts. He still cannot resist playing with his famous son.

Bebe Daniels' next starring picture will be an adaptation of two stories by Samuel Merwin. The new production has not yet been given a name.

Tom Santschi, who has been busy making a series of two-reelers, has returned to the feature picture in "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch," Pauline Frederick's latest for R-C Pictures.

Winifred Westover is Conway Tearle's leading lady in "Love's Masquerade."

"The Woman He Married" will be Anita Stewart's next picture. Fred Niblo will direct.

Miss du Pont's next starring picture will be "Clay," which Paul Scardon will direct.

Dick Barthelmess' second starring picture will be an original story by Porter Emerson Browne. Louise Huff will play opposite him.

"Kiss and Make Up," a Christie comedy, will have Helen Darling and Earl Rodney in the leading rôles.

Thomas H. Ince's next production will be "Jim," a story by Bradley King. Florence Vidor and John Bowers head the cast.

Ruth Roland is very busy these days rushing from one serial to another. After finishing "White Eagle," she started on a still more thrilling one which has the working title of "The Timber Queen."

Ralph Graves, who played the leading male rôle in D. W. Griffith's "Dream Street," is reported married to Marjorie Seaman, a young actress playing in stock. When confronted with the report Mr. Graves laughed, but didn't deny it very strenuously. The romance started during the filming of "Dream Street," when fate, or whoever manages these things, sent Miss Seaman to the studio in search of a screen career.

Lewis Stone, Ethel Grey Terry, and Wallace Beery head the cast of "The White Mouse," the latest of the series of short features which Educational-Selig-Rork Photo Plays are producing.

"The Man Who Smiled" is the working title of J. L. Frothingham's latest production, in which Marcia Manon, William V. Mong, and Mary Wynn will have important rôles.

Mrs. Earle Williams wasn't content to have her famous husband the only celebrity in the family, so she sat down and wrote a screen story, and, what's more important, sold it. It was purchased by the Vitagraph company, who will soon produce it as a starring vehicle for Earle Williams.

There's a great deal of activity around the Ince studio at Culver City, California, these days. Irvin Willat will direct "Wooden Spoil" for Mr. Ince, and Lambert Hillyer will also take up the megaphone in his behalf for "Finding Home." John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, and Milton Sills are also on the lot, appearing in "Jim." Douglas MacLean has started work on "The Hottentot," and Leah Baird will be starred in an Arthur Beck production, as yet unnamed. Besides all this, Maurice Tourneur is assembling his company at the same studio for his new production.

Madge Evans, whom everybody remembers as a pretty little nine-year-old star, is now a grown-up lady, and is to be starred.

Gloria Wood, baby daughter of Sam Wood, Paramount director, makes her screen début in "Don't Tell Everything," featuring Gloria Swanson, for whom she was named.

Doris Kenyon is Conway Tearle's leading woman in "Shadows of the Sea."

"The Three Musketeers," starring Douglas Fairbanks, will be the object of an elaborate burlesque by Max Linder, famous French comedian. Besides writing the script and directing the picture, Mr. Linder will portray the rôle of *D'Artagnan.*

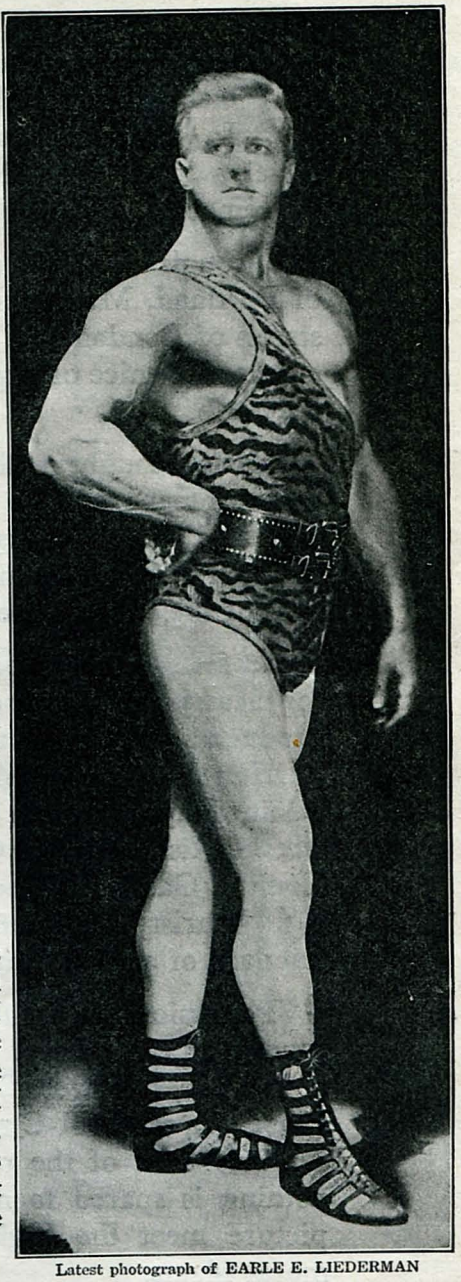
Gaston Glass, who played the juvenile lead in "Humoresque," will next be seen in support of Shirley Mason in "The Little Alien."

King Baggot, erstwhile star and now a Universal director, will produce "Human Hearts," from the play by Hal Reid, father of the one and only Wally.

Start the New Year Right

Does 1922 Mean SUCCESS or FAILURE?

It is up to you, right now to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the high road to success this minute. Don't let another year pass by. It is within your power to make yourself what you will. Let this be the beginning of a new life and a better one.



Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

I Will Give You Wealth, Health, and Happiness

I will take that body of yours and make it physically perfect. I will make a new man of you. I will fill out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vim and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders, and give you the large muscular arms and legs of an athlete. I will strengthen your back and every vital organ within you. You will be bubbling over with life, having the keen, alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring and step of youth. Passers by will stop and admire you for your physical make up; and you will be the favorite in both the business and social world—you will be a leader of men, and the good things in life will naturally come your way.

I Challenge the World

If a man stood on the housetops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man on earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on, then, and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.

Send for My New Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It Is FREE

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 26 full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10c. stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Don't miss this opportunity. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 1401, 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 1401, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development". (Please write or print plainly).

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

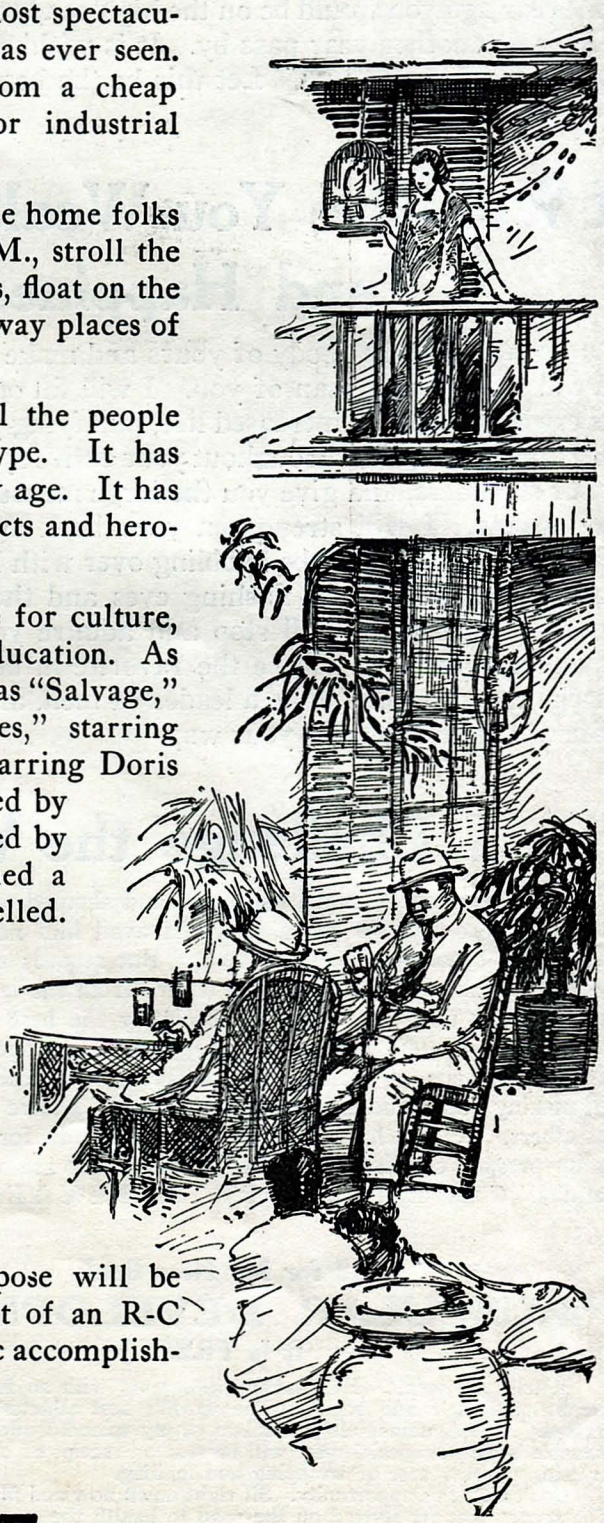
R-C PICTURES' PLACE IN AMERICA'S GREATEST ART

THE motion picture industry is the most spectacularly successful business the world has ever seen. In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

Through the magic of its enchantment the home folks of Portland, Maine, or Albuquerque, N. M., stroll the streets of London or Tokio, climb the Alps, float on the canals of Venice or explore the out-of-the-way places of the earth.

It has brought within the reach of all the people entertainment of the most fascinating type. It has recreated the pageantry and pomp of every age. It has realized in living form the tragedies, conflicts and heroisms of the souls of men and nations.

We see in motion pictures a great force for culture, for clean pleasure, for entertainment and education. As producers and distributors of such pictures as "Salvage," starring Pauline Frederick; "Black Roses," starring Sessue Hayakawa; "The Foolish Age," starring Doris May; "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, directed by Louis J. Gasnier; "The Barricade," directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne, we have established a standard of quality that never has been excelled.



"Possession," a thrilling tale of love, pluck and adventure, a screen version of the novel "Phroso," by Sir Anthony Hope, is a recent R-C release. Set in the sun-blest isles of the romantic Aegean, nothing is spared to make this newest picture meet the highest artistic and moral ideals.

The R-C standard of honesty of purpose will be maintained at all cost. An announcement of an R-C picture will always be a guarantee of artistic accomplishment, of scrupulous cleanliness.

R-C PICTURES

New York



R-C PICTURES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Pauline Frederick

"THE LURE OF JADE"

Down through the ages love and jealousy have fought for power. In the conflict men and women have reached the heights of sublimity, or have been hurled headlong to oblivion.

"The Lure of Jade" in climax on climax, unfolds a story of deepest love, violent hate and spiritual sacrifice.

In the difficult role of Sara, a woman whom sorrow and tragedy at first make bitter and unrelenting, but whose greatness of soul eventually conquers, Pauline Frederick stands resplendent.

No other woman of the stage or screen could have successfully interpreted this "enigma woman" and kept the love and sympathy of her audience.

A visionary creature of the author's imagination, Sara steps forth a living, vibrant woman who will remain as deathless as "Camille," as matchless as "Carmen" or "Cho Cho San" in Madam Butterfly."

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade."



The blouse, after 25 washings, from which this photograph was made, with statement of original owner, on file in the Procter & Gamble Offices.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the care of delicate silk, wool, chiffon, and lace garments that can not stand ordinary washing. Address Section 47-AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

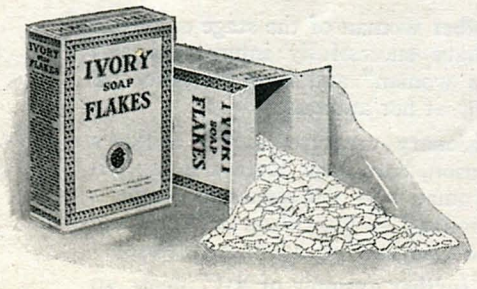
Actual photograph of delicate apricot georgette blouse trimmed with dark blue silk embroidery and fragile thread lace

after 25 washings—colors still bright; lace and georgette lovely as new!

THE original owner says that when she bought the blouse she was advised not to wash it, for fear the colors would run. But she had had such success in washing other delicate garments with Ivory Flakes, that as soon as the blouse showed soil she put it into cool Flakes suds, and has been washing it this safe way ever since.

She figures that she has had twice as much pleasure and wear from her blouse as she would have had if she had tried to launder it with anything but Ivory Flakes.

What Ivory Flakes has done for this blouse, it will do for all your dainty garments—preserve their charm, and double their life. For Ivory Flakes is as harmless as pure water. It is the purest soap in the quickest cleansing form—concentrated, instant-melting flakes. Send for the free sample, and see what good care it will take of your prettiest clothes.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XV JANUARY, 1922 No. 5



A Calender of Past Performances



As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.

JANUARY

1—1904—FRIDAY—Lillian Gish must have felt that life held few compensations as she wended her childish way through that fireside classic, "Her First False Step," at the Music Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, and she probably made many New Year resolutions about no false steps in the future.

2—1909—SATURDAY—Clara Kimball Young was plodding hopefully along as an ingenue in stock company circles, a member of a band of hopefuls at the Lois Theater, Seattle, Washington, and upon this special occasion she had particularly spectacular opportunities, being cast for "Wendy" in "Peter Pan."

3—1900—WEDNESDAY—David Wark Griffith hadn't the slightest doubt that as an actor he was born to be a director, and the same thought may have occurred to his audience at the Metropolitan Theater, Grand Forks, North Dakota, as they watched him as "Jack Ferrers" in "London Life."

4—1908—SATURDAY—William Desmond then, as to-day, was a conspicuous figure in the life of Los Angeles, California, but at this time he was an actor of the spoken word at the Burbank Theater, where he caused feminine hearts to flutter as "Miles Handon" in "The Prince and the Pauper."

5—1912—FRIDAY—May Allison vastly impressed every one who was present at the Lyric Theater, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when she chirruped her one and only line in the rôle of "Vanity" in the heterogenous dramatic conglomeration known as "Everyman."

6—1904—WEDNESDAY—Elliott Dexter probably prided himself upon his geographical knowledge, as he toured about the map with Tim Murphy, being "Señor de Castro" in "The Man from Missouri," and this night he added Owatonna, Minnesota, to his list, appearing at the Metropolitan Theater there.

7—1913—TUESDAY—Louise Huff, then most ambitious to distinguish herself behind the footlights, was doing her utmost to justify the salary paid her for playing "Tirzah" in "Ben-Hur," which biblical drama was the fare set before the patrons of the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, California.

8—1900—MONDAY—Marguerite Clark almost swooned with the thrill and excitement of seeing her name upon a theater program for the very first time. She played "a Page" in the opera, "Nanon," with the Aborn company at the Music Hall, Baltimore, Maryland, in which city she was living at the time.

9—1893—MONDAY—W. S. Hart was delighting amusement seekers as an exponent of classic and romantic rôles, having the temerity to offer what must have been a highly diverting conception of the character of "Napoleon Bonaparte" in "Josephine, Empress of the French," with Hortense Rhea, at Foster's Opera House, Des Moines, Iowa.

10—1906—WEDNESDAY—Cecil De Mille, with not a thought in the world of such things as motion pictures, was doing his histrionic utmost, this as the "Earl of Huntington" in "The Prince Chap," at the Colonial Theater, Cleveland, Ohio.

11—1906—THURSDAY—Conway Tearle was making a brave fight to find a successful place upon the American stage, having had considerable experience in England and Australia, and at this moment, at the Broadway Theater, Brooklyn, New York, he was agreeably placed as "Richard Ainslee" in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

12—1909—TUESDAY—Catherine Calvert was nothing if not ambitious as she bravely contributed her histrionic mite, supporting that director of to-day, James Young, as "Ophelia" in "Hamlet" in the afternoon, and in the evening as a girlish "Evelyn Kenyon" in "Brown of Harvard," at the Lyceum Theater, Toledo, Ohio.

13—1908—MONDAY—James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall were ambitious strugglers up the stage ladder, both to be found in the cast of the same play, doing their best with minor rôles in "The Great Divide," which settled down for a week's stay at the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

14—1906—SUNDAY—Bebe Daniels undoubtedly gazed out of the car window in childish bewilderment, as she sped between Charleston, South Carolina, and Augusta, Georgia, reflecting that this was a pretty way in which to spend one's fifth birthday on the way to play the "Duke of York" in "Richard III.," with John Griffith.

15—1904—FRIDAY—Jesse L. Lasky, assisted by his sister, was contributing to the gayety of nations as a manipulator of musical instruments, being part of a vaudeville bill. They were billed as "The Military Musicians"—and were to be seen at the Jefferson Theater, Hamilton, Ohio.

16—1902—THURSDAY—Julia Swayne Gordon was devoting her talents to comedy, as against her screen adventuresses of to-day, being "Kitty Clive" in "Peg Woffington," but this was a sad and salaryless day in Anderson, Indiana, as the star, Eugenie Blair, was too ill to play.

17—1901—THURSDAY—Douglas Fairbanks, just seventeen and bent upon a career as an actor of costume parts, was trying to register moving emotion as young "Florio" in "The Duke's Jester," with Frederick Warde—and great was the excitement this night at Ming's Opera House, Helena, Montana.

18—1916—THURSDAY—Kathryn Perry, certainly without a thought in the world that she would one day succeed to Mary Pickford's matrimonial shoes, was cavorting happily about in the chorus of "A World of Pleasure," at the Winter Garden, New York.

19—1917—FRIDAY—Gaston Glass was to be seen in the flesh, as he was appearing in support of the one and only Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he played juvenile rôles. On this date they were doing their best to entertain the patrons of the Grand Opera House, Macon, Georgia.

20—1917—SATURDAY—Niles Welch and Lelle Boone decided that this was an eminently proper time to get married, so at eight o'clock in the evening, at Snyder Memorial Church, Jacksonville, Florida, the happy event took place, their respective attendants being John Davidson and Grace Darmond.

21—1901—MONDAY—A precocious youngster, by name Gladys Smith, made her début on the stage as "Mignon" in "Bootles' Baby," at the Princess Theater, Toronto, Ontario—thus beginning the world-famous career of the one who has reigned supreme as Queen Mary Pickford.

22—1909—FRIDAY—Stuart Holmes had not then embarked upon the career of screen crime which has since distinguished his public appearances, at the moment being concerned with the part of "Herr Grosser" in "The Devil," at the Academy of Music, Newport News, Virginia.

Continued on page 97

Off With the

Modes in film favorites change, mak comedian

By Malcolm



Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan comprised the most popular comedy team in the old Kalem days.

WE need not page the oldest living inhabitant to remind us who were the stars of yesteryear, who were the candescent twinklers of a decade past, who the Mazda stars of long ago. Most of us, with good memories for unimportant things, will recall without a second's hesitation whose flitting face it was captured our idle fancy in those days, whose last-reel clinch—they all had them *then*—caused us to sigh longingly, wistfully. And now, when we hark back to the celluloid charmers, and array them comparatively with the beaus and belles of the present-day silver sheet, we find that styles change in players just as unmistakably as they change in hobble skirts and puffed sleeves. We are a more advanced audience, I think, if it is fair to judge by the types the public chooses for its favorites. And obviously it is fair; what could be fairer? *Vox populi* is the most potent *vox* you can find.



Francis X. Bushman, above, and J. Warren Kerrigan, at the right, were the recipients of the most mash notes in those rosemaried days.

This is an age of sophistication. Consider the evidence.

When two reels meant a "special feature," and Lyman Howe drew all the "carriage trade," and some slick-haired songster with good intentions and a bad voice sang "Harrigan" between pictures to clear the theater for the next show—with colored slides to chase any who might be deaf—the fashionable heroes were wavy-haired, shouldery gents with beautiful teeth and, if possible, dimples. These were the celluloid saints of 1911 *et seq.*, these the psalmed and serenaded matinée idols of what so many people like to call the palmy days. The heroines were not emancipated women; they were clinging vines, languorous beauties, ladies diffusing sweetness and light—a far cry from sweetness and light comedy. The vastness of the variance in styles becomes apparent once we start naming names and pointing out specific examples.

Francis X. Bushman and Carlyle Blackwell and Maurice Costello and J. Warren Kerrigan were the recipients of the most mash notes in those rosemaried days. Thousands of pounds of fudge cascaded down upon this quartet every week. Hand-sewed doilies and knitted neckties flooded their mail. Who have we to-day in their stead?

Here is Wallace Reid, athletic, debonair, as handsome as any two of the aforementioned Apollos, and, unlike them, always harboring an appreciative sense of humor when things seem a trifle too haroldmacgrath. Another humorous *Romeo* is the irrepressible Fairbanks. When the elegant Blackwell felled a burly flock of ruffians grim determination strengthened him; the Douglasian trick is to snicker with the scenario writer at his prowess. The representative leads need little explanation. Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, and Tommy Meighan, compared man to man with any of the



Photo by Woodbury

Old Love

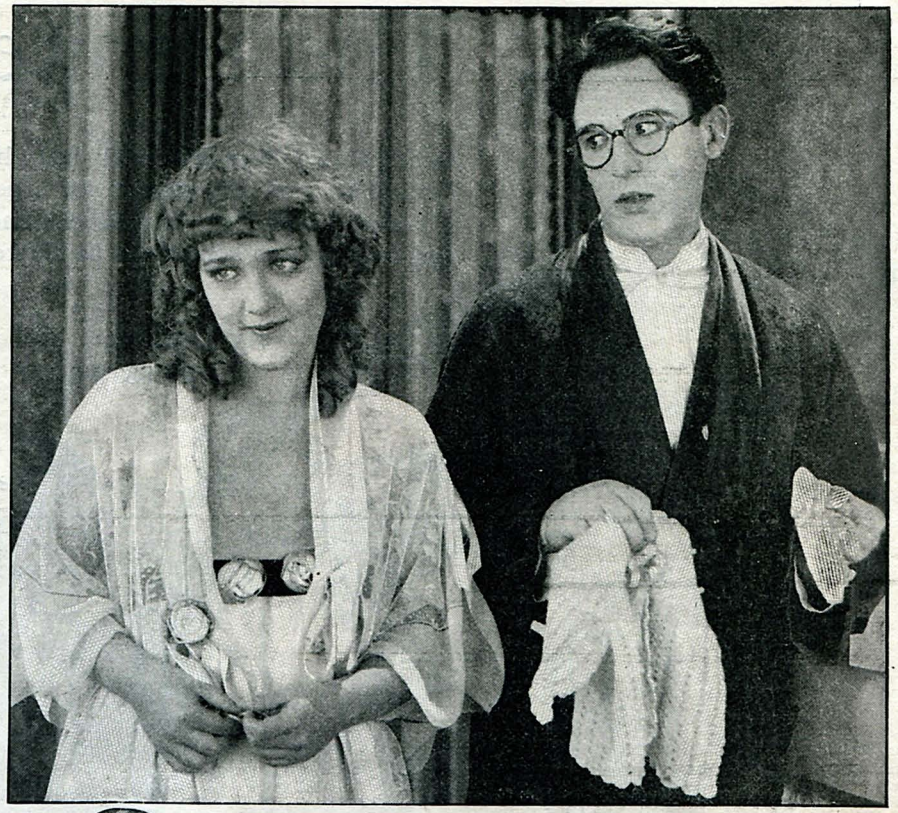
ing yesterday's hero seem more like a to-day.

H. Oettinger

old-timers—well, we leave the decision to you. Gone are the heroic gestures, gone the valiant determination; naturalness has come to stay. We are advancing.

Then there is the unfair sex. Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Ormi Hawley, Edith Storey—these were heroines who had burdens. There was no Dorothy Gish exploding miniature bombshells of mirth; no Connie Talmadge satirizing current fads and foibles; no crinolined charmer straying one inch off the beaten path of conventionality. We must step more lightly when treading among silks and satins, but again comparison is anything but detrimental to 1921.

To replace Marion Leonard, the Florences, and the lustrous Clara Kimball Young of those days we offer Lillian Gish, Normal Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, and Gloria Swanson. The Little Mary of the old Biograph has blossomed into the exquisite Pickford flower of to-day. The Katherine MacDonald type is here, the adventurous and independent type visualized



The popular comedy team of the present is Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.





Photo by Shirley-Blanc

Gone are the heroic gestures; today's favorites, Rudolph Valentino, at left, and Thomas Meighan, above, are more natural.

—and how potently!—by Corinne Griffith, Betty Compson, Constance Talmadge. Again we see the mark of sophistication.

The serials have advanced but little, if at all, but serials are the antithesis of sophistication. Serials are for the people who enjoy Chautauquas and minstrel shows. Ruth Roland, reigning undisputed queen to-day, in the making of her ninth—or is it nineteenth?—consecutive "see next week's" is no whit better than was Pearl White, when, in 1912, clinging to the rope across the chasm, she was left hanging until next week, when she was ultimately rescued by the United States Air Forces commanded by Crane Wilbur.

It was back there that Ruth Roland comprised, with Marshall Neilan one of the most popular comedy teams of the day. Comparable to them to-day we have Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. The slapstick is still present, but less pronounced, the subtlety of these times far outranks that of those. Mickey Neilan manifested a genuine comic spirit in those short outbursts—some of them half a reel—even as Lloyd manifests one to-day.

Of course *the* laugh maker of the time was dear old John Bunny, not to be compared with the Chaplin of the present, but a wonderful comedian withal. Few indeed can be compared with Charles. I know of none, in fact. For the *Ham* and *Bud* burlesque of 1913-14 we have Buster Keaton's drolleries, again emphasizing ideas and cleverness rather than a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. The advance in subtlety may not be so marked in reviewing comedy, but nevertheless it is apparent.

Plausible people doing possible things are the favorites now; *heroes* were the favorites then. American types of natural mien and unherculean conduct have replaced the old-time D'Artagnans who used to throw the Twentieth Century Limited for a loss to save the heroine's life. If some bold spirit projected some of the old pictures to-day I venture to say we who formerly sobbed would guffaw gustily.

The Penitent Pauline

Incomparable Miss Frederick has checked her hectic film past and gone in for a new type of picture. Allow us to present some one you have always known—to be different.

By Gordon Gassaway



Pauline has changed forever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.

NEVER again will Pauline Frederick play rôles which call for doubtful doings, for questionable pasts, and lurid presents. She has shed the *Zazas, Fedoras, Mrs. Danes,* and *Irises* with whom she climbed to fame as a butterfly sheds its drab cocoon, and so far as Pauline is concerned all her future rôles are to be as sweet as that of *Little Eva.*

When we met for the very first time, in the luxurious managerial offices of the neat, flower-bedecked Robertson-Cole studios in Hollywood, a small figure garbed in riding breeches and coat jumped from a deeply upholstered chair to greet me. It was Miss Frederick, and she extended a slim, tanned hand which took mine in a grip which might be termed a knuckle cracker. Where I had expected to find a languorous lady of haughty mien, garbed in a low and behold gown, the sort of lady who looks as though she has a past, I found a blithesome, girlish imp with a Western frankness you could almost scrape off.

"You are just in time to hear about my next picture," she exclaimed. "I'm going to make a real 'Western' with cowboys and lariats and a big ranch. I'm so happy about it I can hardly sit still!"

Pauline Frederick playing the rôle of a Western ranch hound! Could this be the same actress, I muttered to myself, who had given us the vibrant *Iris,* the zippy *Zaza,* and the dubious *Mrs. Dane?* I could remember her in slinky gown, with narrowed eyes and many jewels and in the black shawl of the sorrowful *Madame X,* but it took a mental right-about-face to visualize her in the great, open spaces of the West.

"What's the big idea?" I stammered inelegantly. "What is it that has worked this change in you? We thought you were a thoroughly Ritzed N'Yorker, epitomizing Fifth Avenue, and all of a sudden here you are bubbling with Western enthusiasm minus all camouflage, and about to play a real outdoors Western story. How come?"

"Horses!" she replied with her famous smile, which is as inclusive as June sunshine.

There is no doubt about it, cow ponies have worked a miracle in the life of Pauline Frederick—Boston's fairest flower. Of course Will Rogers has had something to do with it. Oh, no, she has no matrimonial designs on Will; he just taught her how to "rope," and he plays hooky from the studio to come over and play cow-puncher in her back yard. He has been a part of the great Western ameliorating process which has changed Pauline forever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.



Sans lip rouge, sans powder, sans hairdress, sans every feminine first aid to beauty, save a brilliant manicure, she greeted me with a cowboy yip-ay-aye upon our second meeting. This was on the day I had flivvered out to her Beverly Hills estate to see her as is. She came galloping across a broad field rimmed with eucalyptus, and I knew that she was mistress of all she surveyed, for she has spent money in California with lavish hand when it comes to increasing her private domain so that she and her hard-riding friends would have plenty of space for their petit rodeos.

Every day's a rodeo in the life of Pauline Frederick now. She staged one for my benefit that late afternoon of which I speak. I was carried to the opposite side of the broad acres adjoining her luxurious home, riding "double" on a pony behind her uncle and manager, Mr. Pettingill. Deposited in the shade

of the eucalyptus rim, I found a seat on an upturned barrel and grandly ordered the ropin' to commence. In the little group before me were the men who attend to the Frederick requirements in the way of stabling and grooming the wiry ponies she rides, Miss Frederick herself—and Uncle Pettingill. That was all. And then she started to rope. She roped everything from a barrel to uncle. And I am here to say that she throws a mean lariat! Will Rogers has taught her thoroughly and well, and one of her grooms is a cowboy roper of no small ability. Besides which, she is at it, they told me, from early morning until dusk. She doesn't know what the mystic "tea hour" is any more. And she gets up with the dawn to go out and see the ponies eat their breakfast grapefruit or whatever it is they feed cow horses.

Western winds and California zephyrs are sweeping the memories of a rather hectic career from the fair Pauline's mental pabulum. She is through with vicarious marriage, with late parties and with society snickers and snickerers, her uncle confided to me as we sat on adjoining barrels and watched the *Mistress of Shenstone* toss a snaky spiral of rope about two horses as they galloped abreast across the field. She abhors the sight of a newspaper. She feels that all news sheets are enemies of hers.

"They never print anything nice about me," she said later as we perched atop the brick wall which separates her "rodeo field" from the magnificent gardens of her home. "It is only the unhappinesses to which they give space. I no longer have time or patience to read headlines of murders, divorces, and filth. My horses and the pictures take all my time."

"Are you going back to stage?" I asked rather fatuously, since this has been a moot question for some weeks in Hollywood anent the penitent Pauline.

"I can go back on the stage with a sixty-day notice to my company," she replied rather seriously, I thought, "and if I can find a rip-snorting good play, there is no telling what I might do. An animate audience affects me like a herd of cattle affects my ponies—I'm rarin' to go!"

Even her vocabulary has undergone a change out West. She has adopted the chatter of the corral, and it falls naturally from her lips as you see her wearing her natty little leather "chaps" and her cowboy shirt, but the soft, cultured modifications of her voice give Boston a boost every time she speaks.



Pauline Frederick practices with her lariat from morning until night.

Miss Frederick is allowed to choose her own stories for the screen. It was she who elected to do "Madame X," and a hot time she had of it persuading the studio to sanction the deed. It was she who selected "The Lure of Jade," that torrid South Seas story, and "The Sting of the Lash." And now she has made a real "Western," as Westerny as anything Tom Mix ever got mixed up in.

What will she do next? There was a time when the New York reporters were asking this question, but for a far different reason. Now it refers only to the expansion of her cinema repertoire, for there is apparently nothing at which this marvelous actress hesitates when it comes to characterizations. I feel that she would not balk at slapstick comedy if she thought she would get a kick out of it—or that the public which she loves would like it.



When she gallops out across her fields, she is mistress of all she surveys, for she has spent money with a lavish hand to provide plenty of space for her rodeos.

In an attempt to finally settle the reason for this remarkable return to the soil of one of America's greatest drawing-room beauties, I asked, as we wended our way toward the house through the twilight shadows:

"Are you a throwback? Were, perhaps, some of your family farmers or Western ranchers?"

"Yes," she replied. "My grandfather was a farmer in northern New York State. My family are really of the soil, but I was born in Boston. My style was cramped after I went on the stage in N'York, and I became as much of a drawing-room drone as any of the rest of them there, but I see now that my heart always longed for the outdoors. In California I have found a larger and more real

Continued on page 96

Where Do You

Revealing the beauty secrets of several famous all who will

By Louise



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Gloria Swanson's beauty secrets include tales of rubbings and brushings and sweet-smelling oils and unguents.

IN what market place do you seek beauty, and in what coin do you pay for it?

Gloria Swanson buys it with skilled treatment, with care, with sweet-smelling oils and unguents and rubbings and brushings.

Irene Castle buys it with exercise—sports of all kinds, in which she excels not only because of her own skill, but because of her love of them.

Nazimova buys it with exercise of a different form—exercise governed by a definite motive. She buys it, too, with treatments—intensive ones.

Betty Compson buys it with plain, old-fashioned methods—by living up to the "early to bed, early to rise" maxim; by eating simple foods and living the simplest sort of life.

Now I'm not saying for a moment that every one of these famous young women, and probably you as well, hasn't beauty to begin with. But I do call to your attention the fact that those who have beauty know that it must be guarded, really bought all over again in the care which preserves it. For, just as the hardware merchant keeps his stock bright, so must the woman whose beauty is part of her stock in trade keep it burnished.

Gloria Swanson is delightfully frank and straightforward in discussing her methods of caring for this important asset of hers.

"I believe in care—the best of care," she told me. "I believe in anticipating wrinkles and rubbing away the very faintest suggestion of one. And I think every woman ought to have some one who knows how to do it show her how to take care of herself; how to use cold creams, which ones to use, and just how much of them she needs.



Betty Compson believes in plain old-fashioned methods.

"I never use water on my face—haven't for about five years. I cleanse it with cold cream, which doesn't dry the skin as water does. Of course this means using a great deal of cream, especially when you have to use make-up, as I do—and so only the very best cold cream can be used.

"I use oil on my body, too—three times a week, when I'm home, my masseuse rubs me all over with oil; the body massage is very restful, and the oil keeps the skin in good condition."

And right here be it said, if you're interested in this form of treatment, that you can prepare for yourself the oil to be used. Get some pure olive oil, and add to it a few drops of oil of lavender, which will take away the rather fishy odor of olive oil. If the oil is slightly heated, it will be more pleasant to use and more beneficial.

"How about exercise?" I asked.

"That's determined by my bathroom scales," she answered promptly. "When I notice that my weight is going

Buy Beauty?

stars and containing many helpful hints for take them

Williams

up, or that my waistline is beginning to disappear, I begin to exercise for a short time every morning before breakfast. I touch the floor twenty times without bending my knees, and do all the other exercises that every one knows for preserving the figure."

That sounds very staid and sedate, which Gloria certainly is not. And looking at her that day, clad in a gorgeous, sunset-colored negligee, I could picture those early-morning exercises, done in the sun-colorful privacy of her boudoir. They must resemble æsthetic dancing more than anything else.

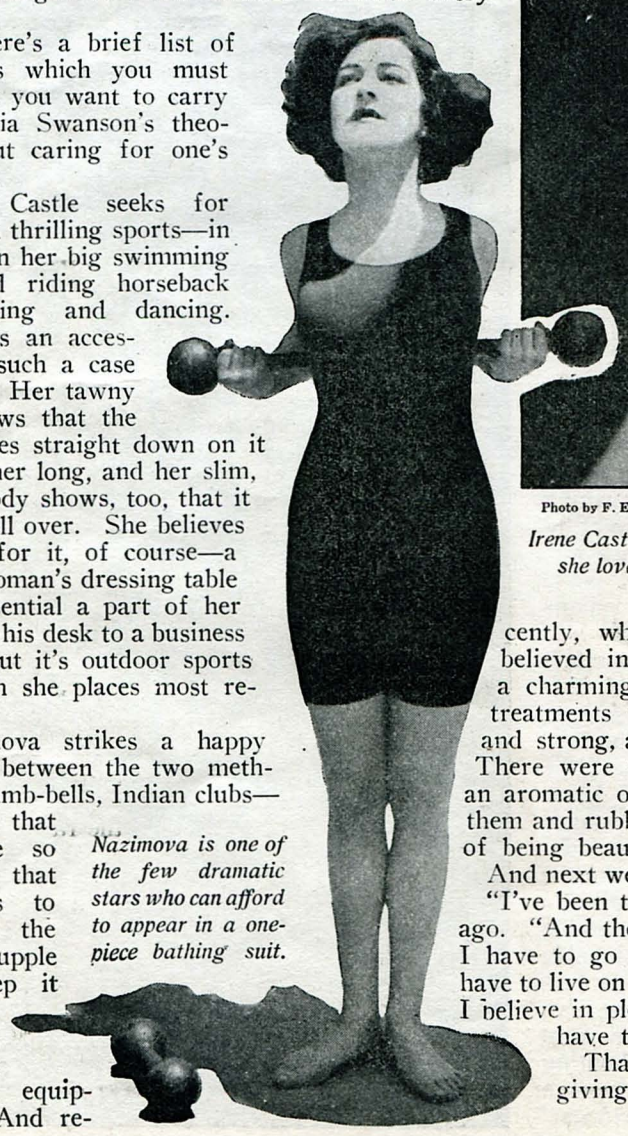
"What about your hair?" was my next question. It is a very live, beautiful red, you know, and has the sheen which shows that it is not neglected.

"Rubbing and brushing," she answered. "Hair responds so promptly to treatment—there's no reason why every one shouldn't have pretty hair, if they'd just give it a few minutes' attention every day."

So there's a brief list of the rules which you must follow if you want to carry out Gloria Swanson's theories about caring for one's looks.

Irene Castle seeks for beauty in thrilling sports—in playing in her big swimming pool and riding horseback and skiing and dancing. Beauty is an accessory in such a case as hers. Her tawny hair shows that the sun shines straight down on it all summer long, and her slim, round body shows, too, that it is alive all over. She believes in care for it, of course—a pretty woman's dressing table is as essential a part of her life as is his desk to a business man. But it's outdoor sports on which she places most reliance.

Nazimova strikes a happy medium between the two methods. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs—anything that can be so wielded that it helps to make the body supple and keep it responsive is included in her equipment. And recently, when she was in New York, she proved that she believed in Gloria Swanson's methods by going every day to a charming little house in the Fifties, where she was given treatments which keep the muscles of face and neck pliable and strong, and that keep the skin beautifully clean and active. There were treatments, too, for the hands and arms, in which an aromatic oil that comes straight from Egypt was poured over them and rubbed into them—a delightful process it is, this business of being beautiful!



Nazimova is one of the few dramatic stars who can afford to appear in a one-piece bathing suit.



Photo by F. E. Geisler

Irene Castle is a great sportswoman, not for beauty's sake, but because she loves the vigorous exercise. But the result is radiant beauty.

And next we come to Betty Compson, of radiant, childlike beauty.

"I've been to only one dance this year," she told me some time ago. "And then I didn't dance—just sat in a balcony and watched. I have to go to bed early when I'm working, you know, and I have to live on simple foods and drink milk and all that sort of thing. I believe in plenty of exercise, too—all the things that schoolgirls have to do are on my list, I suppose, for that matter."

That's a high price to pay, most of us would think—giving up good times and highly seasoned foods and leading

Continued on page 101

Of Course You Know Dorothy

Every one knows the pert Miss Gish of comedy fame—but there is another side to Dorothy that you would like to know.

By Helen Klumph



Photo by Frank Diem

"The Two Orphans" is the first big production to capitalize on Dorothy's natural wistfulness and pathos.

LILLIAN GISH said it first; Dick Barthelmess said it to me a few days later; every once in a while some one made the same remark to me—from Constance Talmadge to the little girl who writes fan letters to the stars.

"Of course you know Dorothy!"

And when I said that I didn't the speaker would rave on about how ingratiating Dorothy Gish is. Frankly, I didn't take it very seriously at first. I had an idea that you could get a fair sample of Dorothy's repartee by going to any vaudeville show, and that she was about as charming as the young women in strip cartoons. I always went to her pictures, but I cherished the notion that her brain was of the jazz-record variety and that she just couldn't make her feet behave. I shared the popular idea that comedians were always comedians.

After a while, when all my pet idols continued to speak of her with something akin to awe, I began to feel blue whenever a remark was prefaced with, "Of course you know Dorothy." I always seemed just to miss meeting her.

Of course I did know Dorothy, in a way. I knew the saucy little comédienne I had seen on the screen; I knew by sight the disdainful flapper who accompanied Constance Talmadge on shopping expeditions and trips to the hairdresser; I knew, too, the little girl who shrank from the admiring scrutiny of the crowds at premières of Lillian's pictures, and I had often watched the charming irrepressible who never seemed to grow tired of dancing at fashionable hotels and midnight roof shows in New York.

But I didn't really know Dorothy. And now that I've found out that all my preconceived ideas about her were wrong, I feel like taking up a megaphone and shouting to all the world what she really is like. You will get a hint of it when you see her as *Louisa* in "The Two Orphans"—but there is more to Dorothy than any picture can tell you.

"Who is that tragic-looking girl over there?" I asked her sister Lillian one day in the studio. "Looks like some one I've seen somewhere."

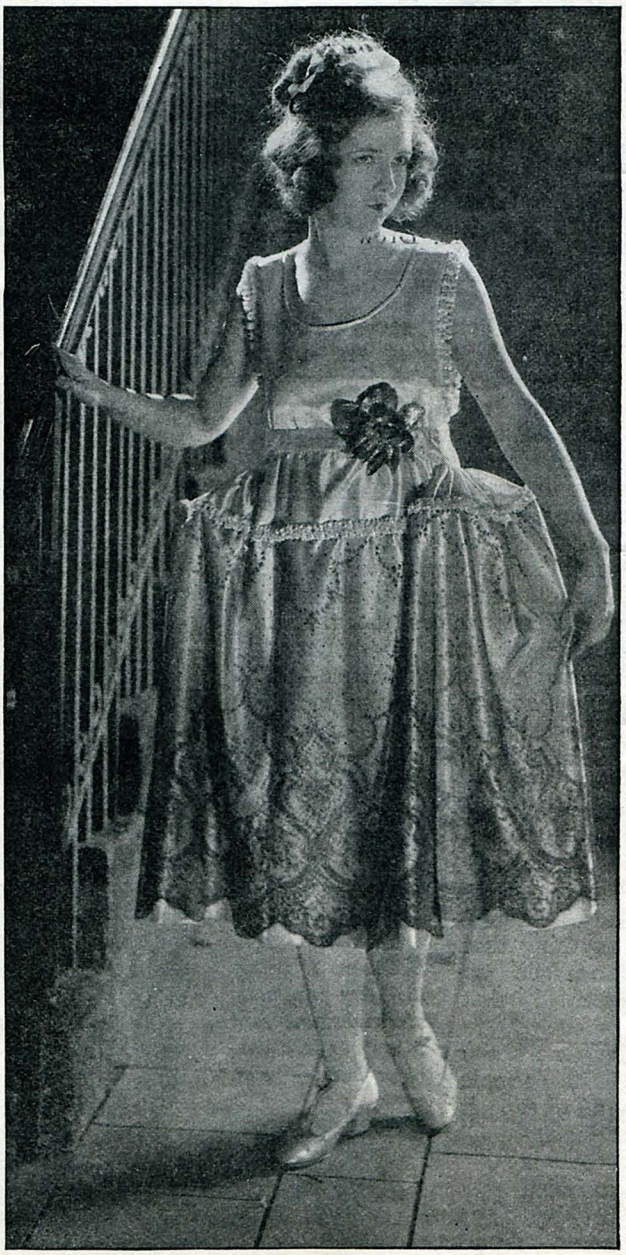
It was Dorothy.

Now if you are a genial optimist who would enjoy having a date with Pollyanna, read no farther.

Continued on page 92

Dorothy is a tireless attendant of dances, first nights, and roof shows.

Photo by Frank Diem



Elaine—with a Mind of Her Own

Directors, interviewers, and even fond parents can't make her do what she doesn't want to. And if she weren't like that, you might have missed knowing her, for one of her caprices was acting for the screen.

By Harriette Underhill

I WONDER who that pretty girl is over there, in the blue crape gown?" said Mrs. Sidney Drew as we sat at luncheon on Delmonico's roof the hottest day of the year, if one may believe the weather man. "She's the prettiest girl I've seen in a long time. Wonder if I could get her for pictures. You know, I'll need a 'daughter type' if I do that new series."

The "prettiest girl" sat almost directly behind us, so that we couldn't see her without turning around, and it was too hot to do that.

"She ought to screen beautifully," continued our hostess; "blue eyes and black hair and young. She looks familiar, too; I've probably met her somewhere. See if you can place her."

And so we turned and looked.

"The one in blue, right under the palm, sitting with her mother. Do you know her?"

Now we knew her immediately, and it seemed strange that Mrs. Drew hadn't recognized her.



Photo by Sarony

Elaine Hammerstein upset all traditions years ago when she ran away from the stage and went back to the convent.



Plenty of girls have her beauty, but she has a savoir-faire, an elegance, which is most delightful.

"Oh!" we said. "You won't be able to get her for your picture. It would be impossible."

"Why would it?" said Mrs. Drew. "Everybody is doing it now. Look at Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Lady Diana Manners and——" "And Elaine Hammerstein," we added. "That pretty girl over there is Oscar Hammerstein's granddaughter, and she's been making pictures for several seasons now. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Selznick; he knows."

"That is what comes of not seeing any pictures!" exclaimed my hostess. "I've lost track of everything for the last two years. But I thought Arthur Hammerstein's daughter was younger than that. It doesn't seem as though she can be a young lady. Why, only yesterday——"

Yes, it was only yesterday, as we agreed, after reminiscing for a few moments, that she ran away from the stage and went back to the convent. Most of them do just the opposite of that, we might add. To be exact, it was in 1914, when Mr. Hammerstein put on "High Jinks," and little Elaine was fifteen—or was she sixteen—then? We're sure of the date, for it was the time we did our first interview, and that interview was with her. She did a song called "When Sammy Sang the Marseillaise," and she was all upset over it because she thought that her dress was too short.

"I hate the stage," Miss Hammerstein had declared to us at that time, "and dad made me go into this just because he thought that I had inherited, or should have inherited, histrionic talent."

It's funny, but Alice Brady told us almost the same thing about her father's making her go in "Pinafore" when she didn't want to.

On the way to the elevator we stopped to speak to Miss Hammerstein, and she remembered us immediately, too; so there is another person who has a memory for names as well as for faces. Miss Hammerstein introduced us to her mother, and asked us to sit down and have a pastry with her. "I'm going to have another," she added, "for, thank goodness, that is one thing I do not have to worry about—I never get fat."

Neither do we, so we accepted, but Mrs. Drew said she wouldn't eat any more pastry, and, besides, she had an engagement which had something to do with a permanent wave.

"Do you remember the last time we interviewed you and how rabid you were on the subject of the family tree?" we asked.

"Was I? I don't remember, but I know I used to act just the way I felt, and it doesn't always pay. It makes you, as well as every one else, uncomfortable."

"You're not usually so passive. It must be this weather," said Elaine's mother. "Remember what happened last week?" Elaine blushed.

"Well, that was different. Some one wanted me to do something I didn't want to do." We all laughed.

"Hope you didn't do it," we volunteered.

"I did not, and I never shall. It had something to do with a picture, and I knew I was right."

"We, for one, are sure you were. We always did like your views on pictures and clothes, and we used to agree perfectly on screen actors and actresses. Tell me quickly—do you like May MacAvoy?"

"I think she is clever, charming, and beautiful," said Miss Hammerstein, and we rewarded her by telling her that Miss MacAvoy looks like her. Which is true. Both have those lovely fair skins and pink cheeks, dark wavy hair and very large blue eyes with smudgy marks around them which have nothing to do with mascara, but are a decoration put there by nature.

"What are you working on now?" we asked.

"'Remorseless Love.'" Miss Hammerstein said it slowly, making it sound just as tragic as she could. "But cheer up; I think they are going to call it 'When Youth Rebels.'"

"Do you remember the first time I interviewed you and you came out with the statement that the tree which caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden was not an apple tree at all, but a family tree?"

"I guess I thought that because it is the tree which gives so much trouble to all of us daughters of Eve. I used to believe that it was a decided handicap for an actress to be endowed with relatives who have done something. What success I had on the stage was attributed to the fact that I was the daughter of Arthur, who was the son of the famous Oscar. I hated the stage, and I loved the pictures, so I decided to strike out on my own. I have been making pictures now for five years, and I still love them, but I had to take the plunge all alone. Isn't it funny how your parents always think that just because they brought you into the world that they are to be 'the divinity which shapes your end.' If you want to go to college they want

Continued on page 95

What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

A great deal has been written about his "retiring;" but Bill at last speaks up and says that he's going right on making pictures.

By Russell Holman

JESSE JAMES at a tea shoppe, Bad Bill Dalton sipping a soda in Huyler's, Bill Hart parking his two guns at the Waldorf-Astoria!

Well, we don't suppose Bill could be expected, on his visit to New York, to pitch a tent in Times Square and take a prebreakfast canter on his pinto pony up through the theater belt. Besides, Bill had excellent precedent. President Harding and our other national institutions stop at the Waldorf.

We proceeded demurely along the plush-lined corridor of the plutocratic hostelry. We knocked.

"Come in!" roared a resonant bass voice.

Our knees knocked.

But there was no need of it. The hero of a hundred cinema gun duels was sitting in front of a little writing desk in the corner, addressing envelopes. His long knees barely fit under the desk. In place of sombrero, chaps, and both guns, he wore a pepper-and-salt suit—conservative cut—bulldog shoes, a traveling cap, and a stiff collar. The eyes, however, looked natural—small, keen, and blue—and they smiled at us as the star twisted around and we disclosed ourself as the lad who had made the date with him. He rose and gave us a stone-crusher handshake.

"Have a chair," he offered, and pulled his own up in front of us. "My mail follows me all around." He nodded back toward the envelopes on the desk. "Home I guess I average about two hundred letters a day. Keeps a couple of girl stenographers busy answerin' them."

The Hart voice, in conversation, is remarkably soft and possesses the real Western drawl. The Hart vocabulary is racy with the slang of the corral, picturesque and quite barren of final "g's."

"Letters from the fans?" we inquired.

"Purty near all of them," said Mr. Hart. "I make it a point to answer them all, too. I reckon my mail is different from most of the picture people. I don't get many of these scented notes from the young ladies, but I get lots of letters from boys and youths that are interested in the outdoor life. They ask me about huntin' and campin' and fishin', and I answer best I can."

The telephone tinkled in that peremptory manner New York telephones have.

"Excuse me," said the star, and silenced the instrument by placing a strong, tanned hand around its neck.

Mr. Hart (through the transmitter): "Hel-lo (gruffly) . . . Oh—it is, hey? (mellowing a bit) . . . Well, I don't know as I'm supposed to talk for pub-

lication, but I don't reckon there's any harm in your sayin' it's all settled. I like Famous Players, and they like me, and I'm goin' to begin makin' pictures again in February. . . . That's *all* right —good-by."

"You're coming back to the screen, Mr. Hart?" we asked.

"Don't know as I ever left it," he grinned. "I'm two pictures ahead now on my old contract; the last one will be released the end of January. Then I'm goin' to work again. I understand there was some talk that I was retirin' and tryin' to bust into the writin' business—and I have done some writin', too. Some years ago I wrote some Indian stories for kids—took purty well with the public, too. And, of course, a lot of the pictures I make are my own stories. Just before I started for New York I finished a nine-thousand-word yarn that a syndicate asked me for. Boy, that was *some* job! Ridin' a buckin' horse ain't in it with punchin' a typewriter for real work. I haven't got good enough control of the English language ever to be a rip-snortin' success as an author. Makin' pictures is my game, and I'm goin' to stick to it as long as the public'll have me."

Now you know the truth about his "retirement." Bill has officially spoken.

"Meantime," we suggested, "you're——"

"Meantime," said Bill, "I'm mainly restin'. Why should I jump in and make a lot of pictures, when they couldn't be released till after February anyway? I might die or break a leg or somethin'—then where'd the company releasin' my pictures be at?" Mr. Hart, you will observe, is a business man. He continued: "Besides—well, take my picture, 'Travelin' On.' For that picture I went out and hired me a monkey and bought some clothes for him and used him in a lot of the scenes. The picture was made a couple of months ago, but it hasn't been released yet. Well, lately I've gone to movin'-picture shows and seen three pictures with that same darned monkey doin' the same darned tricks I taught him and even wearin' the clothes I bought him." Mr. Hart shook his tousled brown head and sighed. "No, sir, it don't pay to make pictures too far ahead. It gives the other boys too darned much chance to get in ahead of you with your own stuff."

Bill chuckled as he told us about his last previous visit to New York. That was in the ancient days of the war, and the star came to speak for the Liberty Loan and incidentally shoot a little metropolitan stuff for "Branding Broadway." According to the scenario, as Mr. Hart explained it, he was supposed to ride a horse pell-mell up Sixth Avenue and grab the villain out of the taxicab in which the dirty dog was eloping with our Nell.

"I had been usin' a big black horse in the early scenes of the picture 'Out West,' " chuckled Bill. "So I goes around to a New York livery stable and hires me a horse that looks a lot like him. 'This is a very valuable horse,' the livery man opines, 'and if you damage him

Continued on page 88

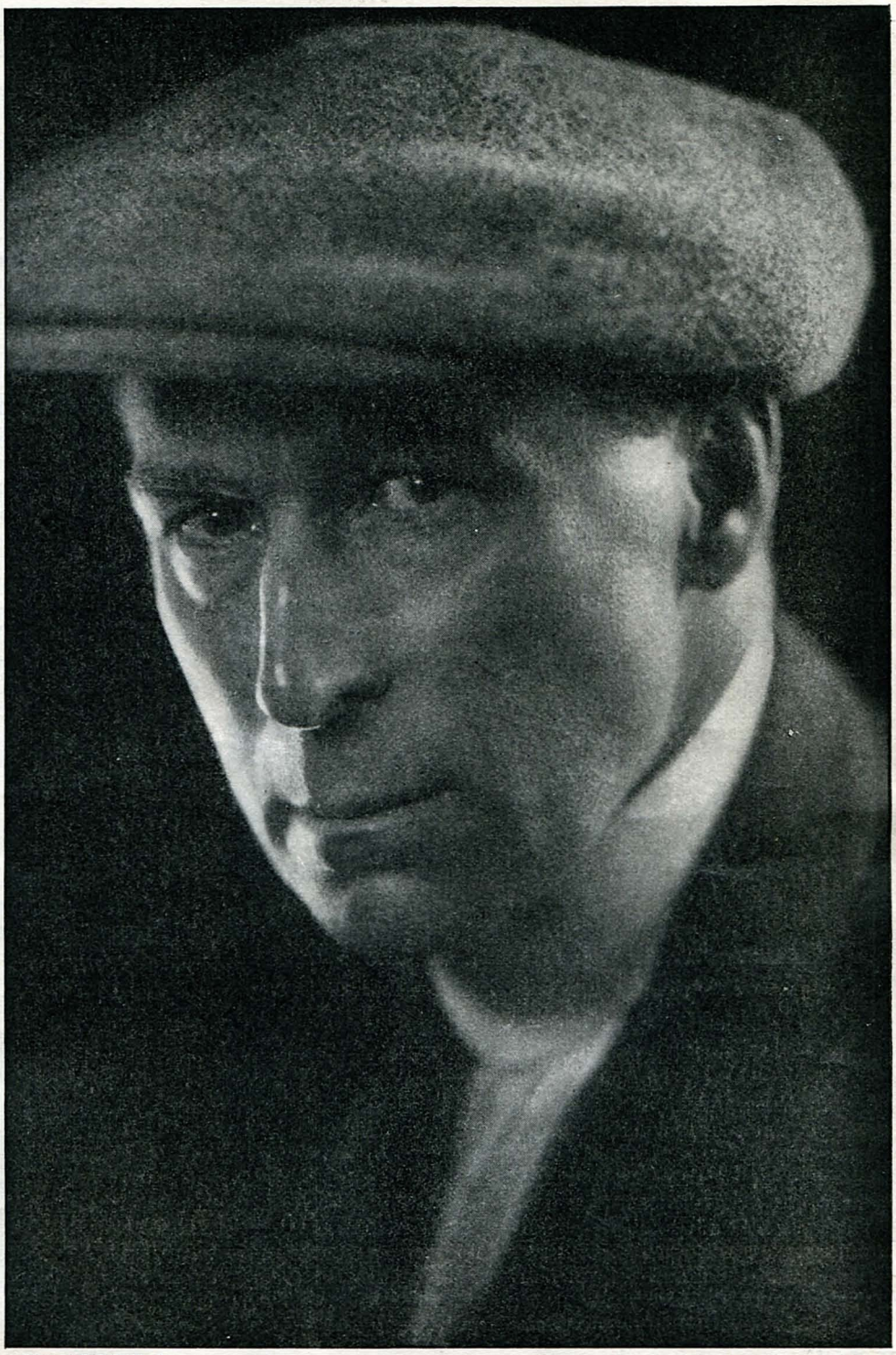


Photo by C. Smith Gardner

He's so homely he's good looking, and he brought with his rugged face and old-fashioned manners something of the freedom and wholesomeness of the Western prairies.

The Glorious Adventuress

The business of being villainous has not detracted at all from Maude George's reposeful charm. And likewise her wholesome, simple home life has not tempered her wickedness on the screen. Both personalities are well worth knowing, and here is presented the Maude George the screen has never shown you.

By Alden Hughes



Eric von Stroheim has found Maude George admirably fitted for such rôles as the malicious adventuress, the Princess Olga in "Foolish Wives."

YOU may come right out," the voice informed me over the phone. "I'm working now in my garden, if you don't mind *that*——"

And after Maude George assured me that she hadn't the least idea what she'd say when she was interviewed, I made quickened tracks to the address in Hollywood she'd given me.

"New angle!" thought I. "A viewless interview."

"Devonshire House," the brass plate on the wrought-iron gate, Old Worldly in sentiment and quaint in appearance, announced. It is a little house, full two hundred feet from the front gate, whose very unexpectedness makes it an interesting dwelling place. It has individuality—a distinct personality. When I rapped with the heavy brass knocker on the door panel I heard footsteps coming around the edge of the house, and a moment later Miss George herself appeared. She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat and a gingham gown. A pair of ancient gloves protected her hands, and she carried a formidable-appearing trowel.

"How do you do?" she said, and inquired if I were the person who had telephoned her. "I am Miss George; will you forgive the attire? But, remember, I *warned* you that I was working in the garden."

This laughing-eyed, olive-complexioned young woman the viciously inclined *Madame Malot* I had viewed in "The Devil's Pass-key?" Impossible. And yet one must take a lady's word when she reveals her identity.

"Yes," she said, noting perhaps a certain state of open-mouthed wonderment on my part, "my garden is just commencing to bloom. I've raised every single plant in it by hand—that is, my husband and I have—and I'm mighty proud to show it off."

The garden is as unexpected as the house itself. So seldom do we see nowadays a typical old-fashioned flower plot of such *flora* as hollyhocks, snapdragons, bluebells, lobelia, pansies, and the like.

Continued on page 100



She is equally at home among the old-fashioned plants in her garden.

Raving Versus Reason

The interviewer started out determined to be coldly analytical—and then she met Richard Barthelmess!

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

SOMEHOW the news got around that I was to interview Richard Barthelmess.

Said another fan writer of my acquaintance, who has become rather jaded: "If you rave about him I'll kill you!"

Said the girl who had never seen a movie star face to face: "Oh, my goodness, isn't that just too grand for words! You'll say something *terribly* nice about him, won't you? You know, I think he's just——"

Whether to rave or use my reason—that was the problem. For I have known some rabid cynics whose professional armor was pierced—absolutely riddled after a half hour with the erstwhile Griffith star. Privately I suspected their enthusiasm must have been induced by something more than the high spirits of the young Barthelmess—by liquid spirits, in fact. A cold cocktail on a hot day—well, even critics are human under such circumstances.

Ye Editor himself accompanied me to the Algonquin, the place assigned for the interview. Perhaps he thought I would do all the talking without giving Richard a chance to express himself on the decadence of the star system. Or perhaps he was afraid that I wouldn't talk at all, being dazzled into silence by the too near proximity of the prince of every flapper's heart. Anyway, there we were, waiting in the lobby, watching gentlemen stars with patent-leather hair stroll by and lady stars with ultra-yellow tresses undulate past us, leaving a faint trail of perfume in their wake.

"He's read Wells' 'Outline of History,'" said Ye Editor tentatively.

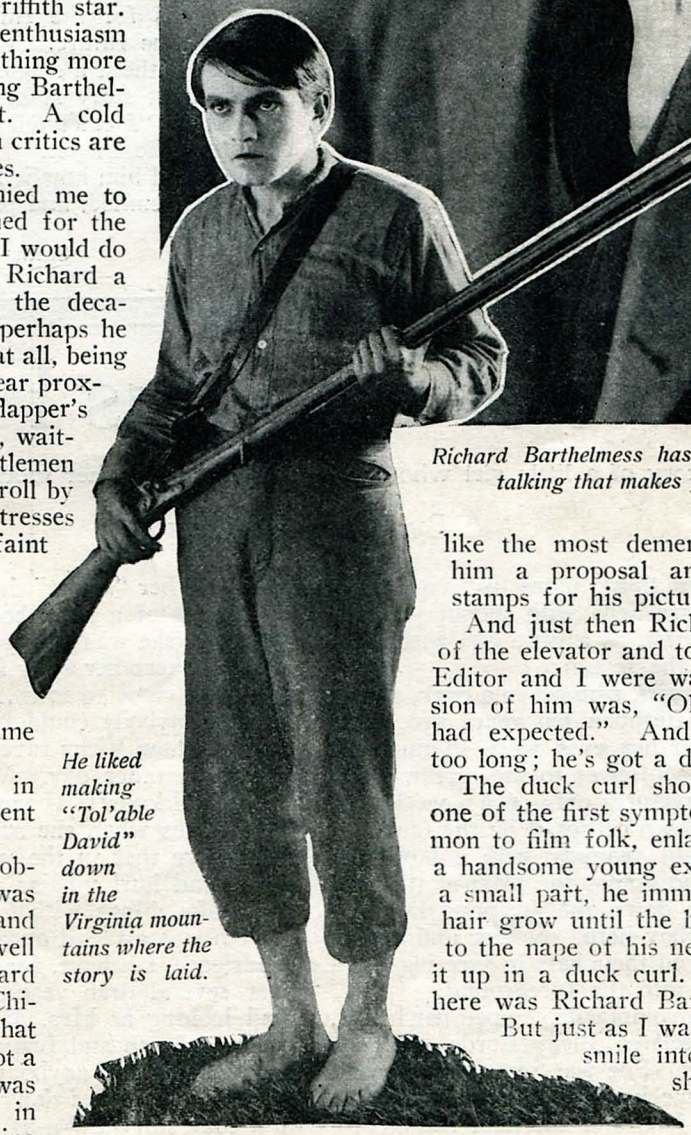
"Um," I replied without enthusiasm. "I read the last chapter myself to see if it came out happily."

"And he's deeply interested in Oriental things," Ye Editor went on persuasively.

"In Japanese fan letters probably," I answered tersely. It was brutal, but I was making a stand for reason. And I knew very well that if I found out that Richard Barthelmess was a student of Chinese philosophy, if he knew that *Kuan Yin* was a goddess and not a subtitle for chop suey, that I was gone. Being deeply interested in things Oriental, I would be raving like the most demented fan who ever sent him a proposal and twenty-five cents in stamps for his picture.



Richard Barthelmess has a straightforward way of talking that makes you forget he is a star.



He liked making "Tol'able David" down in the Virginia mountains where the story is laid.

And just then Richard himself hurried out of the elevator and toward the sofa where Ye Editor and I were waiting. My first impression of him was, "Older; much older than I had expected." And the next, "His hair is too long; he's got a duck curl!"

The duck curl should be explained. It is one of the first symptoms of that ailment common to film folk, enlargement of the ego. If a handsome young extra man gets a "bit" or a small part, he immediately starts letting his hair grow until the barber can bring it down to the nape of his neck in the back and twist it up in a duck curl. It's a sure sign. And here was Richard Barthelmess——

But just as I was getting my most cynical smile into working order he was shaking my hand in a firm, friendly grip, and was leading me over into a

corner where we could talk undisturbed. And almost the first thing he said was: "I'll certainly be glad to get a hair cut! I've had to wear it long for eight weeks while we were making 'Tol'able David,' and we're still having retakes, so I can't have it amputated."

Bang! went the legend of the duck curl with its diabolical significance. I nearly apologized to him out loud.

Then I noticed that he wasn't old looking at all—but that his eyes were tired and heavy lidded.

"This is the morning after," he told Ye Editor and me as we found a comfortable sofa to lounge upon. "My wife had a birthday party up in our rooms last night, or I'd ask you up. But the place hasn't been straightened up yet. You won't mind, will you?"

In his portraits you know Dick Barthelmess as a very serious young man with deep-brown eyes, grave and unsmiling, and a mouth that is almost grim in its straight-set line. In reality he has a delightful smile that lights up his face into boyishness. I asked him why he never smiled in his portraits.

"Well, it comes out so kind of *set,*" he explained, "that it looks like a Cheshire-cat grin. Then, too—well, I don't want to look like a matinée idol."

When you are talking to him he regards you intently, with a concentration that is flattering. You feel that he is actually interested in what you are saying. He is that rarest of all things—a good listener.

Ye Editor asked about the picture he had just finished, which is his first production with his own company. Ye Editor was wise, for the conversation was heading straight toward things Oriental, to our mutual satisfaction. But what care the fans if he has read the Analects and the Four Classics of China? They are more interested in the color of his tie—which I did not notice—and whether he and his wife, the erstwhile Mary Hay, are happy. They are; he said so.

"We had a great time down in Virginia making 'Tol'able David,'" he told us. "We were there for six weeks straight, about forty miles from a railroad, in the locality where Hergesheimer laid the story. Many of the natives had never seen a railroad train, and few of them knew what a motion picture was. They thought it was wonderful, and we had lots of them working in it, all the local celebrities—the mayor, the justice of the peace, the sheriff. Some of them were mighty good actors, too.

"Are you going in for that type of character?" Ye Editor asked, referring to the young and gawky mountaineer lad whom Barthelmess is portraying in the picture.

"I'm not going in for any particular type," he answered quickly. "Very few people can specialize and get away with it. Charles Ray can, but he's one in a million. No, I like versatility. And, above all, I want a good story. Not a story that's written around me, but one that I can fit into. I'd like to do Hergesheimer's 'Java Head.' It is so colorful, and there are splendid dramatic possibilities for the part of the story that's laid in China——"

Ye Editor was giving me a warning look, but I pretended not to see it.

"Did you like the part of the chink in 'Broken Blossoms?'" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, very much. I made quite a study of the character before I attempted it. My mother lived in China for six years; perhaps that's why I'm so keen about Oriental literature and philosophy."

We swung into a discussion of Chinese language, humor, and customs. Ye Editor was waiting around the conversational outskirts to ask about Mr. Barthelmess' plans for the future. I had frankly forgotten all about the future. The present was quite enough—and that without a single cocktail.

"My next story is by Porter Emerson Browne," he answered. "I can't tell you the title; that hasn't been definitely chosen yet."

We asked him how it felt to be running his own company. He smiled, and passed his hand over his smooth black hair.

Continued on page 102

Romances of Famous Film Folk

The love story of a little girl who grew up and married her motion-picture hero.

By Grace Kingsley

CAN you imagine anything more romantic than marrying the picture hero with whom you fell in love when you first, as a little girl with long, shiny curls, saw him on the screen?

She was a little convent girl, who sat in a dark, smelly little picture house one afternoon ten years ago. She had long blond curls, and her eyes were shining and expectant as they glued themselves to the screen. She was allowed to go to the pictures only once a week, and then only after they had been censored by the nuns.

The picture opened right snappily with a bunch of cowboys galloping like mad across the plain at the foot of a mountain, and then down the steepest trail you can imagine rode the cowboy hero. Nearer and nearer he came, the cowboys waved their hats in greeting—and gallant Tom Mix swung into the foreground.

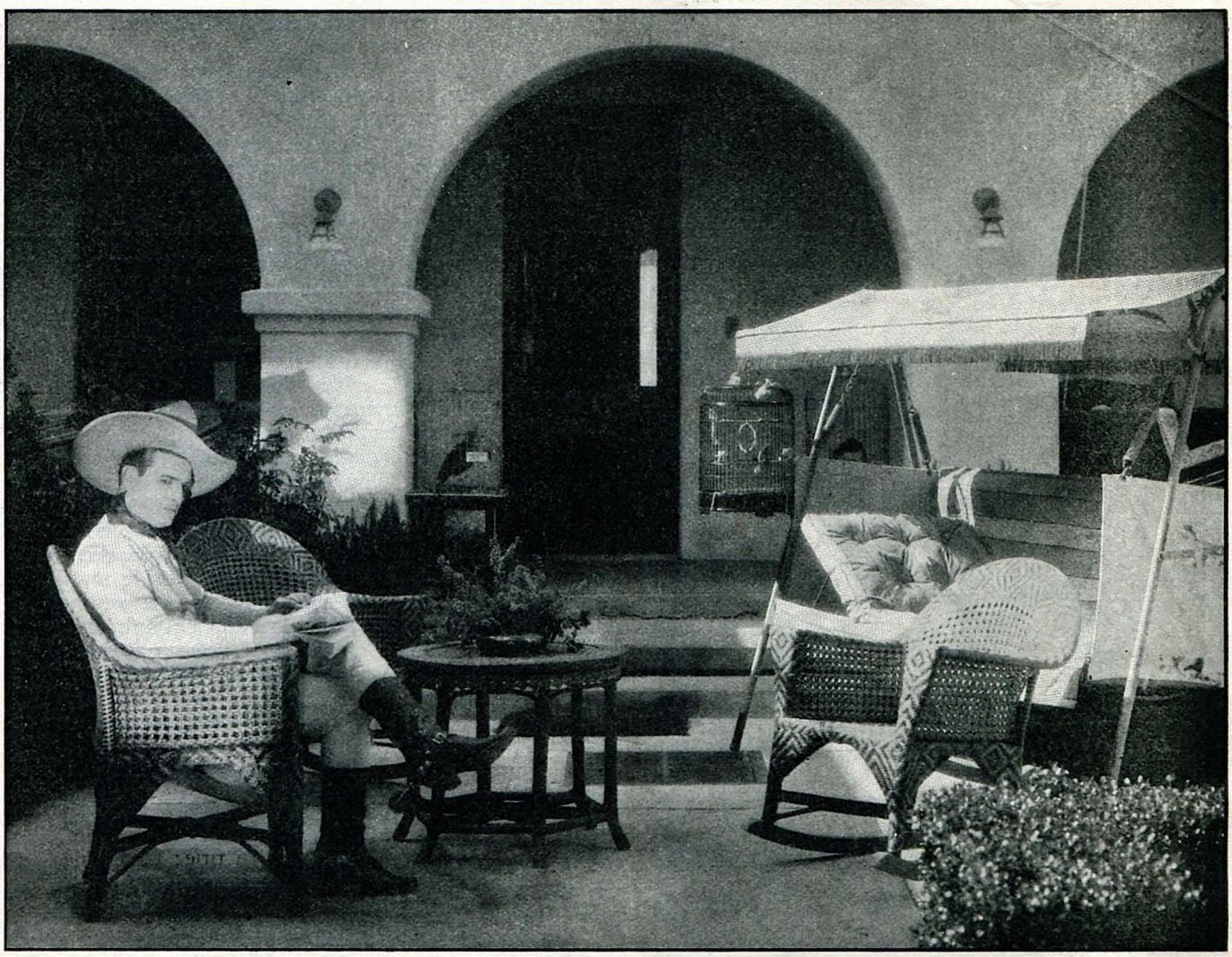
The little convent girl involuntarily clapped her hands, and it was right then, declares Vicky Forde, that she fell in love with Tom Mix. She was just fourteen, and she got her mother, Eugenie Forde, who was an actress, to get Tom's picture for her, and she kept the picture hidden in her "secret" drawer, along with her diary and a ring out of a prize box which a little boy had given her when she was nine years old. And after that nothing could keep her away from Tom Mix's pictures whenever they came to town.

"Oh, anybody could be happy with Tom!"

That's how Vicky raved over him at tea, out at Tom's home, the other day. Vicky is Tom's wife now, and she should know! If you could just have seen the light in her eyes when she said it—oh, well, there *are* marriages like that in the world. Tom Mix may bulldog steers and hurl villains around the place so hard that he breaks things with 'em, but he's a model husband.

Tom was married once before, but it was an unhappy experience, I believe, for both Tom and the lady, lasting over several drab years, and so it's a closed chapter. And looking at Mrs. Mix, who is just the right proportion of pep and feminine allurement and gentleness, it struck me that anybody could get along with her, too.

The Tom Mixes don't live in a mansion. They live in a cozy story-and-a-half bungalow in Hollywood, just



The Tom Mixes don't live in a mansion. They live in a cozy little bungalow in Hollywood.

the sort of house, in fact, that you'd imagine Tom and his leading lady retiring to after Tom has saved her from the villain and after the clinch has happened in the last reel, with Tom and his lady love sitting on her pa's front stoop as the golden sun goes down.

But somehow there's an air of genuine affection and contentment about the Mix home that is like an aroma —if that simile isn't too artificial—which it's impossible to convey unless you have seen them together in it as I have. No doubt there are subjects on which they disagree, but Mrs. Mix has a little air of always sweetly giving up, whether she does or not. Being a real daughter of Eve, I suspect she doesn't. But then Tom doesn't know it. Doubtless in the essentials she surrenders. She hasn't, for instance, worked on the screen since she was married. That was because Tom didn't want her to.

"Tom says that when he comes home he likes to find me here," she said simply, with a little air of sweet seriousness and importance which is very becoming. "We're always together when we possibly can be. Even when he goes out on location in the mountains I nearly always go along. You see, I can get up dances and entertainments for the members of the company, which keeps 'em happy and in good humor. They work better when they feel that way. When I can't go with him on a trip he writes or sends me a telegram every day."

She confesses that some day she wants to do some more screen work, possibly as a director, because it's really difficult for a woman who has ever cultivated her talents and brains to give up her career entirely. Tom says he doesn't object to her taking up directing some time, though it did strike me that the "some time" was a bit vague and wistful. She is well equipped for any sort of stage or screen work, having helped Tom to direct while she was his leading woman and having had stage training as well as screen experience. She played as a baby actress in New York with Maxine Elliott and John Drew, beginning her stage career at three.

"I suppose it was an awful play," said Mrs. Mix. "It was called 'A Desperate Chance,' and really I think we took a desperate chance every time we played it. Mother was in the play, and I always stood in the wings and watched another child play the baby part. One day the little one was bitten by a dog, and I was given the part. Afterward, mother took me off the stage and put me in a convent. It was when I was fifteen, and had played one or two parts, that mother lost her voice, which caused her to go into pictures. In those days that was thought an awful comedown, and mother felt very bad, though glad and grateful for the work at the same time. She joined the Selig company in Chicago, and as grandmother and grandfather were out here in California, mother begged the company to send us West to the California studio. So they did, and they decided to make an expert horsewoman of me. I guess they did; anyhow Tom thinks there isn't anything I can't do in that line."

And right here enter Tom Mix, hero of this romance.



Mrs. Tom Mix—Victoria Forde—is just the right proportion of pep and feminine allurement.

When Eugenie Forde reached the West she became a member of Tom Mix's company.

"We arrived in Los Angeles one hot afternoon," said Mrs. Mix, "and I didn't think I should like it so very well. Mother went right over to the studio, but I stayed at home to fix things up a bit for her. She came home that night tired and hot. I was making tea for her. 'What did you do, mother?' I asked. 'Why,' she answered right out of the blue, 'I'm going to be Tom Mix's leading woman!' Was I thrilled? Say, I nearly dropped the teapot! Even if I had recovered from my first girlish crush, contracted when I was at the hero-worshiping age, I had never ceased admiring him, and here he was, right in the family, so to speak.

"It was early on the following Christmas morning that mother spoke up and said: 'Tom Mix seems a little bit lonely. I think I'll invite him over for Christmas dinner.'

"Well, I was so thrilled I couldn't eat a bite! I had never met him yet, though I had seen him at a distance over at the studio. You can imagine whether I put on my prettiest dress or not, and whether I didn't try to manage so I'd sit beside him at dinner. But, alas! mother had a little ingénue for his dinner partner. And then afterward, when he did come and sit down beside me, I was so shy I couldn't talk. He rambled along the way he does, and I just smiled and blushed and said 'Uh-huh,' and other brilliant things. After dinner there was a Christmas tree, and on that tree was my first present from Tom. It was a bottle of perfume.

"No, I don't remember the first thing we said to each other. Tom has those talkative eyes, you see, and I think we just made eyes at each other across the table. I remember the ingénue acted peevish."

He used to call often on Vicky Forde after that, and by and by she became his leading woman in Tom's Selig wild-West company. Their first picture together, oddly enough, was titled, "Weary Went A-Wooing." By that time Tom was very much in love with Vicky, he says.

"Tom had been something of a woman hater for a long time," Vicky went on, "but he and I used to go out together like good pals. He had just secured his divorce, and he was very careful and very nice about going around with me, telling my mother all about his affairs and asking her if she thought it was all right for him to take me about a little. Mother often went with us."

At that moment Tom Mix came in. We had heard him tramping upstairs the back way, presumably to tidy up a bit for tea. Not that a strong man like Tom ever really contracted the tea habit. He just goes through the motions sometimes to please his wife. He had been out in his garage—which, by the way, is as large as the house—working on one of his cars and on a story at the same time. Whenever Tom wants to work out a knotty point in a story he goes out and crawls under that old car with some tools, whether there's anything the matter with it or not. He looks up and tinkers, gets all covered with oil, and comes out full of dirt and ideas.

Tom is just a big boy, with a boy's frankness and a boy's shyness, but he didn't mind at all our talking his romance over.

"Y' see, the way I happened to start going with Vicky here," he began seriously, "was because she was going with somebody I thought she oughtn't to be seen with——" Tom was dead serious, looking into the fire, and I glanced over at Vicky. Her face told me nothing; but I've a suspicion that maybe Miss Vicky, being a regular daughter of Eve, played that up strong at the time, especially in light of her confession that she had always been in love with Tom. He's a fine sort, is Tom, a real defender of women, outside pictures as well as in them. He has always kept a clean and gallant attitude toward women. Maybe

Continued on page 102

The New Star Shower

Some observations on its causes, and a glimpse at the players fair and fierce who make up the deluge. Between the lines you may find hidden a yardstick with which to gauge the depth and potency of parts of this shower.

By Gordon Gassaway

OLD friends are best, they say, and an old friend has come back in the cinema world. It is the star system.

Star dust allowed to collect on studio shelves, so to speak, while "imminent" authors and "big stories" and all-star casts cut sportive capers in the public eye, without attracting any noticeable attention, has been stirred into the atmosphere as never before in the heyday of the system.

Twinkling, twinkling little stars, for long we've wondered how you are, and now to brighten the New Year comes the star shower in a brilliant, blinding array of new names to be loved and coddled or cast aside, as the case may be.

New names? There are scores of them. Some of them we have waited eagerly to see in the ranks of stardom and others that have been illuminated almost overnight we question—"Who is she?" and "Who is he?" What is their pedigree? Why are they starred?

Cullen Landis, Marie Prevost, Lloyd Hughes, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Jewel Carmen, and Jack Holt are some of the leading men and women, long familiar on the screen, whom we have expected to be starred lo! these many moons, and it is like old-home week to welcome them in all their starring brilliance. But these are only the beginning. In a sort of glorified Milky Way the shower comes on apace. There come Barbara Bedford, "Lefty" Flynn, Jack Gilbert, and Johnny Walker. Although we might have expected it of Johnny after his sterling characterization in "Over the Hill." Here come Madge Bellamy, Mary Philbin, Diana Allen, Gareth Hughes, May McAvoy, Richard Dix, and Helene Chadwick. We aren't quite so homy with these last—but we are willing, and want to be. We look in vain for the name of Monte Blue in the star shower, but it is not there. Mr. Lasky did not keep his promise.



Photo by Koshir

Two triumphs account for Gareth Hughes being made a Metro star, his work in "The Chorus Girl's Romance" and "Sentimental Tommy."

Glance back, for a moment, through the threshold of the past year. It was only a short twelvemonth ago that the prognosticators of the projection rooms said: "Down with the stars—bring on your eminent authors and all-star casts and feature stories, but the day of the star is over." Was it over? Not on your celluloid! What followed the determination on the part of the producers to do away with the system which made the motion-picture industry famous—the great star system? Theaters, in the summer of 1921—the early slump period—went into a state of vacuum. Empty seats greeted the best efforts of the best book writers and play makers in the land. Even "good" stories failed to pack 'em in, as had been prognosticated. A few sporadic efforts on the part of a few isolated companies were made to create new stars between January and June—but they were very few.

"The author's the thing!" continued to be the cry—until New York theaters, and others throughout the land, forced to abandon their large orchestras at high prices, in order to cut down expenses to meet the exigencies of empty houses, wondered how long they could remain open.

Then, as the summer sun waxed and waned, one at a pop, and sometimes two or three at a pop, the shining faces of new stars, some unheard of before, began to dot the cerulean blue—indigo blue in some parts—of the cinema sky. Now we are in the midst of the world's greatest shower of stars. Halley's Comet, should it suddenly reappear, would feel lonely and neglected in the midst of all this brilliance.

Of what stuff are stars made? In the days of the ascendancy of Florence Lawrence, John Bunny—blessed

The New Star Shower

be his memory—Arthur Johnson, Florence Turner, King Baggot, and others who ushered in the original star idea, producers and the makers of pictures in general, found out that what the public wanted was concentration of affection. The public loves to love, and it has not learned to worship in the abstract. Personality is the thing. In the early days it was guided in worship of personalities by shrewd advertising. Not the adoration of authors or stories or spectacles, but of familiar faces on the screen. Those who achieved stardom achieved it because the public evinced its liking of them by saying so at the box office. The early stars were loved for themselves alone and not because of the stories in which they appeared nor because of the men or women who wrote those stories. The face on the screen took the cooky. But in those days stars were not made overnight. It took months, and even years, for enough star dust to accumulate to make one good star.

To-day new stars are apparently being hatched in steam-heated brooders. A majority of them are hothouse products. Star dust is amalgamated with another element. What is that element?

Who is that clean-cut youth playing the son? Who is that vivacious girl playing the maid? A rustling of programs throughout the house or a question at the box office, as in days of old, announces the dawn of public interest in a new personality. That is the legitimate conception of a star.

Nowadays a star is often "made" in the projection room. His work in some studio "special" or in a commonplace picture is observed by the powers that be even before the picture is released, and the decision to star them is arrived at. The public, in this case, has no voice in the matter. In the rush to get a player in the present star shower this was true in many instances. Sometimes a single feature picture was sufficient to incubate a star.

"Over the Hill" brought out Johnny Walker. In that case there was a rustling of programs, and the public inquired: "Who is the boy?" Instead of *"cherchez la femme,"* good old French detective phrase, it is "Find the star!"—good old American phrase. "Sentimental Tommy" incubated May McAvoy into stardom.

Gareth Hughes was made because of his appealing work in "The Chorus Girl's Romance," with Viola Dana. Consequently he was selected to play the part of *Sentimental Tommy*, the Barrie figurine, and his success as a star was cinched. Agnes Ayres achieved her present stellar brilliance because of her work under Cecil B. De Mille in "Forbidden Fruit," howbeit she had appeared on the screen for some time previous to that.

A case of a "projection-room-made" star is that of Miss DuPont—Margaret Armstrong, if it interests you to know it—of Universal. Her work in "Foolish Wives," which was a year in the making and during which time she really served her star's apprenticeship, if the element of time counts for anything, was the determining factor in the minds of the Universal City executives who watched the rushes of the picture as Von Stroheim ran them off week after week.

Diana Allen, whom Selznick hails as another Olive Thomas, might also be classified as a projection-room star. Madge Bellamy was taken direct from the New York stage, incubated on the Ince lot, and thrust into stardom because her work at once showed up well in the projection coop.

But Doris May, Marie Prevost, Jack Holt, Cullen Landis, Lloyd Hughes, and Richard Barthelmess have been near-stars for some time. It took only the slump of 1921, and the producers' wild efforts to get out of it, to put them over the top. Doris May was divorced from the team of MacLean and May on the Ince circuit when it was decided to star Douglas MacLean. Miss May was too distractingly attractive to have in juxtaposition to Doug, so out she went. Marie Prevost, for a number of years a Mack Sennett water baby, was grabbed by Universal on account of her winsomeness as well as her popularity. Her history, however, does not dovetail with that of Betty Compson or Gloria Swanson, other water babies taken out of slapstick and put into drama through their work in a single serious picture such as Miss Compson's in "The Miracle Man." Jack Holt has for years been a sterling prop on the Lasky lot when a real he-hero was needed as leading man. His growth to popularity in fan land was slow and, according to Jesse Lasky, sure, like that of Thomas Meighan. Cullen Landis for some time has been the enigma of the studios. Under contract to Goldwyn, he has been nearly featured and nearly starred for so long that, in his case at least, I think the public has actually expressed impatience at the delay in starring him. The enigma resulted from the wonderment at this delay. But it must be remembered that Goldwyn has been the foremost proponent of the "boosting the author" game, and all players were held back while the "imminent" authors on the lot were pushed forward. Now, with the starring of Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, and Landis, it looks as though the author system had been rained under, so far as Goldwyn is concerned, by the star shower. Every picture in which Landis has appeared has strengthened his following, but it was in "It's a Great Life," written by one of Goldwyn's pet authors, Mary Roberts Rinehart, that he indicated to the world, at least, that he could hold his own in the shower.

Lloyd Hughes, once a butcher's delivery boy in Los Angeles, knocking at my back door, plugged his way to stardom through the extra ranks. He wasn't as rank as some of the others, and got his big chance in "Below the Surface," with Hobart Bosworth. There was a tentative effort to feature him by Mr. Ince, whose banner had waved red whenever the star system was mentioned and who held out for "all-star casts," but who has changed the color of the flag to white and capitulated along with the rest of them. This was in "Home Folks." Hughes has "that something" which Cullen Landis also has that makes stars out of nebulæ.

Helene Chadwick is not an incubator baby. She has appeared in several successful Goldwyn pictures, notably of late with Richard Dix, who, by the way, graduated into pictures from the same Los Angeles stock company which gave Douglas MacLean and Warner Baxter to a waiting world. Dix himself was star material from the first, on account of his winning smile and his manly appearance. He will prove to be a knock-'em-dead hero.

Continued on page 90

DO YOU KNOW THE STARS?

A silk-shod leading woman, framed in luxury, so impressed her glowing charm upon the public that it demanded stardom for her.

A simple little girl, untrained, was made a star before the public ever saw her, because her work in her first picture so pleased the officials of the company she worked for.

A boy rose to stardom almost overnight because of his lovable portrayal in a single picture.

Other stars—other histories, but all have won the goal of stardom through some rare, ingratiating trait.

Do you know these new stars? Have you watched their progress? Don't you want to know more about them? They are the new candidates who may displace old favorites in your hearts.

Here it is—the story of new stars. Do you think they will supplant the old ones in your favor?



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

PROMINENT in the star shower is Jewel Carmen, an old favorite who too long has been absent from the screen. Roland West's "Nobody," a First National picture reintroduced her to the fans.



Photo by Evans

JACK HOLT for years has been a sterling prop on the Lasky lot when a real he-hero was needed as leading man. "The Call of the North," introduces him as a Paramount star.

Pages 37-38

Missing from source



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

HELENE CHADWICK emerged into stardom slowly in spite of splendid work, for she was allied with Goldwyn, the most conspicuous discourager of the star system.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

STARDOM for Agnes Ayres came as a surprise to no one who had seen her splendid work as a leading woman in Paramount pictures. "The Lane that Has No Turning," marks her début as a star.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

MARIE PREVOST, for a number of years a Sennett water baby, was made a star by Universal because of her winsomeness and popularity. "Moonlight Follies," was her first star picture.



GLORIA SWANSON had so long enjoyed the popularity of a star through her work in De Millie specials that her transition to actual stardom in "The Great Moment," was hardly noticeable. But even so, the Swanson lot has not been a perfect one as she tells you in the interview on the opposite page.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Gloria, Ltd.

Gloria Swanson claims that her repertoire is restricted to the limits of her wardrobe.

By Malcolm Oettinger

MOST of the far-away film fair become prosaic maids and matrons when they leave the glamour of Hollywood studios to shop in the East. Mary Minter is an average girl with decidedly more than average looks; Elsie Ferguson is a New Yorker, poised and calculating, as is Madame Manhattan herself; Alice Brady is an industrious professional woman; Marjorie Daw is a flapper, quieter than most, but of the boarding-school pattern. And so, as Ethel Sands would verify, they go.

It is, therefore, with something of the light of discovery in his eyes that this chronicler hastens to record the discovery of a star who toes the mark set by tradition, convention, and imagination, a star who looks like a star, and who, willy-nilly, carries the part from the studio to the suite.



Gloria Swanson is a star who toes the mark set by tradition, convention, and imagination; a star who looks like a star, and who, willy-nilly, carries the part from the studio to the suite.

The stellar prima donna hailed with this flourish of trumpets is the decorative motif of De Mille's purple-lined-plush opera, the newly crested star of the bizarre, empress of modes, Gloria Swanson. There is more than a little æsthetic pleasure in meeting such a woman. Her beauty is comparable to that of gleaming Sauterne, cool, smooth, and possessed of a distinctly tingling quality that renders it all the more memorable. In gazing upon it you achieve a sensation similar to the one you enjoy upon envisaging a Maxfield Parrish landscape, an Urban setting, a Dulac canvas—colorful all. Add to these inanimate riots of radiance the attributes of graceful motion, swimming movement, and a not unintellectual outlook on life, and you will have a hazy idea of the Swanson in the flesh.

She is of the Ritz Ritzy, and it was entirely in keeping with her personality to hold court high in the gilded pile bearing that standardized name. Hers is not the hauteur of upstage aristocracy, hers not the regal manner in any way, but about her there is an unmistakable air, an atmosphere of *chic*, of smartness, of that *je na sais qua* that might make the passer-by stop to stare.

She loves luxury and ease and soft, smooth things and beauty. Hers is an epicurean philosophy, a leaf lifted practically *in toto* from the "Book of Omar." In Hollywood, she told me, her dressing room was done especially for her, in purple and green and ivory. Striped taffeta curtains, floor cushions, a Victrola so constructed as to permit its designer—Gloria—to remove records from the cabinet without stooping.

Fifth Avenue had been her playground immediately prior to my intrusion. As I had entered the hotel another taxi had preceded me, stopping abruptly to disgorge a hurrying figure in tweeds, who slid past me, scurried into the lobby, and boarded the ascending lift just before I faced the closed door. There had been something familiar about the figure; when I faced her, in the Swanson suite, two minutes later, I found that it was Gloria herself! The svelte señorita of the silk-lined cinema sermon in—*tweeds!*

She was flushed and smiling as she greeted me. We were both fifteen minutes late. She had been shopping, she explained, had hurried so, was fatigued, hadn't troubled to change her costume, hoped that I wouldn't mind. All this with a smile that left destruction in its wake. Then she sat on one of the Ritz's gilt chairs without looking like a transient sitter—which in itself was art—and talked of the theater, of men, of Hollywood, of dinner guests, of Broadway, and, of course, of clothes. Who could engage in conversation with this serenade in satin without alluding to—aye, dilating upon—clothes?

"There may be some grounds for questioning whether clothes make the man," she said, "but I think every one will admit that they do make the woman. I claim no

credit for acting. Clothes make me act. I never rehearse in street clothes—it is for me a waste of time, because I feel no sympathy with the part unless I am dressed for the part. I do not mean that I must be 'dressed up' to feel the urge. But if I am to do a gypsy I must wear gypsy rags. Clothes are everything."

Rarely enough, she assured me, does she venture into the public highway attired in tweeds—severe tweeds, as she pointed out. People expect so much of her, know so much of her sartorial exploits on the screen, that it has become imperative for her to live up to the reputation, to some extent, off the silver sheet.

"When I go to the theater I am pointed out as Gloria Swanson and stared at. Knowing that this will happen, I must prepare as best I can for the battery of eyes, a far more critical battery, I might say, than the cameras. If I were to affect simple things, people would be disappointed and perhaps steer clear of my pictures."

"Does it annoy you," I wondered aloud, "to have the great American public stare at you wherever you may happen to be? Or does it weary you? Or thrill you?"

She considered, with a diplomatic frown troubling her face.

"I like it, I think," she said. "And then again, it's rather embarrassing. In restaurants, for instance. No one looks her best, you know, eating spaghetti. Or corn on the cob. And I love both."

And while on the subject, it is interesting, as a matter of incongruity, to note that this exotic, orchid woman orders instantaneously, before anything else on the teagram, fudge sundae with vanilla cream. That, believe it or not, is the Swanson special. Where, as a matter of fact, she *should* like baked Alaska with sherry, or biscuit Tortoni served to an accompaniment of muted violins.

Manfully I continued to ask her about clothes. I knew that the world wanted to know everything she thought about them—and why.

"Well," she said, after answering the phone and receiving some flowers and passing me some Havana perfectos, "I should like to do pictures that have lots of costuming and heart appeal besides, punch and patterns combined. I realize that clothes make me what I am, and I dread, at the same time, becoming a mannequin sort of actress. So there you are. I want a happy combination."

In Elinor Glyn's original cellulegend, "The Great Moment," this wish was realized, and yet, says Gloria, the more she sees the picture the less enthusiastic she becomes over it. "Notwithstanding the fact that was just made to order for me."

Mothers all over the country have seen their daughters "doing a Swanson" before the mirrors, heels high, coiffure higher, lips red, cheeks redder. And I asked the cause of it all whether or not she felt guilty.

She laughed artlessly, and waved it aside with a slim, white hand that wafted a gentle perfume toward me.

"Forgive us, for we know not what we do!" she exclaimed. "If youngsters shouldn't see such things, let their mothers censor the plays they go to see. My particular pictures have, in most cases, depended upon the extremity of my styles—Mr. De Mille used that as a basis for the 'Why Change' series, you know."

Mr. De Mille incidentally is the Swanson ideal in directors—the last word in screen dictators. It was Cecil who lifted her from the rut of Triangle society stuff, so-called, to introduce her as the velvet note in his luxurious celluloid symphonies. And it was this same putteed czar of the vacillating photos who decreed that she had attained to eminence befitting the rank of She didn't want to be a star.

"First of all, there's the responsibility. I'm not accustomed to it. When I used to appear in the De Mille productions, everything was done to make them perfect. Time and energy and labor were expended like water. Now I'm a star, working on program schedule, holding up the heavy end of each picture. Do you realize that when you're a star the success of the picture depends upon you?" She looked at me searchingly as she asked the question. I admitted that I hadn't given the matter much thought. "Well, I hadn't either before I became a star. And I can't say that it's a bed of roses, the star's life. Doing specials was much more fun!"

After doing her second stellar story, "Under the Lash," she was glad to be pressed into service again by De Mille, who cast her in a feature boasting the presence of Wally Reid and Elliott Dexter and Theodore Roberts and Agnes Ayres in its roster. This studded cast completed a picture play that is as yet untitled. Elliott Dexter is the Swanson choice for the ideal opposite, from an acting point of view. And among the women, she feels that Norma Talmadge leads the field.

Suddenly she removed her round beaver hat, striking in its simplicity. She pressed her hands to her temples.

"I've been shopping so long. The models simply bored me. I could have shrieked at them, strutting round and round in front of me."

I smiled tolerantly. This was the star's prerogative. to shriek at the shadow of ennui drifting over her. Her eyes flared angrily as she read my thoughts.

"But I am *not* temperamental. I don't lose my temper for no reason at all. There is nothing petty about my feeling for things or against them. I've always been accused of being temperamental, and I resent it. Temperament is simply a softer word for temper. Every one loses his temper occasionally; let an actress do it once and she is branded as being temperamental."

I hastened to assure her that she impressed me as being anything but temperamental. And, as you would have done under the circumstances, I lied.

"Away from the studio," she said, changing to a more placid subject, "I forget my screen self and try to be domestic. I can't putter round the kitchen, but I adore my baby, and I loathe the thought of dragging her into the limelight of publicity. If she decides, some years from now, that she wants to be an actress, I won't attempt to dissuade her, but I certainly will not put her before the camera as an infant, before she is able to decide for herself."

Proof of her sincerity may readily be found upon reviewing the files of the picture magazines; no shots of Gloria's baby are to be found in any of them.

"At times," she went on, "I confess I feel like a feminine Jekyll and Hyde, but it has worked out perfectly so far—this studio self a different person than the home self. No actress can continue to be an actress in her own home, and still be successful there as a mother. She must have two sides—and more."

While she talked I found myself saying, "This is her actress side. I am seeing her public self." Even in simple tweeds she suggested the screen celebrity. Minus all of her silver-sheet trappings, still she carried a note of acting that would not be denied.

"When you are at home," I asked, "how—just how do you act? What do you wear? Are you—*different?*"

She looked at me, and her smile might have been flooding me from the elevation of a theater proscenium, so detached, so pictorially perfect was it. And before she spoke I knew what she was going to say.

"When I'm at home," she repeated, her smile persisting, but her eyes looking past me, into a Hollywood bungalow perhaps, "when I'm at home—I'm at home."

Which undoubtedly meant that when she is at home she is *not* being interviewed.

Here's to the Brave

A story for the cynics and the wise ones who know that dangerous scenes are always played by "doubles" and that accidents in pictures are never real.

By Helen Christine Bennett

LADIES and gentlemen, stars of the screen, I apologize! For years I have sat in my comfortable seat in the orchestra and smiled knowingly, even with a bit of a sneer, when a thrilling scene and a hairbreadth escape were shown. Somewhere down in my smug consciousness there registered the comforting thought:

"Faked. Of course there isn't an atom of risk in it."

And all these years I have cheated you of your due. For I am one of those who are lost in admiration at the intrepid explorer, the daring engineer, the pioneer who goes into the unknown and risks his life—to give the world something new. And all these years I might have ranked you along with these—if I had only known.

It isn't wholly my fault. For my sneers blame the press. Who started it I don't know, but after reading time after time of fakes, double exposures, and various kinds of make-believes, I, with no doubt thousands of other motion-picture attendants, got the idea that the precious lives of the stars were guarded religiously, and that some poor soul unknown took any risk, if there was any, said risk being minimized in the extreme. And now, after six months about the studios, I take it all back. I have seen men and women risking life and limb and nervous system in the most extraordinary ways, and these people were not acrobats or athletes, but just plain actors and actresses taking the risk as a part of the day's work. I found out a part of this when I went on the trail of the animals in the pictures, but I never got a full realization of it until one afternoon, as Mr. Fairbanks was showing me the sets for "The Three Musketeers," he said casually:

"I carry Miss de la Motte all over those roofs."

I looked at the roofs, and then hastily back at Fairbanks. The rest of the world calls him Doug, but as a matter of distinction, I being the only human being left to do it, I insist on calling him by the surname.

"Over those steep things?" I asked incredulously.

Fairbanks nodded, and began explaining with his usual energy. I never saw any one with as much energy as he possesses; it runs out all the time, as if from some inexhaustible spring. I wish he could bottle the overflow and sell it; I'd be a steady customer.

"I get her over my shoulder," he said, "and run down there, and there, and get into the window there."

"Yes," I echoed, looking at the roofs. Steep? My word on it, they were little precipices of tile, red curved tile. Now I suppose that if I had seen that picture I would have registered in my smug consciousness the fact that the roofs were probably near the ground when the picture was taken, and that after the negative was superimposed on another of the houses and that every one was comfortably safe all the time. Yes, and thousands of others believe the same thing or the same kind of thing.

When I next cornered Mr. Fairbanks he was making up, right on the set, and he talked while applying powder and rouge, and at the same time some assistant painted ghastly looking wounds down his right arm.

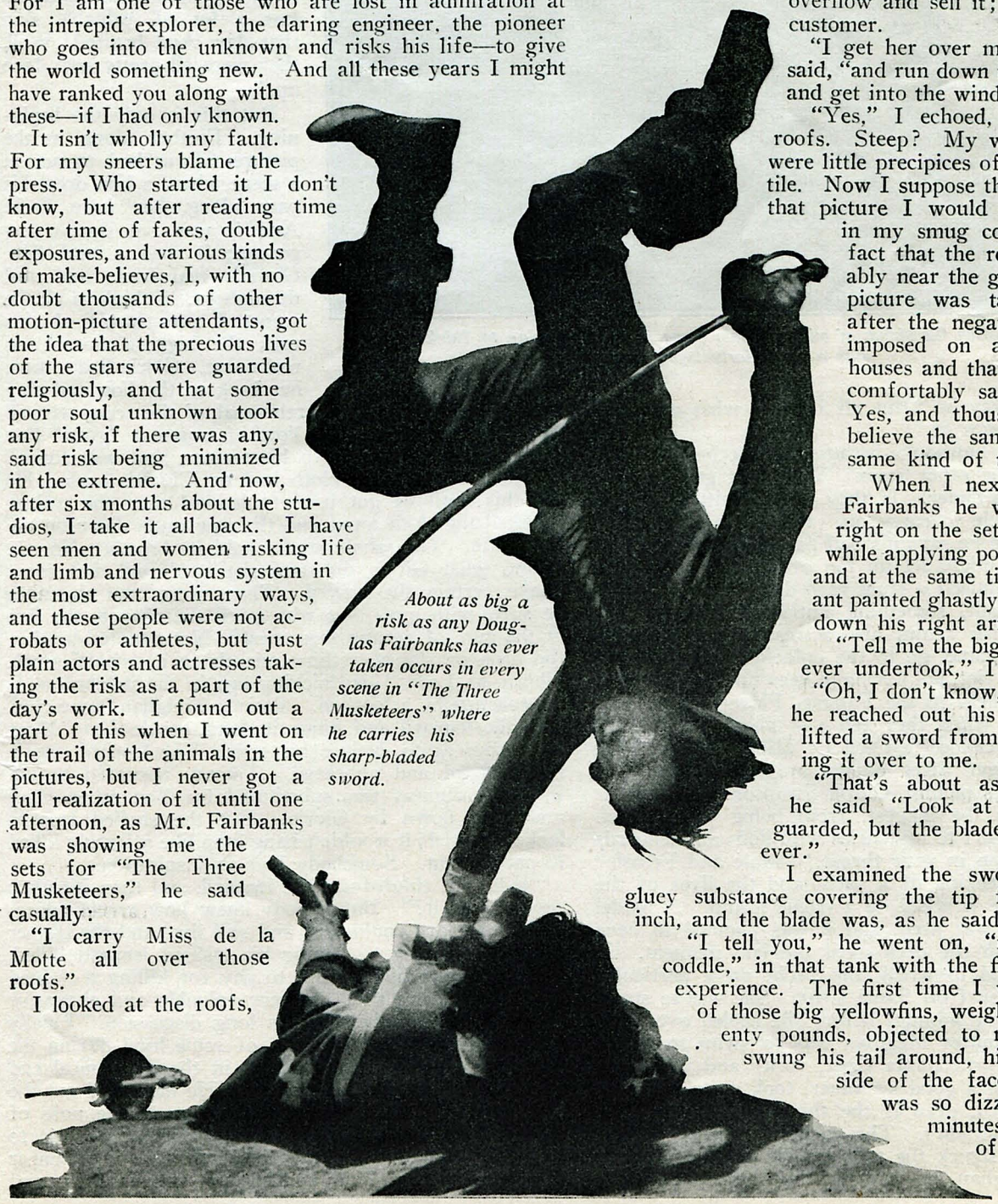
"Tell me the biggest hazard you ever undertook," I demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. Then he reached out his left hand and lifted a sword from his table, handing it over to me.

"That's about as big as any," he said "Look at the tip. It's guarded, but the blade is as sharp as ever."

I examined the sword. It had a gluey substance covering the tip for perhaps an inch, and the blade was, as he said, sharp.

"I tell you," he went on, "in 'The Mollycoddle," in that tank with the fishes, I had an experience. The first time I went down one of those big yellowfins, weighing about seventy pounds, objected to my coming and swung his tail around, hitting me in the side of the face and head. I was so dizzy that for five minutes I had no idea of anything, and it wasn't any too safe a



About as big a risk as any Douglas Fairbanks has ever taken occurs in every scene in "The Three Musketeers" where he carries his sharp-bladed sword.



Monte Blue is often the victim of mishaps; this scene from "Something to Think About" was a particularly trying one.

place to get dizzy in. But all I do is what any man can do if he keeps fit."

I am quoting Fairbanks because he is echoed in substance by all the other stars. You can't get them to admit risk, no wonder. If they ever admitted it, they might not be able to carry on. Fairbanks won't have a double because he says it's bad psychologically. If he once let up he might let up too often. For the same reason he sets himself a stunt each day, something new, something difficult, something untried. If you want to know the risk actors and actresses run, the real hazards of the game, go to the onlookers, who can let their nerves run riot, not having to keep up their courage.

All the onlookers in the Famous Players-Lasky studios still thrill when they tell you about the making of "Male and Female," a Cecil De Mille picture. Risk after risk, danger after danger was encountered by the actors in this picture, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan taking the biggest, from being pounded on rocks in a wild surf to intimacies with lions and leopards that bring a lump in your throat. "Male and Female" involved the wrecking of a yacht and the lives of the people who were wrecked on a tropic island. A model of a real yacht was used, and it was planned to have Meighan stay on the deck until the last moment. It was also planned to wreck the yacht on a particular rock out in the surf off Santa Cruz. She was to strike and hold for some minutes before she keeled over, and during those minutes Meighan was to swim to shore. It's a bad shore off Santa Cruz, rocky and wild, and Meighan, though a good swimmer, took quite a chance of being pounded, even if the thing had gone off as planned. But it didn't. The yacht, driven by an unexpected wave, struck the rock on the side and turned instanter. Meighan, quick-witted, ran across the deck and dived just in time. Only the twenty rescuers appointed to watch didn't know he was in time, and out from the shore they all went, hunting Meighan, who finally fought his way to shore unaided, battered some, and utterly disgusted because his would-be savers had ruined a part of the film. That part was never shown. Neither was it retaken. All the members of that yachting party had to get out into the roaring surf and fight their way to shore.

"I remember," said Al Wilkie, assistant director at Lasky's as he went over the story, "that Gloria Swanson lost a lot of valuable skin that day. And bruised! Well, they were all pretty well done up."

But this is only the beginning. Farther along in the picture Gloria had to act in a scene where a lion drew his paw along her bare back. And it was not double exposure; it was a real lion, Gloria's real back, and real throughout. I think of all the scenes I ever heard of this took the biggest amount of real nerve. Gloria had to turn her back to the lion and stay perfectly still during the rehearsal of the scene as well as the scene itself. The lion, of course a "good" lion as lions go, came in with his trainer, and was coaxed to put his paw on a cloth laid on Gloria's back. He did this until he got used to it, and then the trainer whisked the cloth away and the paw came down on the bare skin. The whole studio held its breath. No one knows what Gloria did, and she won't tell, but every one is certain she prayed. There were men about, to be sure, with guns, but who stood the chance, the lion or the gun, of getting there first? Not daunted by this, the director staged a third miracle in a leopard scene. Gloria, as *Lady Mary* picking figs in the wilderness, is approached by a leopard. Tommy Meighan, appearing, kills the leopard and flings it down beside *Lady Mary* and proceeds to declare his love. The leopard was a real leopard and appeared. Tommy appeared to kill it, and a dummy was substituted for Tommy to carry and fling down by Gloria. But the stuffed leopard looked stuffed; it wouldn't hang limp like a freshly killed leopard ought. Somebody had an inspiration.

"Why not chloroform the leopard, and then Meighan could carry it?" But nobody knew how much chloroform a leopard could take and still live, and the trainer objected mightily to having his trained leopard killed, and the studio didn't want to pay for killing a trained leopard anyhow; they are very valuable and expensive products. Well, there was a long discussion. Finally a man who had been a nurse of some kind during the war and who was now helping in the mechanical end at the studio offered his services. He measured out the dose, and the trainer held the sponge to the nose of the obedient leopard. Mr. Leopard amiably went to sleep. When he seemed deep enough in slumber Meighan grabbed him, hoisted him on his back, and

carried him out to the waiting Gloria. He flung the leopard down—and the big cat, jerked out of slumber by the fall, came up spitting and snarling and going for Meighan. The trainer jumped in, and there was a very nice five minutes for everybody. After which, believe me or not, they applied a bigger dose of chloroform, and Meighan did it all over again. This time the leopard did not wake up!

In an Ince production to be released this fall, called "The Cup of Life," Hobart Bosworth added another chapter of daring to a long history of risks. Bosworth fought a live shark under fifteen feet of water. To take the picture, the camera men were sent down in a glass diving bell. The battle was staged off Catalina and the shark was a real shark. To make certain Bosworth would win the battle the shark was harnessed with wires and his movements were supposed to be under control from above, but he was able to swim freely and to put plenty of action into the fight. Bosworth had to dive a number of times before he could, without too much danger, get near enough to the huge fish to plunge a long knife into the monster and dispatch him. Nobody having tried harnessing a shark in wires before, it was of course problematical just how the harness would work, whether it would hold or break, and just how Bosworth would come out.

"The Old Nest," a current release of Goldwyn's, written by Rupert Hughes, is a homy type of story which would not suggest that any great risks were to be taken. But in two instances women took very real ones. Helene Chadwick, standing with her sweetheart on the vestibule of a railroad train, is jerked almost out by the sudden jolting of the train. The man with her grasps her by one arm and pulls her in. This happened just as stated; the train was real and the jerk was real. The jerk came at a particular point on the track, and at this point to protect Miss Chadwick, in case her rescuer didn't act promptly, was stretched a kind of net of canvas to receive her. But—suppose she fell to the right or left of this small affair? In the same picture Mary Alden, the mother, dreams of falling from a precipice. In order to get her facial expressions during this fall Miss Alden was held high in the air in all kinds of positions. They arranged for her a belt, placed under her clothing, and this was affixed to a wooden piece which swung on a pivot so that she could be whirled round much as a wheel of chance is whirled. Attached to this, she was held from five to ten minutes at a time forty feet in the air in all conceivable positions—upright, on one side, the other, and on her head. After standing on her head—so to speak—in air for five minutes she would begin to cry, "Up—let me up," and when she got up she was limp indeed. If you see the picture you will know why those expressions of Miss Alden depict genuine fear and agony. As for risk, there was a net under her, in case the apparatus broke, but the main risk was to her nervous system.

When Johnny Bowers was acting in "The Sky Pilot," written by Ralph Connors and produced by King Vidor, he was asked if he cared to risk the great scene where the hero turns aside a cattle stampede and saves both himself and the prostrate girl he loves from being trampled to death. The producers were willing to provide a double who would take the risk, but Bowers thought it over and declined.

"I'm so dead tired of being an ice-cream hero, I'd take any risk," he decided.

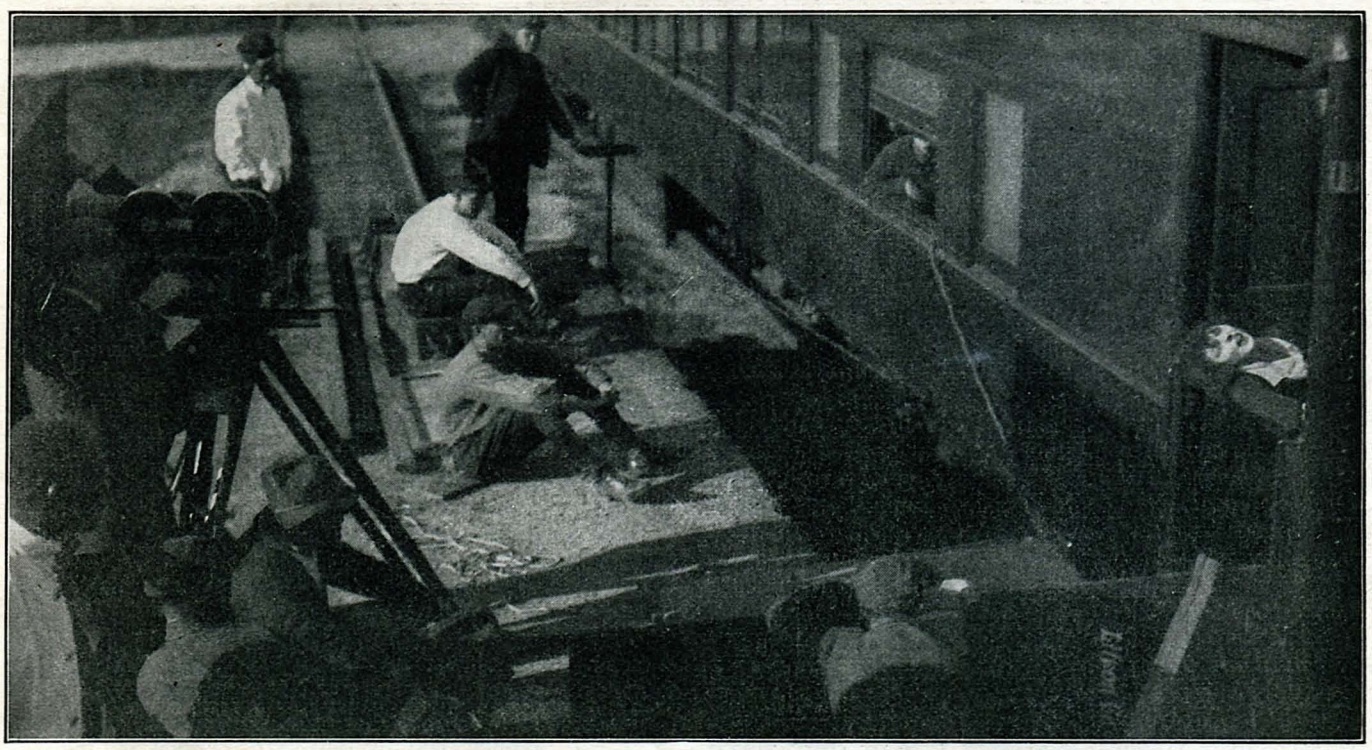
A ranchman furnished the cattle for the stampede. Driven from behind, the cattle thundered toward him, heads lowered. If he could stop them and turn them to one side, he was safe. He had his hat, and nothing else. And with this and his arms he beat them in the faces as they came, so that they turned off just as the book had planned, leaving him safe. When the picture, or rather this part of it, was done the ranchman came up to Bowers.

"Young man," he said, "I don't know whether you're the bravest man alive or—*you don't know a—thing about cattle!*"

"Gently reader," to quote H. C. Witwer, I have just discovered that I am three quarters through the space allotted for this article. And I assure you I sit here, panting with tales, just aching to tell you them all. For to me they are really truly marvels, and I have for the people who take these risks the most genuine and deep admiration. After all, like the explorer, the engineer, and the man who pioneers in the wilderness, they have an object. To keep a picture faithful, they risk life and limb. That comes perilously near being a real respect for art. But before I have to stop, and I only hope you are as sorry as I am, I want to tell you how some of the things you and I, in our



It was Gloria Swanson herself who let the lion draw his paw across her back in "Male and Female."

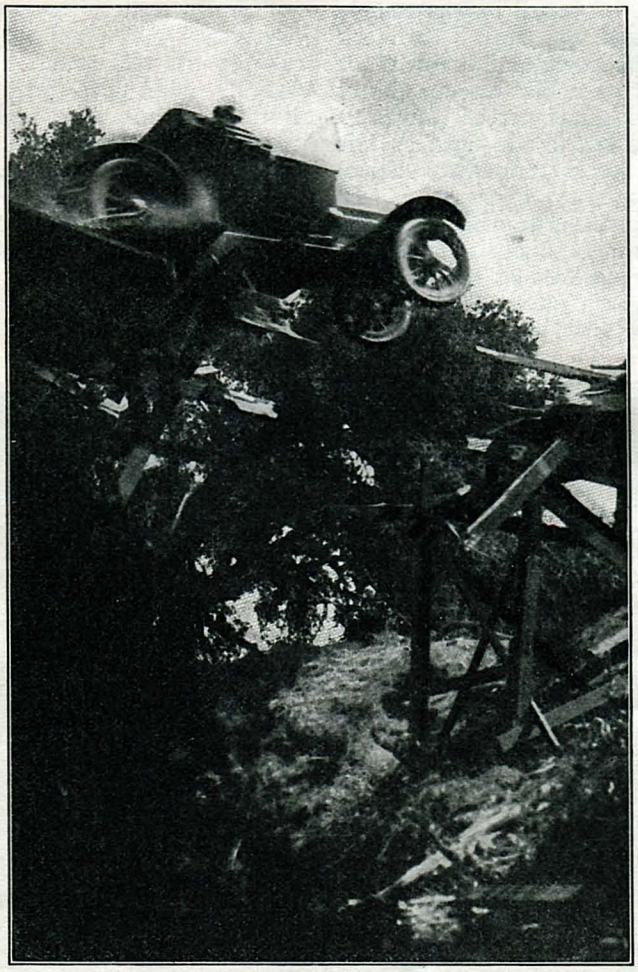


Helene Chadwick almost had to fall from a train for a scene in "The Old Nest," and she ran a real risk in doing it.

comfortable seats, never dreamed could be dangerous often are.

Guns—how many of them have we seen go off in motion pictures? And loaded with blanks, of course. But if you get a blank in your face it is pretty bad, not quite as bad as a bullet, but bad nevertheless. Actors are supposed to shoot to one side, but—and here is the *greatest hazard of all motion-picture acting*—many of them are so excited, carried away by the scene, that they forget and shoot right at the object they are supposed to shoot at. In "Manhattan Madness," Fairbanks was supposed to chase a villain who turned and shot him in the face. The pistol was loaded with blanks, and the villain knew how to shoot, but lost his head and shot straight at Fairbanks. The flash hit Fairbanks in the eye, and it was a question for some days whether he would lose that eye or not.

Take fights. Most of the fights staged are real fights, and often the actors are badly injured. They take that risk when they fight, and they know it. For this reason fights are always left until the last thing in making a picture, because the combatants may be so done up that they cannot appear for a week. Will Rogers and Lefty Flynn had an honest-to-goodness fight in "Doubling for Romeo," in which one of Flynn's hits on Rogers' jaw knocked Rogers ten feet. Recovering, Rogers jumped on Flynn's back and proceeded to get even by pounding him. They were both so beaten up at the end of the battle that retirement from pictures for several days was advisable. In another scene in "The Cup of Life," Hobart Bosworth, fighting with Niles Welch, hit the floor instead of Niles. The blow broke three bones in Bosworth's hand.



Automobile accidents are commonplace in serials, but they never become commonplace to the driver of the car in such a scene as this one.

Riot scenes are often so real that extras lose their heads entirely. In one riot scene in which Monte Blue played some one, in an attempt at realism, suggested that a real policeman be employed to act. The policeman was supposed to tap Monte lightly on the head with his club, and Monte was to go down and out. When the time came, the policeman, a real one, was so wrought up by the scene and the acting that he came down with a real wallop and Monte went down—and completely out, with a broken skull. After that he spent six weeks in a hospital. In "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London, Noah Beery was supposed to be hit over the head with a bottle. Now for this purpose there is a stage property bottle made largely of

Continued on page 99

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

A Plea for Lowbrows

This editorial is going to get us into a lot of trouble. It is going to expose the facts about The Observer's mind, so he probably will be shunned from now on by all decent folks. Respectable women will draw aside as he passes, young people will point their fingers at him, and those who have the time and the postage will write letters to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE and demand that he be fired at once.

But The Observer's conscience won't let him be a hypocrite. If it is wrong to expose his innermost thoughts in all their nakedness—so be it.

Here's the blow-off.

The Observer is getting fully fed up with highbrow pictures. He is becoming weary of beautiful photography. He snores at fine sets and gorgeous costumes. A crowd of ten thousand extras carrying spears excites him no more than a dish of mush and milk.

The motion picture is getting wishy-washy, literary, educational, inspiring—something you "ought" to see. And we never yet had a good time seeing something we ought to.

The time has come for frank talk—and we believe we have a lot of folks on our side. The Observer believes that the motion-picture producers are trying too hard to make pictures for the folks that seldom come to see the shows and that they are forgetting the regular fans.

More pep, say we!

More guns, more detective stories, more red-hot love stories, more thrills, spine-tingling thrills, thrills that make you grab your girl's arm and gasp—action, drama, punch, galloping horses, mortgages, fires, sudden deaths, suspense, suspense, and *more suspense!*

Do you get what we mean?

The motion picture is getting too darned nice and refined.

"Go to the serial," you'll say.

We don't want just serials, either. We want the gosh-darnedest drama that anybody can give us, well done. We're not crying for crudity, but we are yelling for something to happen in the picture shows.

The producers are afraid of the bogy "old stuff." They're afraid some one will say the motion picture isn't advancing.

If the producers will take the time to investigate they will find that the fellows whose advice they have been heeding are the people who don't go to a motion-picture theater once in six months.

Let Paramount make more "Great Moments" and fewer "Sentimental Tommys." Let Norma Talmadge do more like "The Sign on the Door." The critics will yell about the stuff being inartistic—*but the crowds will go.*

Give us something to feel and less to see.

That's our story and we'll stick to it.

We Don't Need Something New

Perhaps the ambition of the motion-picture producers to seek for something new should be lauded and such searching will do no harm, provided they don't find it.

The public, as a matter of fact, does not demand new stuff. In fiction the same old love story goes best. On the stage the most successful plays are not novelties. The circuses have found that the public wants the same sort of a circus year after year.

Our advice to writers is worthless, but we give it just the same. If we were writing scenarios we would not try for new ideas. We would, rather, try to handle an old idea better than it had ever been handled before.

And if you must know, that's the hardest thing in the writing business. Shakespeare, as we remember it, is about the best exponent of this plan. He took old stuff and doctored it up, but he was a right smart doctor.

Pola Again

We have seen the gorgeous Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night," and in spite of protesting letters to the editor, we again state that Pola will do for us. She is coming to the United States next spring, rumors have it, and, alas! then we shall know what she thinks of love and marriage and shall have her advice on how to keep a garden or a husband.

Pola is in trouble in Germany, and is rather glad to get out. It seems that she contributed toward erecting a statue in her home town in Poland. All would have been well if they hadn't learned in Germany that the statue was of a Polish gentleman who had fought with no small success against the Germans. And to make it tougher, in order to make a place for the statue they tore down one of some German ancient and dumped him into the alley. All in all, Pola had a good deal to explain.

Massachusetts Will Decide

They're going to have a bit of voting in Massachusetts a year from now, and that voting probably will decide whether or not we shall have motion-picture censorship throughout the United States.

In Massachusetts they decided to let the people decide the censorship problem. Other States have voted for or against censorship only through their representatives in the State Legislatures. This is the first time the people have had an opportunity actually to vote on the measure.

If Massachusetts votes in favor of censorship we might as well give up the fight, for the example of that State will certainly be followed throughout the United States.

"This State voted for censorship," the reformers will say, "and proved that the people do want their pictures censored. That's a fair criterion as to how the rest of the country feels."

And the legislatures will fall into line. The important thing about it will be that they will be absolutely right.

The Observer does not believe that the public wants its pictures censored by a bunch of politicians. He never will believe that a person who thoroughly understands the operation of a censorship board will vote for one.

But it is possible that the reformers may put on such a campaign in Massachusetts that the public either will vote for censorship or will not vote at all. What the motion pictures need is a tremendous body of citizens of Massachusetts who will vote *against* the law. They must take the trouble to register their feelings regarding a political board made up of nondescripts who can manipulate the screen to suit themselves.

It will be a critical election, of interest to you wherever you live, for Massachusetts will cast the vote for the nation.

The Author's Value

The Author, by the way, is settling down and is paying more attention to his job and less to his publicity. There are Authors and authors in motion pictures. Capital-A Authors aren't doing so well these days. Several companies had a heap of excitement over Authors and hired a lot of them.

The real authors, the men and women who had been writing the real shows, were crowded out, and the big names began advising how to do things. Most of the big names flopped. They may have been able to write great stories, but they didn't know drama as it is turned out in Hollywood.

When they failed, most of them blamed the motion-picture public. As a matter of fact, few of the Authors knew nearly as much about constructing real entertainment as do half a hundred real scenario writers who have been operating efficiently for a good many years.

Out of the wreckage Rupert Hughes stands supreme. He is the only Author who became an author and who delivered the goods. Elinor Glyn delivered one good story and then left the lot. Hughes stuck and learned the business.

Authors are a good deal like bricklayers. Some are good and some are not, which is about all you can say about them.

If any person tells you the author is the thing, or the star is the thing, or the director is the thing, tell him he is raving. Every fine work, whether it be a motion picture or a building or a motor car, is the work of many good minds.

The authors were called to save the industry. They came on the run, like a volunteer fire department, but when they arrived it was found that few of them knew how to couple a hose or operate a pump.

The Eight Most Handsome Men

A few months ago we published two sets of pictures called "The Eight Reigning Beauties of the Screen," the first set chosen by one of our staff contributors and the other eight by the readers who wrote to us protesting against some of the selections of the first group.

Now the fans are writing in and asking why we don't run the pictures of the eight most handsome men. In fact, so many have asked for this that we're going to attempt it. But we shall not ask any one person to make up a list this time. There will be but one group, and that one made up entirely by our readers. So if you wish to have a hand in selecting them, just drop a letter to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, naming your favorites and telling why you think they should be chosen. The list will be made up, as before, of those for whom there are the largest number of requests.

Trust the Censors to Have Bad Taste

If the New York censors wished to injure the cause for which they stand they could hardly have chosen a better means than the ugly license numbers which they have insisted shall be inserted next to the main title of each picture they allow to be shown. The ugliness of these inserts is a fair commentary upon the taste of the persons who are chosen to censor one of the most beautiful of the arts.

The Music Menace

Folks were mighty pleased when some of the bigger motion-picture theaters abolished the whangy piano accompaniment in favor of an organ. It made quite a hit, too, when good-sized orchestras were installed in some of the theaters. But now, proceeding no doubt on the theory that if a little seasoning is good a lot of it is better, some theater managers are evolving supplementary musical programs that quite overbalance the program of motion pictures.

"How long must I wait for the pictures to start?" a somewhat irate woman demanded of an usher at one of New York's picture palaces when, to her dismay, the "Tannhauser" overture was followed not by Harold Lloyd, but by a singer.

"Don't you like it either?" the usher answered despairingly.

And I'll bet that if a vote were taken among the audience there would be an overwhelming majority in favor of cutting out some of the surplus music.

It wasn't so bad when only the Broadway picture palaces suffered from too much music. We could all go to our neighborhood theaters, where five chairs were enough to accommodate the orchestra, allowing one to put the extra music on. But now that the menace is spreading to the smaller theaters The Observer rises to protest. Only last week he saw a pretty little film in a small theater in Stamford, Connecticut, but the beauty of the picture was completely lost in the blare of sound that came from the orchestra pit. He wonders how many people are annoyed by too much music—either during the picture or introducing it.

A New Use for Movie Theaters

A motion-picture theater has been put to a new use in a Montana town. It was employed by the local Chamber of Commerce as a magnet with which to draw from out of the homes in that region the catalogues of the large mail-order houses.

Every one who has ever lived in the West knows how much competition the business men in the smaller towns have from these great mail-order institutions, and how much they dislike that kind of competition. In this particular town some one conceived the idea that if they could gather in all of the mail-order catalogues for a few miles around they could pretty nearly wipe out that competition, at least for the time being. The question was, how to get the catalogues. They couldn't offer money for them without giving away the idea. Finally some one got the idea of having a movie theater on a certain date accept these catalogues in lieu of an admission fee, with cash prizes offered for the oldest, the newest, and the like.

The scheme worked beautifully, and the entire region was almost cleaned out of catalogues. The merchants made a fine bonfire of them.

But if you're thinking of duplicating the plan in your town you had better first look up the results of the investigation that was started by the Federal trade commission, which, at the time this was written, had not been concluded.



RIGHT OFF THE GRILL



Observation and comment upon the comings and goings of the movie folk, as seen from Hollywood.

By E. Lanning Masters

What of the Fairbankses?

PROPHESYING the future plans of Doug and Mary is like predicting whom Charlie Chaplin is going to marry. The reason is that they don't know themselves. So how could we?

A chart of the Fairbanks' mental vagaries for the past four months would resemble the zigzag lines of a London weather map. When they went to New York for the premières of "The Three Musketeers" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," they were to return to Hollywood immediately, where Doug was to begin the production of "The Virginian."

In New York this program was switched, and the two succumbed to the lure of Paris. Since then a dozen different plans have been on again and off again as many different times. First, they were going to stay a month; then six months; then a year. They were going to produce abroad, and then they decided not to produce. One day Doug talked of a yacht and a tour of the world; the next of taking Mary to the south of France for a rest cure.



Doug and Mary, with the whole world for a playground, seem to be having a good deal of difficulty in deciding definitely upon their future plans.

The latest report at this writing is that one or the other of the celebrated couple will start producing in Paris immediately after the holidays, remaining abroad until the late spring, when they will return to Hollywood. Doug will then do "The Virginian," and if Mary can obtain the rights to "Tess of the Storm Country," she will then repicturize this success. Thenceforth the two will alternate between their studios in Paris and Los Angeles, spending six months at each place.

By the time this appears, however, this whole program may be knocked into a cocked hat. Rumors persist that there is a very good reason for the seeming inability of the famous pair to make up their minds as to what they are going to do. On the other hand, it is possible that the plans of the two are not nearly so nebular as they would have them appear, and that the haziness which has surrounded their future activities has been deliberately simulated to hide the real object of their trip abroad—escape from the public's eye during the next few months.

Notwithstanding past refutations, the Los Angeles *Times*, in a recent editorial, insists that an "interesting event," as I believe it is termed in the best sewing-society circles of Pennsylvania, is imminent in the house of Fairbanks.

Mary's reply at the time of this rumor a few months ago of "Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were true?" was generally accepted as a denial, but in the light of recent developments one is justified in wondering whether it was meant as such. One remembers the denials of their rumored marriage, given out by both Doug and Mary within a week of that event. Mary, if I recall correctly, even went so far as to say that she was "through with marriage forever."

I did not criticize Mary for this statement then, nor would I now should it develop that her answer, with respect to present rumors, should prove to be equally evasive. To no one is marriage and motherhood more sacred than to "America's Sweetheart," and if she seeks shelter from the pitiless glare of publicity in these hallowed experiences it seems to me that this is a sentiment which all of us should not only respect, but admire her the more for.

Whether the revival of this report is well founded or not remains to be seen. If it should prove correct, the Fairbankses have not taken their closest friends into their confidence, so far as I can learn. But no one who has witnessed the infinite tenderness and beauty with which little Mary invests the rôle of *Lord Fauntleroy's Mother* will doubt for a minute wherein her ambition lies, and it is to be hoped that the world some day will have an opportunity to rejoice in the fulfillment of this dream.

In any event, those within the inner circle of the Fairbankses friends predict that within the next two years both will forsake the screen. Certain it is that the two will make fewer pictures henceforth, possibly only one a piece a year until they do retire, each of exceptional magnitude, such as their last two productions, culminating their remarkable careers in their greatest effort, in which picture they will play opposite each other.

Both Doug and Mary feel that after a few more pictures they are entitled to rest on their laurels. Mary

longs for the life of a home, uninterrupted by the demands of the studio; Doug for a life of adventure in the out-of-the-way corners of the world, and then a career of writing.

It is their ultimate plan to retire to a villa on the Italian Riviera, keeping, however, Mary's home in Los Angeles for annual visits. Doug revels in the Old World atmosphere of Europe, and ever since he was eighteen years old has spent as much time there as possible. Mary, who has worked incessantly since childhood at high pressure, seeks rest and quiet.

Personally, I question whether either of them can retire permanently from the screen. Their lives are too completely bound up with it. A year of travel—a couple of years of retirement—and the combined call of the megaphone and an insistent public will prevail. Their destiny has been irrevocably fashioned by an adoring populace, and I doubt whether they can escape it if they would, and whether they would if they could.

A Pertinent Question.

Lewis S. Stone, standby for Royal Mounted Police stories, recently had to make a scene in which he was to enter a cabin followed by a real wild wolf.

When everything was set, the director inquired of Stone:

"When the wolf comes after you, do you think you can jump up to the rafters?"

"I know *I* can—but can the wolf?" was Stone's terse reply.

Getting the Drop on Them.

As a result of the visit of the censors to Los Angeles last summer, Universal has engaged a censor of its own. The gentleman is a former member of the Chicago censorship board. He will view every foot of film produced by Universal and try to outguess other censors over the country as to what should come out. The first picture which he inspected was "Conflict," Priscilla Dean's recent production, which he pronounced as pure as the driven snow.

An Apology.

In a recent issue I stated that Cecil De Mille's latest production, "Saturday Night," had nothing to do with a bathtub. I now find that the regulation De Mille swimming pool plays an important part in the picture.

Appropriate.

Now that we have a production labeled, "No Woman Knows," and another one advertised as "What No Man Knows," one is moved to wonder whether the picture producers have anything left to be filmed.

Auto-suggestion.

Vera Stedman's last Christy comedy was "A Pair of Sexes"—a twin-baby story.

Recently Vera, known in private life as Mrs. Jack Taylor, gave birth to twin girls. They are the film colony's first.

Vera asserts she will never appear in a picture with anything but a singular title henceforth.

Another Comer.

Florence Flinn!

Who is she, and why doesn't some live producer looking for real screen material grab her?

Played *Frailty* in "Experience."

Just a "bit," but she ran away with the acting honors.

"Jerry" Comes Back.

"Jerry" came back to Los Angeles this fall for a brief forty-eight hours. Known to the rest of the world as Geraldine Farrar, but to the West Coast film colony as just "Jerry," the lyric drama's premier songbird returned to the scenes of her former triumphs before the camera—and every one who is any one in the celluloid capital turned out to bid her welcome.

But it was not to the "love nest" in Hollywood, where Geraldine and Lou Tellegen, "the perfect lover," were wont to hold open house that the diva returned, but rather to a single public appearance with the Scotti Grand Opera Company, in that most daring of all her rôles, *Zaza*.

Notwithstanding her wealth of friends in Hollywood, the formerly incomparable good fellow and pal of every one in studio life, from property boy to producer, kept herself strictly incommunicable during her brief sojourn.

Despite her seclusion, Hollywood found in her return the occasion for a gala and glorious fashion parade which it has seldom duplicated, even in De Mille's sense-stirring displays of plumage and puchritude.

Stars and their most recent husbands and wives; bathing beauties, ingénues and their newest leading men; directors and their latest "discoveries"—all were there. And for the benefit of those of my readers who may think that a motion-picture career tends to make one shock-proof, let me say that the fair Farrar gave this supposedly case-hardened audience a gasp as great as it, in turn, has ever given the members of the Purity League.

Loath as I am to shatter illusions regarding the worldiness of our cinema favorites, an exact regard for the facts compels the statement that the frankness of Geraldine's disrobing scene, as the French music-hall singer, and her subsequent preparations for the reception and conquest of a new sweetheart completely took the breath of an audience made up of what is often believed to be the world's greatest aggregation of experts in *affaires de la cœur*, notwithstanding that effete audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House have been witnessing the same scene for the past two years without lifting an eyebrow. After the distinguished diva's demonstration of allurement at her performance in Los Angeles, many of our most celebrated cinema charmers decided that they were still in the kindergarten class when it came to the fine points of this art.

The film favorites, in their opera regalia at this performance, made a brilliant picture. The Spanish motif predominated in the costumes, splashes of crimson being especially plentiful. Many of the gathering wore shawls of beautiful designs and elaborate handiwork as opera cloaks.

For the benefit of the legion of my feminine followers



Photo by Arthur & Lavies

Wesley Barry is shown here in "School Days." He is at present working on "Penrod" and and is scheduled to appear in a New York stage production this winter.

I will attempt to list a few of the most striking costumes, as detailed to me by two compassionate screen sirens whose own costumes attested their right to speak with authority.

Betty Blythe was attired in a gown of black and silver brocade, thrown over which was a Spanish shawl of cream ground, embroidered in red and green, with a deep fringe. To finish this picture the regal Betty, equally as queenly with as without her pearls, wore a high Spanish comb in her closely waved and high coiffure.

Bebe Daniels was picturesque as usual in an imported gown—how do you girls know that gowns are "imported?"—of white sequins, a sealskin wrap, corsage of orchids, and an American Beauty ostrich fan.

Arline Pretty, affecting a high headdress and Spanish comb, lived up to the name with which they do say she was born, in a gown of chiffon and gold lace, with a wrap of coral velvet and ermine.

Kathlyn Williams, who grows more beautiful every year in my estimation, appeared in a gown of white satin with crystal beads and a wrap of sable. A wealth of green ivy leaves about her forehead and an emerald-green fan were the only bits of color.

Olga Printzlau, who combines grace and talent with such fairness that I wonder every time I see her how she escapes from the scenario department at Lasky's without being signed under a long-term contract as a leading woman, wore a stunning black satin gown, trimmed with black ostrich feathers, and an evening wrap of black satin and ermine.

Blanche Sweet, who, rumor has it, is very soon to become Mrs. "Mickey" Neilan, looking pathetically sweet—no pun intended—and demure after her long illness, wore a simple frock of gold cloth, untrimmed, except for a bit of gold embroidery on the bodice.

Mrs. Charles Ray, who occupied a box with her bashful husband, was charmingly gowned in black, with much net and a wrap of gray fur.

All the rest looked as well or better, but I can't take the whole magazine to tell you about them. Besides, that's all my aids-de-camp told me.

Ethel Sands' Arrival.

I leave it to my readers to imagine for themselves how excited Ethel Sands was when she stepped off from the California Limited a few weeks ago, when it arrived in Los Angeles.

As you know, she was sent by PICTURE-PLAY for a second series of "Adventures in Movieland," this time in the film capital.

It was her first train trip of any great distance, and it had taken her across the entire continent. Here, instead of brief trips to the studios and to the players' homes, each lasting but a day, she was to spend several weeks in Hollywood, taking in, at her leisure, every phase of movie making and movie life.

Betty Compson was at the train to meet her and—— But I had better wait and let her tell it. You'll prefer her version, I'm sure. Her new adventures will begin, I believe, in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY.



Photo by Apeda

Just as Ethel Sands was about to take the train for California, where she is at present engaged in a new series of "Adventures," a delegation from Famous Players-Lasky's home office arrived to wish her a pleasant and successful trip.

On the Move.

The voyaging virus with which picture circles seem to have become inoculated this fall is still rampant. The industry is becoming cosmopolitanized. As this is Underwooded, even Charlie Ray is preparing for his maiden trip to New York, with side tours to Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Will Rogers, after a two years' absence from "The Follies," has decided to run back for a short trip to see how the old place looks.

"I haven't been back to the old town for a long time, y' see," said "Bill," discussing his proposed trip, "and I think it is a good time now that the elections, peace conference, and everything else are over. Maybe I'll have a chance to make a speech.

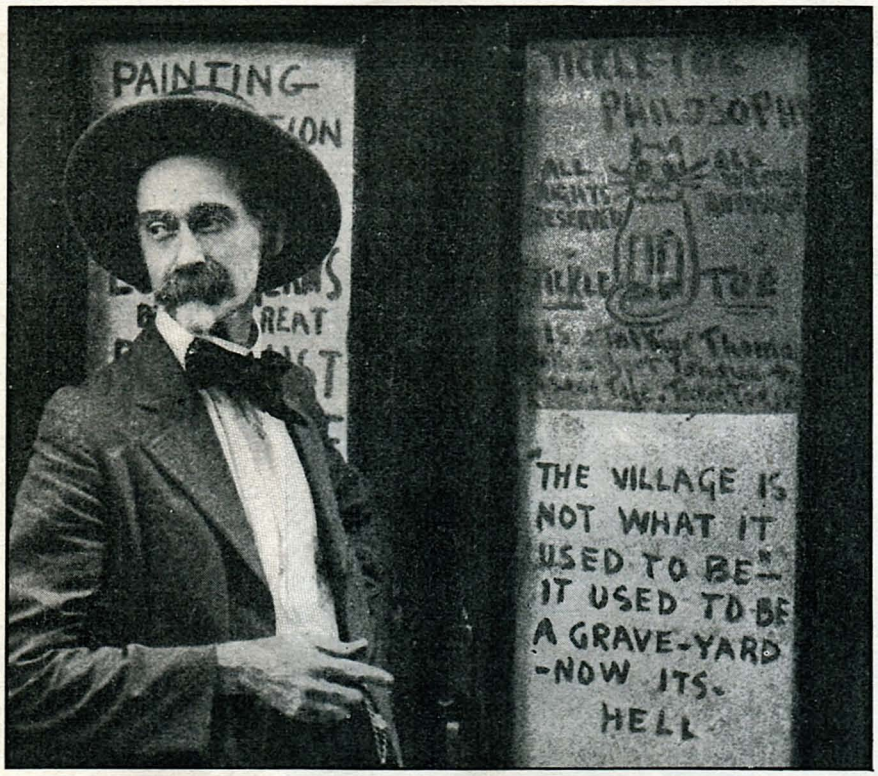
"Am I comin' back? Sure I am. I'd go broke if I had to move my family again."

After postponing her return so many times that Mack Sennett threatened to send a sheriff after her, Mabel Normand is back on the famous folly lot, and Ben Turpin has also returned from his triumphant vaudeville tour, which included a personal appearance at that most sacred temple of cinema art, the Capitol, in New York. Shortly after his arrival, Ben began work on a comedy with pretty Phyllis Haver, she of the shapely nethers and "come-hither" orbs.

Continued on page 91

Sketchographs Novelty

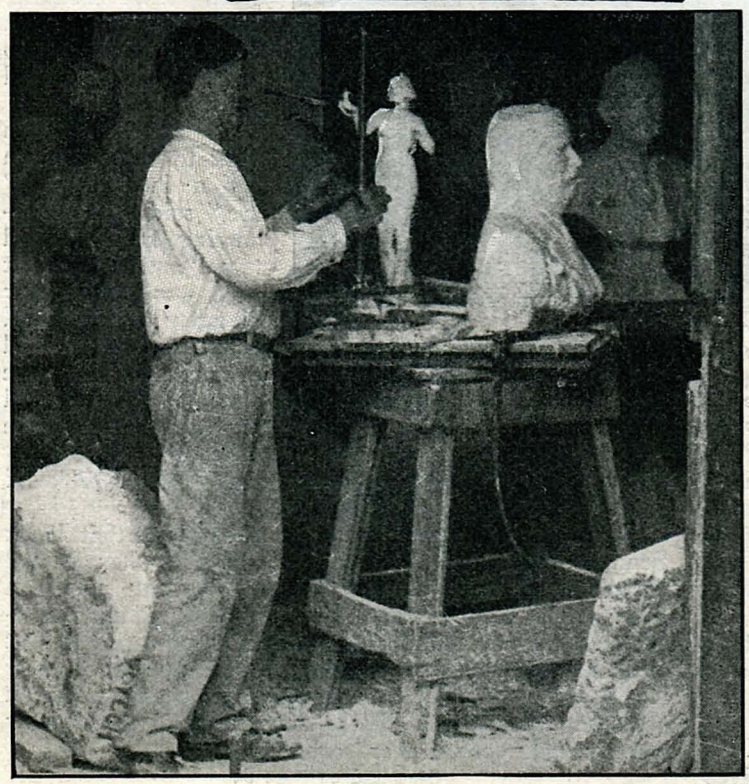
With illustrations clipped



A well-known Greenwich Village character, as he appears in Ollendorff's film.



Village types.



One of the real artists, caught in his studio.



EVERY now and then a brand-new novelty bobs up in the movies. There were the first animated comics, the acting dolls, "Out of the Inkwell," and Tony Sarg's "Almanac."

Another recent novelty, and a very popular one, is the series of "Sketchographs," made by Julian Ollendorff and released by Educational Films. A Sketchograph is a film of an interesting informational nature, enlivened by the frequent insertion of clever drawings which emphasize, in a humorous way, the points of the picture. So far Ollendorff has been alternating between such subjects as a history of costumes, in which his drawings—representing a vast amount of labor and research—play the greater part, and short travel bits, such as "A Trip



Eating plays a prominent part in any tour of the Village; here is a Village waiter.

a Screen

Described by
Gordon White

from the films.





What the out-of-town visitor always expects to see in the Village.



Along Fifth Avenue" and his "Ramble Through Greenwich Village"—scenes from which are shown on these pages.

Although the bits of the drawings which are reproduced here give a good impression of Ollendorff's work, they do not convey any idea of the effective way in which they are worked into the film to bring out some point, particularly in the frequent instances of where one suddenly dissolves into another of the same outline, but otherwise entirely different.

Ollendorff, who is his own artist, camera man, scenario and title writer, film editor, and business manager, was prepared for his present occupation by several years on the art staffs of different New York newspapers.

In the lower right-hand corner is a village book shop and art gallery.





Over the

Fanny the Fan gets the Christmas spirit and

By The



Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Rubye de Remer had a chance that every one might well envy—an invitation to go abroad with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks —and she missed the boat!

I'M not afraid of fate any more," Fanny announced to me by way of explanation as she fished a lot of stuff out of her vanity box and directed the waiter to throw it away. There was a rabbit's foot, a lucky coin with a hole in it, and two little French dolls, besides a lot of things I didn't recognize.

"No more mascots and lucky pieces for me; no more walking around ladders and dodging black cats. Why, I'd even open an umbrella in the house or spill salt without being afraid of the consequences."

"And why——" But I got no further. Fanny was obviously going to explain what she was talking about in her own good time.

"Rubye de Remer did it. She's lost all her belief in superstition—and I have, too. It happened like this. Mrs. Pickford and Mary and Douglas all invited Rubye to go abroad with them, and even though there were a lot of things here in New York to be attended to she accepted. And then she missed the boat! It was simply tragic. And worse even than missing the boat was the way Rubye worried over it. You see, ordinarily she is so lucky that when this happened she was sure it was her good luck working in some devious way. She became so obsessed with the idea that the boat the others were on was going to sink that she was afraid to look at a newspaper because she dreaded confirming her fears. One night Lottie and Jack Pickford were at Rubye's house, and she heard an extra paper being called down on the street. She slipped out of the room and sent the butler down to get one, so convinced all the time that it announced some terrible disaster at sea that she was almost afraid to look at it. And it was all about the Ku Klux Klan or something unimportant like that. When she got a cable from Mary announcing her safe arrival in London, she drew a long sigh of relief and said she'd never be superstitious again.

"She's gone abroad now, and Lottie is with her. Rubye had hoped for a real vacation, but it doesn't look much like one to me. She is going to make a picture for Famous Players in London between shopping trips to Paris."

"And what about her lovely apartment here?" I asked.

"Oh, it is just waiting for Rubye's return. No matter how far away she goes she always has that jewel of an apartment waiting for her. She says she likes to feel that she has a foothold in New York at least—what the stars who have been to Paris would call a *pied-à-terre*."

"But I know some stars who've been abroad and can still speak American," I proclaimed proudly.

"Yes, you would," Fanny retorted. "But I don't see why they shouldn't acquire an accent or talk French if they want to. It doesn't show in films."

There was no answering that argument, so I let the conversation drop while I gazed around the room and on out the windows to the crowds hurrying past.

"Looks like Norma Talmadge, doesn't it?" Fanny said, following my gaze to a girl in a deep henna-colored suit and a dark veil swathed around her toque and down around her neck.

"Yes," I admitted. "But you can't ever tell nowadays. So many people try to look like her, and Norma herself makes such an effort to look inconspicuous, that her imitators look more like her than Norma herself does. She is going West pretty soon to make some pictures. Did you know that?"

"Yes; and Constance has gone, but just to make exteriors. Her husband can't leave his business, and Constance doesn't want to leave him a bit longer than she has to, so all the inside scenes will be made here

Teacups

shares the gossip she has heard with every one.

Bystander

in the East. But did you hear about Norma having her fired?"

Naturally I looked incredulous at that.

"It was all a joke," Fanny went on. "Constance was so far ahead of her schedule that she hadn't been working for nearly three months. It bores her to death not to be making pictures, and finally one day it got on her nerves so that she went over to the studio where Norma is making 'Smilin' Through' and gave herself a job as an extra. Just as they were about to shoot a big scene, Norma spied her and dramatically told the director to stop the scene. The company looked on interestedly, suspecting that the lovely Norma at last was going to show signs of artistic temperament. 'I want that girl fired,' Norma announced in ringing tones, pointing to Constance. And the director did it. When the company found out who the unfortunate extra was they laughed so hard the director could hardly get them calmed down enough to play the scene.

"And did you hear the story about Ben Turpin cashing a check?"

Before I could shake my head, Fanny had launched into it.

"He went to a bank and asked them to cash a check for him, but they said he would have to identify himself in some way. 'All right,' said Ben. And before their astonished eyes he made his eyes look blank and staring, the way they do in pictures, and flopped backward right there on the floor. That was enough; they cashed the check."

"Wouldn't it be a wonderful idea," I crowded in before she could go on, "if every star had some distinctive trade-mark like that? Of course, Chaplin has his feet, and Bebe Daniels has her smile, by way of identification. Corinne Griffith has her funny little walk that she could perform, and no one else can cry as Helene Chadwick does. Oh, well, there are lots of possibilities."

"Speaking of Chaplin," Fanny cut in, ignoring my suggestion, "Donald Crisp is back from London. He was up at the Griffith studio the other day, and he told all about Charlie Chaplin's reception in London. You know he was with him, and to hear him tell about it was just like talking to the only survivor of a disaster. The Londoners were so enthusiastic over Charlie that they nearly killed him with cordiality. The mayor of Southampton and the mayor of London went to the boat to give Charlie the keys to the cities, and the crowd was so great they couldn't get to him, even with the aid of a mounted guard.

"Lots of the people took scissors along to snip out pieces of his suit to remember him by, and the result was that he arrived at his hotel looking like the climax of a slapstick comedy. He was practically a prisoner in his hotel all the time he was there, because when he attempted to go out such crowds gathered that it seemed as though all London was closing in on him.

"He received seven thousand telegrams of welcome the first day, and innumerable invitations to dinner. The one that pleased him most asked him to dine with H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and Sir James M. Barrie. Of course he accepted. When they sat down to dinner, Bernard Shaw said, 'Here, now, Mr. Chaplin, speak up! We've been hearing all about you for a long time; now show off.' Charlie looked utterly aghast, then he told him, 'I've been looking up to you three men all my life. You've been gods to me. Now that I'm here I haven't anything to say. I'm just going to listen.' Of course they were delighted with him."

"I guess Mabel Normand isn't going abroad after all. Every time she threatens to sail her New York friends



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

If you want to reach Irene Rich you might just as well have all the studios in Hollywood paged, for she is so in demand nowadays that she rushes from one studio to another as soon as she finishes a picture.



Photo by Frank Diem

Lillian Gish looked like a dainty French doll while some of the scenes of "The Two Orphans" were being made.

beg her to stay over just one more boat, and now it is about time she went back to California to start her next picture."

But Fanny wasn't even listening. She was watching a girl who had just come in.

"That's the first time I've seen Doris Kenyon in ages. 'Scuse me while I go over to talk to her."

But she soon returned. Doris was so completely surrounded by her friends within a few minutes after she put in her appearance that Fanny could hardly get a word in edgewise.

"No, she hasn't been ill or anything," Fanny announced breathlessly. "She is playing opposite George Arliss in 'Idle Hands,' and she is working so hard that she says she hardly ever goes anywhere but from home to studio and studio to home. And that reminds me that lovely little Louise Huff is playing opposite Dick Barthelmess in his new production. It is a sea story, and they are making it up on the coast of Maine. Had a note from his mother, and she said she was having a gorgeous time. She's never happier than when she is with Dick.

"If I were in pictures I'd much rather be a leading woman than a star because they make so many more pictures. Doris and Louise never have a boresome gap between productions the way some stars do. Think of Pauline Starke—she almost holds the long-distance record for numbers of important productions this year. She had barely finished the Vitagraph special, 'Flower of the North,' when she made 'Ma'm'selle Jo' for Robertson-Cole. And now she is playing opposite Thomas Meighan in 'If You Believe It, It's So.' The only disadvantage is that she rarely has time to wear her own lovely clothes. She's in costume most of the time."

"And how about Margery Daw?" I asked.

"Oh, haven't you heard!" she answered superciliously. "She's another awfully busy one. She's playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in his first Universal star picture. And Irene Rich is another. If you want to reach her you might as well have all the studios in Hollywood paged, for she finishes pictures in a rush and jumps from one studio to another. She is out at Universal now, playing opposite Lon Chaney in 'Wolf-breed.' She is going to be with Harry Carey in 'Man to Man' next, though that hardly sounds like a fat part for Irene.

"But why talk about work?" Fanny added despairingly. "It's the great drawback of motion pictures. It keeps lots of interesting people out of the restaurants. It would be much more convenient if actors could just make pictures in the morning, when there is nothing else to do. Worst of all are the hard-working people who insist on playing on the stage and on the screen, too. Kathlyn Martin is the latest. She's a graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies, you know. They all go in the movies sooner or later. She is playing in 'Sally' now, on the regular stage, and it is rumored that

Kathlyn Martin is the most recent graduate from the Ziegfeld ranks to motion-picture honors.



she is to have her own company to make motion pictures. She is such a darling that probably she will soon be just as popular all over the country as she is in New York now."

Fanny absently played with her méringue glacée and sighed, but I could see that out of the corner of her eye she was watching Lew Cody, who had just come in.

"He's finished his tour in vaudeville, you know," she whispered so hoarsely that Mae Murray, yards away, must have heard her. "And it is rumored that he is going to marry Elinor Fair. He is going to start in making pictures again right away. Wonder if Elinor will be his leading woman. I'd like to see some romance in the studios—there don't seem to be nearly so many elopements or weddings or engagements any more. Let's start a rumor that Wesley Barry is engaged to Miriam Battista and that——"

"Sh, not so loud," I begged her. "Some one will hear you and take you seriously."

"Oh, all right," Fanny assented. "But, speaking of Wesley Barry, *this* is really true. He is going on the speaking stage and will play in a piece called 'Dummies.' Will Rogers is going back on the stage, too. And of course Lillian and Dorothy Gish are likely to go on the stage any time—provided they can find suitable plays. Broadway will look like a motion-picture convention pretty soon. Mae Marsh and Bessie Barriscale will be there in plays; Catherine Calvert is on already, and I've heard that Corinne Griffith has had some mighty attractive offers. Elsie Ferguson is going back, but then she does that every little while. It never seems to interfere with her making pictures.

"Oh, yes, and out in California Colleen Moore is going to make her début on the speaking stage in a short play written for her by Rupert Hughes. She's playing in another picture by him now—one he wrote particularly for her, so of course it is Irish. She and Pauline Starke and Bessie Love have all been taking dancing lessons together from Kosloff, and Bessie dances so beautifully that I suppose some one will come along and want her to go on the stage as a dancer. Oh, yes, and ZaSu Pitts is going to be in a Famous Players production. That's the studio where her career started; she says it is just like home to be back there.

"And have you heard about Mabel Ballin?"

Even if I had she wouldn't have given me a chance to tell her.

"She is threatening to go to Spain to make her next picture. I am simply desperate at the idea of losing her, but she says the only good scenario they can find demands real Spanish backgrounds. Please—oh, please—find me an author that I can give to her

Continued on page 90



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Mabel Ballin is threatening to go to Spain to make her next picture, and Fanny the Fan is distraught at the idea of losing her.



Photo by C. Heigh.on Monroe

Pauline Starke finds that there is one terrible disadvantage in being so successful. Since she finished the Vitagraph special, "Flower of the North," she has been so in demand for other productions that she never has time to wear her own pretty clothes.

Bebe's

There is a veritable war on between Paris with silks and chiffons over the trend of them—so why not take a hint from exuber-

By Louise



As supervisor of costumes for Famous Players-Lasky and Realart productions, Ethel Chaffin (in the foreground) has gone adventuring in chiffons and sequins and found the answer to most of the questions on how women ought to dress.

PARIS wants skirts long; Hollywood wants them short. No one wants a compromise between two such varying styles, because in that way are made frocks of no distinction.

There's no doubt about it, you will just have to decide which one to follow—Paris or Hollywood. But don't follow one or the other blindly—take a look at the reason behind the styles—and select what is best for you.

When Ethel Chaffin, designer of thousands of costumes for Realart and Famous Players-Lasky stars, came East to shop and look about at the weather vanes of fashion, I asked her what people were going to do about the clashes of opinion on this season's styles.

"All the newspapers and magazines keep printing pictures of Paris modes—long skirts, trailing drapery, severe lines—but you can't imagine a flapper dressing like that," I protested to her. "What are people going to do?"

"Whatever suits them best, I hope," Miss Chaffin said. "I don't want others to be like the darling ingénue who went abroad and came back with six Paris gowns of the latest style, gowns that made her look like a dignified young matron. She can't possibly wear them on the screen. You can't say in a subtitle, 'Mary was a social veteran of two seasons at dancing school and one high-school prom,' and then show on the screen a girl in a dress suitable for the president of a woman's club. And all the Paris fashions do seem like that this year. Why, Miss ——'s gowns—I won't tell you her name—make her look positively statuesque!"

But I knew she was talking about Mary Miles Minter. Every one in New York just at that time who had any particular interest in styles and the trend they took was talking about Mary Miles Minter. For she had just returned from Paris in gowns that made her look like a settled young matron of thirty or thereabouts.

"But what are *you* going to do?" I asked, realizing what a problem she was facing.

I was thinking of the thousands of costumes that Miss Chaffin fashioned last year to be worn in Realart and Famous Players-Lasky pictures, literally thousands of them—three thousand, if figures of that sort interest you. I was thinking of the tremendous workrooms she superintends, where one hundred and twenty-five girls are constantly at work fitting dresses on the forty or fifty dressmakers' dummies that represent the players who later are to wear the gowns. I was wondering if this perverse turn the styles had taken would make her creations seem less smart on the screen. You who may have copied your frocks from the charming dresses that Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels and May MacAvoy wear might



"If you feel dignified and haughty and statuesque, a dress made on the lines of this one of Bebe Daniels' ought to suit you."

Way

designers and makers of flapper modes, a war waged fashion. You can't obey the dictates of both of ant Miss Daniels and dress as you want to feel?

Williams



"For the sweet young girl full of whimsicalities and dainty mannerisms frocks should be made as delicate as moonlight—like this one of Bebe's."

well wonder, too, for you can rest assured that whatever Miss Chaffin designs will be copied and worn by schoolgirls and young women all over the country. They always are. She gives lessons daily in how to dress effectively from a thousand or more screens, by way of pictures of May MacAvoy, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, or Mary Miles Minter, and any number of players in Famous Players pictures.

"Why not do as Bebe does?" Miss Chaffin answered finally, interrupting my reverie.

And let me pause here to point out that it was almost time Bebe Daniels came into the conversation. For whenever the talk is of clothes, and one of the party has ever designed clothes, she is sure to say, "Well, take Bebe Daniels, for instance. Bebe Daniels is the ideal clothes model, the perfect subject for a masterpiece in fabrics, according to the modistes who have designed for her. So if, in telling you of Ethel Chaffin's adventures in chiffon and sequins, I talk more of exuberant Miss Daniels, it is because Ethel Chaffin designated her as an ideal peg on whom to hang her ideas.

"We have to think all the time about characterization in designing clothes," Miss Chaffin told me. "When we want an evening gown for Bebe, for instance"—there was Bebe creeping into the conversation again—"we can't just design one that will be stylish and becoming to her. We have to think of the part she is playing; whether she is rich or poor, simple or extreme in her ideas, living in a small town or a city, and many other considerations. If she is supposed to be awfully young and frivolous, we can design fluffy little dresses with lots of ribbons and rosebuds—just the sort of dresses Bebe wears in real life—but if she is supposed to look older we have to make something more severe, with a long waistline and drapery. Drapery almost always makes people look older, you know."



"When Bebe is just her own exuberant self, a dress like this expresses her personality perfectly."

"But why?" I asked her, enthusiastic over the idea she had given me. "Why shouldn't everybody dress in character?"

She agreed that they should.

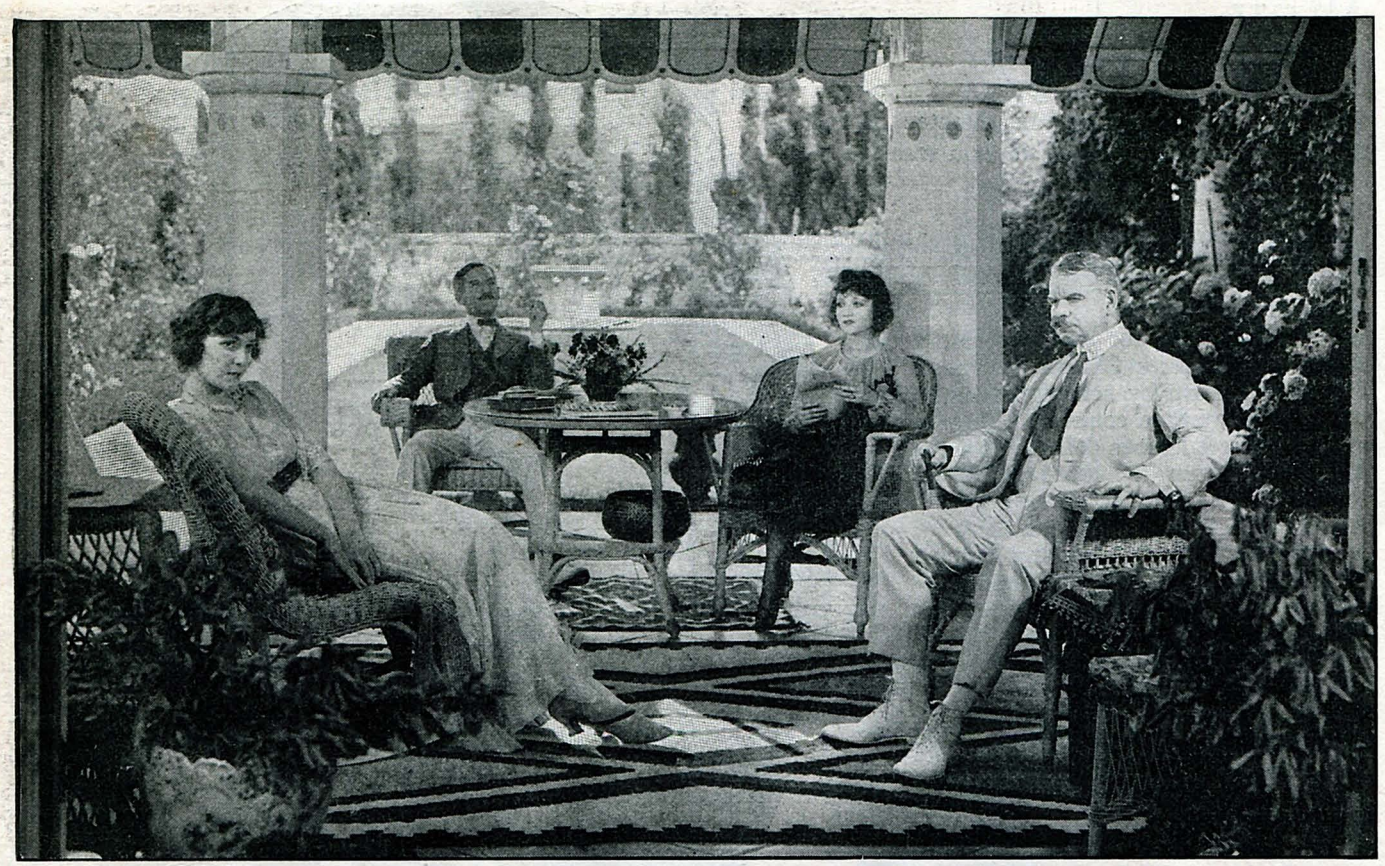
And so, as she told me about some of the gowns that she had designed for Bebe Daniels to wear in various character parts, we thought of the many girls similar to these characters who ought to observe the same rules in planning their costumes.

There was an evening gown of crystal beads and brilliants, for instance, a photograph of which accompanies this article.

"If you feel dignified and haughty and statuesque," Miss Chaffin commented as she handed it to me, "I know of nothing more suitable for you than a gown made on the lines of this one. Of course I'd never design a dress like that for Bebe to wear in real life. In the first place it is overelaborate for such a simple and charming and unassuming personality as hers. The long waistline makes her look older, and all that trimming—crystal beads and tassels and brilliants—also take away the girlish effect. But that was what the part called for, and if you fit that part I think you would like a dress like this one of Bebe's.

"Even in such an elaborate dress as this, I

Continued on page 103



In "Ladies Must Live," the last production of the late George Loane Tucker the spotlight is about equally divided between Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, and two others.

The Screen in Review

A collection of tributes, objections, warnings and whole-hearted recommendations to the month's offerings.

By Alison Smith

WE hear much discussion these days of the proper material for film stories. Authorities on the subject are fond of stating that "the screen is a separate art" with much the same final tones of the days when they reminded us that the "film business is in its infancy." This art, they insist, must have its own stories written exclusively for it, and hence we are dazzled by temperamental flashes from the type of author known as "eminent," whose imagination is devoted to weaving original plots.

Now perhaps the screen doctors are right and a plot to succeed on the screen must be written for the screen and for nothing else. Rupert Hughes, like *Sentimental Tommy,* seems to have "found a wy." His exclusive screen plots may sometimes be maudlin, but they always hold your interest—you laugh and cry, even if you are a bit ashamed of yourself for doing both. But even Mr. Hughes' scenarios usually have their basis in one of his earlier printed tales or novels.

The answer is that you mustn't generalize. Some one has said that all sentences beginning "All men" or "All women" are wrong from the start. To this we add sentences beginning "All scenarios." A picture play may be written as an original story, it may be adapted from a novel in six volumes or a short story of three pages, it may have been a play, an opera, or a pantomime. If it has the right quality of human feeling—recaptured of course by the scenario writer—it will appeal. And "contrariwise," as Alice would say, if it hasn't, it won't.

"The Sin Flood."

In the mind of your more or less humble servant, the film of the month which has caught this quality most successfully is the adaptation of a play which, when produced on Broadway, was what is known as an "artistic failure." In 1914—before the fateful August 1st—Arthur Hopkins brought to an uptown theater a Scandinavian drama called "The Deluge." For one of those mysterious reasons best known to the theatrical manager, he chose the hottest weeks in the year for the play's first night, when every one who might appreciate its message was either at Atlantic City or up on a roof garden. The audiences dwindled accordingly, and were finally baked out by the heat. There are rumors growing stronger every month that Mr. Hopkins will bring back this strong and significant drama, with most of its excellent original cast, in a season when the people who could know and love it may have a chance to see it played.

Meanwhile the picture rights have been secured by Goldwyn. Not, however, from Arthur Hopkins; the wily film magnates went to its original source and made the picture from the Scandinavian play. That is why it is called "The Sin Flood"—a literal translation of "Synafloden." And if the title seems to you to suggest a nickelodeon melodrama and a vamp called *Merciless Mazie,* don't be discouraged. It is really one of the

most natural and restrained human dramas of the season's output.

Its plot goes deep into the psychology of the mob. For its setting we have a saloon in a little cotton town on the banks of the Mississippi. In this relic of bygone days are gathered a motley group of human beings—a young broker, a girl of the streets, a hungry tramp, an old millionaire, and a dozen others of equally contrasting stations in life. In the midst of their drinking the levee breaks, the river floods the town, and the group is trapped in the saloon, which is below the level of the street. They are safe from the flood, but they face certain death by suffocation through the exhaustion of air, as a dying candle testifies.

To the astonishment of all concerned, a scene of general reformation follows. Facing death as they are, the coward shows unexpected bravery, the skinflint grows generous, the cynic becomes tender. And the young man about town, who has turned a deaf ear to the unfortunate girl who loves him, suddenly discovers that he loves her above everything in his empty, frivolous life.

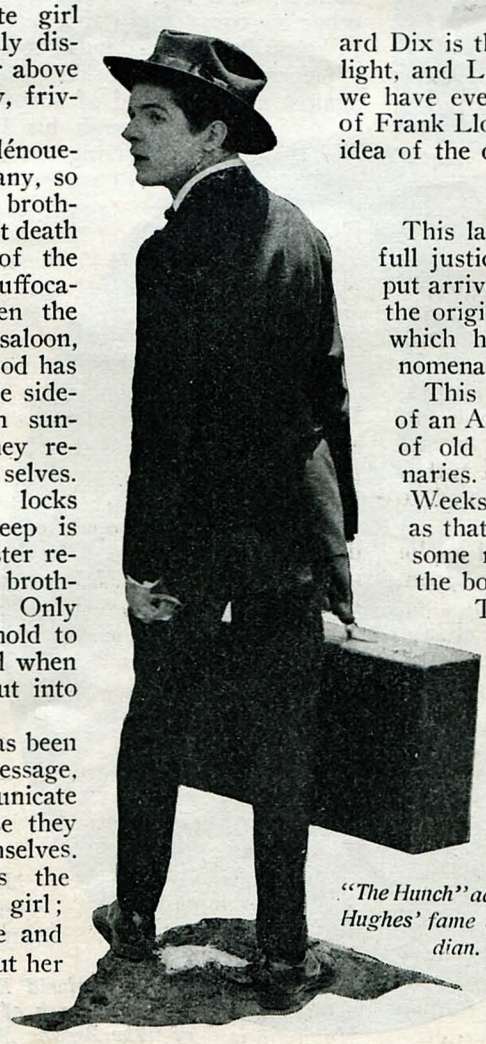
Then comes the dénouement. The little company, so united in the bonds of brotherly love, decides to court death by drowning instead of the lingering torture of suffocation. They break open the storm doors of the saloon, only to find that the flood has spared the town and the sidewalks are bright with sunshine. Immediately they revert to their former selves. The millionaire again locks his pockets, the barkeep is again a bully, the trickster returns to his trade, and brotherly love is forgotten. Only the two young lovers hold to the love they discovered when facing death, and go out into the sunshine together.

A sympathetic cast has been trusted with this message, which they can communicate to the audience because they understand it themselves. Helene Chadwick has the rôle of the unfortunate girl; she looks a bit demure and domestic for the rôle, but her emotional work is really touching. Richard Dix is the young libertine, James Kirkwood the apostle of light, and L. H. King the most perfect and convincing tramp we have ever seen on stage or screen. In the capable hands of Frank Lloyd, these players have given the subtle and difficult idea of the original.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

"The Sheik" is the hectic tale of an English girl in the clutches of an Arabian chief



"The Hunch" adds little to Gareth Hughes' fame as a skillful comedian.

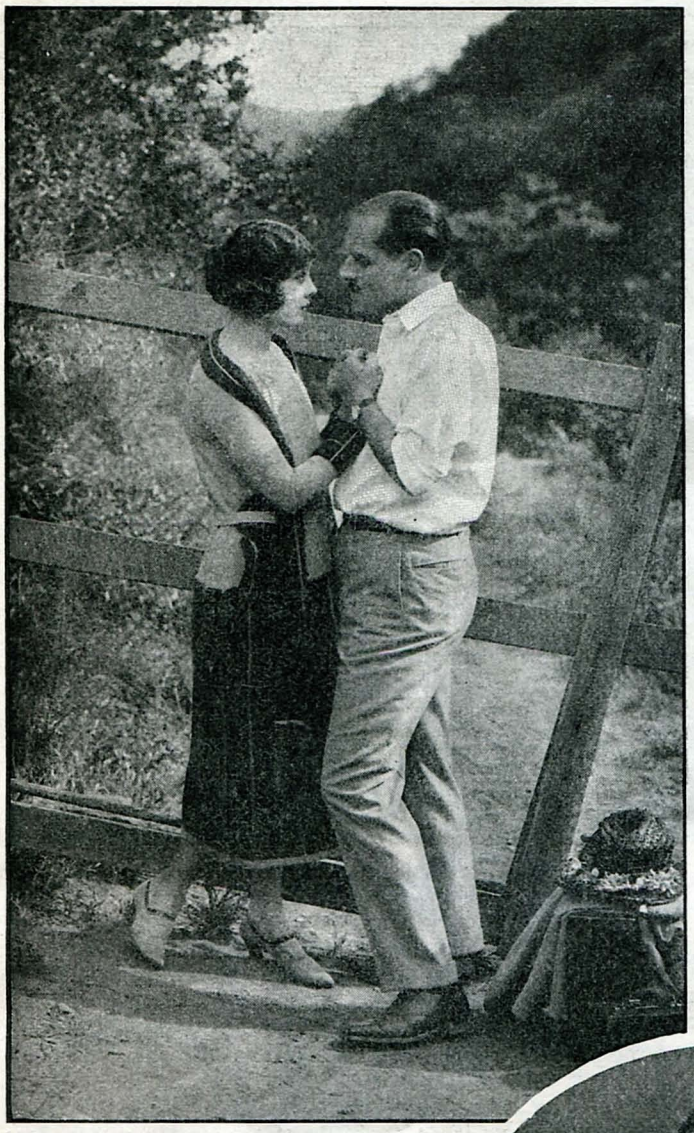
"The Sheik."

This last picture is an example of adaptation which does full justice to the autor's intent. Also in the month's output arrives a screen version of a novel which is as far from the original as it could well be. We refer to the scenario which has been made from that preposterous and phenomenal best seller, "The Sheik."

This is the hectic tale of an English girl in the clutches of an Arabian chief, which has been for so long the delight of old ladies' boarding houses and young ladies' seminaries. If published during the same year as "Three Weeks" it probably would have shocked as many people as that Elinor Glyn effusion. But, in this era, it excited some mild amusement, but not a word of protest from the book censors.

The screen censors are another thing again. We can just see them patting *The Sheik* into a decorous mood mild enough for the most tender mind. His fierceness—which so delighted the gentle spinster readers—is all gone, his language and manner are as meek as a Rollo book, and his attitude toward the kidnaped heroine is that of a considerate and platonic friend rather than the passionate, ruthless lover, "on an Arab shod with fire."

Of course Rudolph Valentino was too young for this rôle, anyhow. The Arab of the story was a disillusioned man with a hectic past behind him. We liked Agnes Ayres better as the obstinate beauty who shrinks from his advances, though we



"After the Show" is a story of the stage in which Lila Lee and Jack Holt appear.

must say she didn't have much to shrink from. Now it is hardly fair to blame the producers for the meddling of the censors, because they would probably have preferred to present the picture with all its lurid details. But we do blame them for selecting a theme which was so obviously designed to give the censor's knife full play.

"Jane Eyre."

Here is an old masterpiece which has preserved much of its quaint and eerie atmosphere in a screen version. Probably this was due to the fact that both Hugo Ballin, who made it, and Mabel Ballin, who played it, knew and loved the Charlotte Brontë romance long before they knew the films. This is a guess on our part, because neither of them have confided the fact, but no director or actress who had not loved the book could have made such a lovable film version.

Miss Ballin, as *Jane,* is the quiet, mouselike governess with flashes of emotional fire—as Charlotte Brontë painted her. Norman Trevor was not our idea of *Rochester*—the uncouth, ugly, and yet fascinating figure which Charlotte Brontë modeled after Thackeray and which set a new fashion in heroes for the Victorian novels. Of course Trevor is too suave and handsome for this, but if he is not uncouth he is at least taciturn. These two principals carry the thrilling old romance through its background of an ancient English estate with the maniac wife as a sinister and overpowering shadow.

"Ladies Must Live."

If only the idea in the film called "Ladies Must Live" was as obvious and indisputable as its title! As a matter of fact, it hasn't any plot that is visible to the unprejudiced eye. All it has is some very beautiful scenery and several equally decorative young women wandering aimlessly about seeking to solve the problem of existence. The spotlight is about equally divided between Betty Compson as an idle débutante, Leatrice Joy as an ambitious shopgirl, Cleo Madison as a marble-hearted wife, and Lucille Hutton as a kitchen maid. You see, it is a very democratic film.

All these ladies are possessed with the very natural desire to "live" at all costs. The shopgirl succeeds by borrowing money from a platonic broker, the society girl by vamping an aviator, the wife by clinging to a cave man with a flourishing growth of whiskers. The poor kitchen maid decides that after all it is too difficult for ladies to live, and gives up the struggle at the bottom of a lily pond. These stories overlap each other so confusingly that you are sometimes puzzled to know just which "lady" it is that you are following.

George Loane Tucker staged this involved tale against a background of surprising beauty. No director through his lifetime could equal the amazing use he made of wide sweeps of scenery on land and sea. A rainstorm, a bit of coast, a shack in the mountains—all the misty shots of the open country give the picture a glamour which its absurd construction cannot entirely destroy.

We would give anything for the film rights to the expression on Alice Duer Miller's face when she first read the maudlin subtitles!

"Footlights."

This amiable and amusing study of an actress is the result of the back-stage explorations of Rita Weiman, who gained a practical knowledge of the craft through her own successful play, "The Acquittal." The plot is literally stranger than fiction, but not, at that, stranger than many movies.



Reginald Denny and Mary Astor deserve much of the credit for the success of "The Beggar Maid."

It is the story of an American actress who is told she can be famous under her own name of *Lizzie Parsons.* Whe she promptly acquires a Russian accent, a wolfhound, samovar and emerges as a Russian actress, *Madame Pa.*

It is hard to believe that this is anything but a fanta. from a writer's brain, and yet all the incidents ar from the life of a real actress who is now in scre We can only hope her career will end as happily as Weiman's gently satiric play.

Elsie Ferguson catches this spirit perfectly, a human-interest note of her own. This genuine actress has suffered as much through clumsy direc acting as has Rita Weiman through clumsy mutila writings. It took the crafty John Robertson to se right, as he has in the combination of these tv imaginative women.

"The Case of Becky."

The good old Jekyll and Hyde plot was dra the stage success from which this scenario was w since Robert Louis Stevenson discovered the p a dual-personality theme we have been deluged on this fascinating idea. Usually the imitations h the central figure a woman instead of a man, on the that two pretty girl personalities are more interesting any number of males.

So "The Case of Becky" deals with a young person who, as her normal self, is called *Dorothy,* and when she is good is very, very good, like the little girl who had a little curl. But, alas! a wicked hypnotist discovers her other self, who romps under the devil-may-care name of *Becky* and is very, very bad—in fact, horrid. The game in the plot is to exclude *Becky* and maintain *Dorothy,* and this is accomplished by a kind psychologist in a very interesting laboratory scene.

Constance Binney, as the well-behaved *Dorothy,* is all that could be expected of a very pretty little ingénue. As the unruly *Becky,* however, she is not bad enough to scare any one. Indeed, if it were not for her habit of flourishing a pistol and shooting wildly, she might be allowed to keep this personality forever without injury to the cast.

Montagu Love is the savage hypnotist, and a wicked eye he has! Glenn Hunter makes an unimportant rôle—that of the young lover—stand out through the naturalness and charm of his work. Chester Franklin was the director.

"The Hunch."

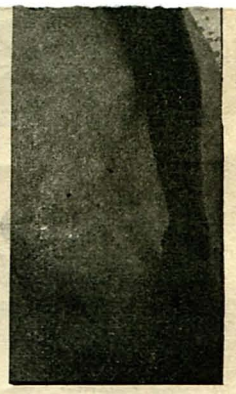
Glenn Hunter reminds us of that other delectable young juvenile, Gareth Hughes, whose latest film adds little to his fame as a skillful comedian. It is called "The Hunch," and, beginning with a burlesque on Wall Street melodrama, turns into rube comedy which closely approaches slapstick.

The "hunch" is a tip given to a young broker in one of those anti-Volstead conferences where so many sure things are confided. On the strength of this tipsy information he borrows a small fortune, and when the stock goes down attempts to establish suicide by leaving bloodstained clothes on a river bank. Of course a rural cop arrests him for his own murder, and of course it ends in a turtledove close-up with the town belle.

You can easily see that this is a stupid and criminal waste of Gareth Hughes' talents. Why, when clever young juveniles are so rare in the film world, must their producers throw away one of the best of them on crude stuff like this?



"Under the Lash," in which Gloria Swanson appears, is one of those stories that is designed to show how exceedingly disagreeable a husband can be if he puts his mind to it.



Strongheart, the dog-star of "The Silent Call," has the vigor of Lionel Barrymore and the suavity of Norman Trevor.

"Bar Nothing."

Plots may come and plots may go, but the good old Western thriller has nothing on Tennyson's brook in its ability to go on forever. The latest and best example is this sagebrush melodrama of Fox which brings Buck Jones back in the chaps and spurs of the cowboy hero.

It is one of those old-homestead plays, where a girl and her invalid brother are struggling to protect their home from the villainous intruder. Only, instead of a New England farm, the home is a Western ranch and the villain is a merciless cattle buyer. And, instead of the slick city feller, our hero arrives, riding a wild broncho in that debonair way of all cowboys on the screen. He sets everything right and marries the girl,

Continued on page 92

The Minuteman

The final chapter of the fasci and the great influence he has

By Paul H.



"The Crisis," one of Colonel Selig's earliest feature pictures, had Matt Snyder and Marshall Neilan in its cast.

SLEEPING sickness, that dread disease, attacks the art of making motion pictures every little while. When it does the fan wriggles in his seat at the theater and complains to his neighbor: "I'm tired of the same old thing. Why don't they get something new?"

For twenty-five long years Colonel William N. Selig has been delivering that "something new." He has been the minuteman of the movies, and he is still working at his trade.

It was but eight years ago—a long time in film history—that Colonel Selig startled the world with something absolutely original and novel. I refer to the first "serial" picture which he made. Everybody remembers "The Adventures of Kathlyn."



Kathlyn Williams gained her fame in the first serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

With the first few episodes of indescribable thrills and the harrowing suspense of "continued next week," the nation went serial mad.

But before the excitement could die down the pioneer producer struck home with another startling idea. In a day when the wiseacres claimed that the public would never be interested in any picture longer than three reels, Colonel Selig made the daddy of all big feature productions, "The Spoilers"—in nine reels.

"The colonel has gone crazy," they averred, but within the season, 1913-14, the motion picture was completely revolutionized. The day of the short drama was over. Theatergoers would have nothing but feature pictures and serials. But, like everything else, the progress of the years brought too much of a good thing. Too many cooks spoiled the broth. There wasn't enough feature material to supply the demand. Real short stories were padded into so-called features, and much mediocrity resulted.

This brings us to the present day. The minuteman is again on the job. Perceiving evidences of sleeping sickness and anticipating the trend of public opinion, Selig came through with one of his old-time sensations. He revived, in new garb, the old and popular two-reel drama. Again the doubting Thomases quibbled. Again he was right. With all-star casts in stories of literary fame, the short subject has come into its own.

No less timely is his new picturization of "The Rosary," which should afford a welcome relief from the eternal sex problems and a boomerang to the censorship advocates.

His new discovery is Snowy Baker, the Australian champion all-around athlete, whose three pictures, made in the antipodes, have caused American critics to hail this new type of hero with unusual ardor. The Australian possesses a magnetic screen personality. His novel stunts, thrilling athletic feats, and superb horsemanship feature his American début in "Sleeping Acres."

Business of any sort is generally regarded as dull material for story-telling, but O. Henry found his greatest romances in apparently unromantic life. There is romance in the making of motion pictures as well as in the glamorous rise to fame of the stars. For instance, Colonel Selig's career in recent years has been romance—a romance in four chapters. The first of these concerns: "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

"How did you hit upon the serial idea?" I asked Colonel Selig, who replied with a query: "Do you remember when readers of newspapers looked forward each day to the continued story?"

Everybody remembers the popularity of the newspaper serial some ten years ago. I began to see the light.

"Nine or ten years ago we picture makers were slipping into a rut," said Colonel Selig. "Too many mediocre ones, two and three-reel pictures, were being ground out. We started going backward, artistically, instead of forward.

"One day I happened to be reading a continued story in a newspaper, with the thought of purchasing the picture rights, when the great idea struck me. Why wouldn't the public go to see the popular continued stories on the screen if they liked to read them in the daily newspapers? I didn't have to think twice. I was sure. Straightway I got in touch with one of the leading popular authors of the day, Harold MacGrath, and revealed my idea. He was enthusiastic. As the idea was evolved

of the Movies

nating history of Colonel Selig had on motion-picture making.

Conlon



With the advance in motion-picture art Colonel Selig longed to do "The Rosary" again, so he has made a seven-reeler of it, with an all-star cast including Jane Novak and Lewis Stone.

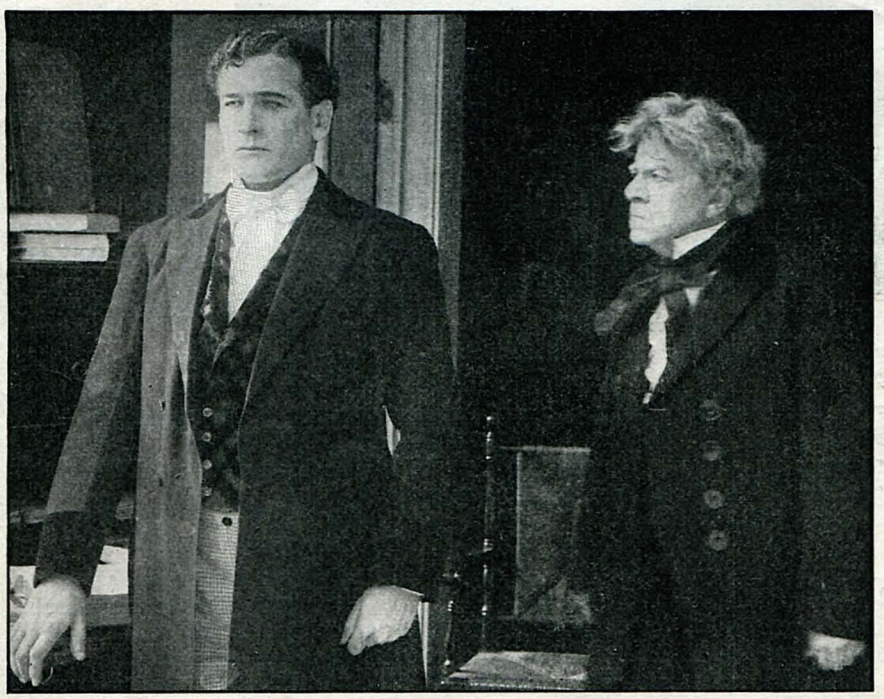
we decided to place the story in India, which would give me the opportunity to show the world the thrills of wild animal as well as human stunts. Closely following the art of continued-story writing, MacGrath wove a mysterious romance about a girl, introducing at the climax of each episode a combined thrill and mystery which left the spectators so excited that they wouldn't have been human had they not returned for more.

"It was my idea to make each episode in two reels, since this length was popular. To introduce the serial properly, however, we made the first episode in three reels and released it December 29, 1913. The serial complete was in twenty-seven reels, and at that time the longest film ever made."

"Need I say that the astounding success of this idea exceeded my wildest expectations?"

All fans know that Kathlyn Williams gained her great fame in this serial. She was selected, Colonel Selig told me, because she possessed all the qualifications to create and hold public interest, which was the serial idea. She has dramatic ability, beauty, and absolute fearlessness.

"Therefore, we decided to name the serial 'The Adventures of Kathlyn' because it was all-important that a continued story or picture have a title that people can remember," he said.



The splendid characterizations of Tom Santschi and George Fawcett in "The Crisis" of long ago, are still remembered.

The romance I want to bring out is that Selig's serial idea completely revolutionized motion pictures. I wonder if you readers know that only eight years ago the press of the United States maintained an absolute and dignified silence regarding the lowly movie. They were even antagonistic.

"The Adventures of Kathlyn" proved to be "open sesame" to even the greatest newspapers in the country.

Through the pioneer's efforts the story of Kathlyn appeared as a continued novel in the Chicago *Tribune*, and more than fifty other leading newspapers of the country, week by week, simultaneously with the showing in the picture theaters of the various installments of the visualized versions. Selig is the man to whom the motion-picture business owes much of the credit for the coöperation and friendliness of the press. Newspapers created special photo-play departments which we have to-day. Thus he coördinated the picture and the press in a common cause, namely, furnishing the public with interest.

Besides Kathlyn Williams, these splendid actors, Tom Santschi and Charles Clary, were in the cast.

"The Spoilers."

What put the movies on the map as the greatest amusement of modern times? The answer is to be found in the second episode of this Selig

romance—in the birth of the feature picture, which has supplied the world with an evening's entertainment at popular prices.

The first of these, and certainly one of the greatest, was "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach. Others besides Colonel Selig may have had the idea of eventually producing longer pictures, but as usual the minuteman led the way.

"A whole evening's screen entertainment had been my dream ever since I began making motion pictures," said Colonel Selig, when I asked him regarding the source of his idea.

"'Why not? Wouldn't you rather see a good picture than a third or fourth-rate stage company in a play? What about the 'small town,' which represents the larger portion of the population of our country? They had very little theatrical amusement. The stage magnates were hardly able to send road shows to the representative smaller cities, let alone supply the demand in thousands of small towns. Some of these enjoyed cheap repertoire companies for occasional amusement; some had nothing. Why wouldn't the motion picture fill this tremendous demand?

"With the amazing success of my serial venture I knew the time was ripe. I had even gone so far as to purchase the copyrights of several big stories by famous authors. For my plunge I selected the one I believed the best, 'The Spoilers,' by Rex Beach."



"The Spoilers," the first long feature picture, created a furor. Kathlyn Williams and William Farnum played the leading rôles.

Well do I remember, and most picture fans do, the furor created by this first feature picture. "The Spoilers" was released April 14, 1914. It proved an even greater sensation than the serial.

The minuteman was on the job.

With his usual foresight he cast the Rex Beach masterpiece of Alaska, with absolutely the best artists for the virile characters of the story. Who has forgotten the magnificent performances of William Farnum, Kathlyn Williams, Tom Santschi, the late Marshall Farnum, Wheeler Oakman, Bessie Eyton, Jack MacDonald, and Frank Clark?

To this day I have heard picture fans comparing great screen fights with that classic set-to between Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi in "The Spoilers."

The season of 1913-14 marked the turning point—when the lowly movie ceased to be a mere flitting shadow and was metamorphorized into a recognized art.

Foreseeing at this early period that the cost of first-class stories would increase tremendously, the minuteman began purchasing novels, plays, and short stories. He speedily acquired the most amazing library in the film industry. Even to-day he still owns the rights to hundreds of stories by well-known authors, and he has sold to other producers many of the most successful stories they have produced.

Thus he was able to follow right on the heels of "The Spoilers" with such masterpieces as "The Rosary," by Edward E. Rose; "The Ne'er-do-well," by Rex Beach, which was made in Panama; "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, which was produced in Mississippi; "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens, and many others of equal note. These were really big features, ranging from seven to twelve reels in length. The acting was in keeping with the fame of the stories. Well do I remember "The Crisis" and the splendid characterizations of George Fawcett, the late Matt Snyder, Marshall Neilan, Tom Santschi, and Bessie Eyton.

Speaking of old favorites reminds me of the third episode of this romance:

"The Rosary."

Colonel Selig has never produced a salacious or vulgar picture. Being a bit old-fashioned, despite his minuteman mind, he has never approved of sex pictures. And he has steadfastly refused to make one. In this day of complex censorship it is gratifying to see him revive in a bigger and better way "The Rosary."

Several years ago Colonel Selig produced "The

Continued on page 98

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

A story of the intimate lives of motion-picture players whom every one knows on the screen.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

"IT seems to me sometimes that our own lives are even more dramatic than the pictures we play" a popular young star observed to the author of this gripping narrative who already had half formed that conclusion herself. "I wonder if the public has any idea of the tremendous stories of love and intrigue and mystery that surround many of the players on the screen? I wish some one who really understands us would tell them."

So Sally Beresford, the nom de plume the author of this story has assumed, began to tell what she had observed in and around the studios, a story which contains some of the most striking and unusual incidents in the lives of motion-picture people. Probably no one else in the world of motion-picture making is better equipped to tell the life stories of the stars than the author of this gripping narrative, for she has been the confidante, the counselor of many—and while she is intimately associated with the players, she is not one of them and so retains the point of view of one of us—the audience.

She tells, among others, of dainty little Carol Burnet once the ingénue in her husband's company, whose ambitious mother had urged her to turn away from true love to ambition. Her young suitor meanwhile falls in love and marries a popular portrayer of vampire rôles, and before long Carol has become infatuated with one of the most unscrupulous men on the screen. Her mother has appealed to Sally to help her make Carol see him in his true light, but Sally agrees only half-heartedly, for she feels that Carol lost all claim to sympathy when she nearly broke her young admirer's heart.

From there the story continues.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN I telephoned Carol Burnet and asked if I might drop in to see her when I was in town she seemed delighted, but when I sat in her living room, waiting for her to come in, I began to wonder if I had made a mistake. I could hear angry voices somewhere down the hall—Carol's and a man's; hers was low and conciliatory, but his was angry and rather loud; evidently he didn't care whether I heard him or not.

As I sat there the doorbell rang, and the colored maid who had let me in answered it. It was a boy from the cleaner's with Mr. St. Mark's clothes, and he wouldn't leave them unless he got the money. I couldn't help overhearing that.

"Well, here 'tis, here 'tis," the maid told him hurriedly.

"But this is a check—it ain't his name on it—Car—Carol Burnet——" the boy read distinctly in a puzzled voice. "Who's that?"

"It's all right; you take it back to the shop and tell 'em it's all right," urged the maid, and a moment later the door slammed and she went off down the long hall with several suits of clothes dangling over her arm.

So Carol was paying St. Mark's bills. My heart sank. She must indeed be in love with him if she would defy her mother to the extent of using her money that way.

She came in a moment later; I could hardly suppress a gasp of surprise at my first sight of her. For she was wearing the most hideous dress, made of black English print calico, with tiny magenta flowers in it. Pretty as Carol was, it made her look dumpy and old-maidish.

"I made it myself," she told me, when, unable to control my curiosity, I commented on it. "Don't you think it's pretty? Philip designed it. He's designing some more things for me, after old costumes that are in the museum; he says I need distinctive clothes to make the most of my looks."

I wanted to shriek with hysterical laughter. If there ever was a girl who needed to wear frocks that are the last exclamation point of fashion, it is Carol Burnet. She is such a clearly defined type, with her yellow hair and blue eyes and pretty, empty little face, that she looks like a fashion drawing herself. They would have put her on candy boxes ten years ago.

She sat there and prattled on about Philip, while I looked about the room, fearing that my eyes would betray me in an unguarded moment. It was a cross between the property room of a motion-picture studio and the sales gallery of an auction. Originally a pretty room, with four great windows that overlooked Central Park, it had been filled with great, carved tables, tiny gilt chairs, a davenport so hideous that it was grotesque, fur rugs with heads that were life size and all but snarled at you, marble statues that hurled the discus at the unsuspecting guest from dark corners or peered out through rattling artificial palms like prisoners looking from between the bars. I couldn't help thinking of what a wonderful place it would be to do a Mack Sennett comedy in.

Huge oil paintings were crowded indiscriminately on the walls; quite evidently Mr. St. Mark's slogan where art was concerned was "The bigger, the better." And enormous framed photographs of St. Mark—in costume, in evening clothes, even in a bathing suit—stood on the grand piano and the desk.

Carol was like a pretty luster-ware cream pitcher which has been emptied of its contents and refilled with cheap imported wine. Everything that she said had originated with St. Mark quite obviously. She made me think of the dolls that a prestidigitator uses. Even her voice showed St. Mark's influence; whenever she remembered it, she made it as deep and low as possible, and cultivated an accent that would have made the success of any comédienne who could have duplicated it on the stage.

Presently her mother came in, looking so harassed that my heart ached for her. She was pitifully glad to see me, and so plainly expected me to do something drastic that would relieve the situation that I felt guilty at failing her.

"Why don't you go home with Sally for a week or two, Baby?" she urged the first moment a pause occurred in the conversation—or, rather, in Carol's monologue. "She'd just love to have you, and the country air would do you good."

I writhed inwardly; there was nothing on earth I wanted less at that moment than a visit from Carol Burnet. But there was no danger of her accepting.

"Oh, I couldn't; my work, you know——" She cast me an apologetic little simper that made me yearn to wring her neck. "You see, I have to be here to work with Philip——" And then she paused and sprang to her feet as he came into the room.

I shouldn't have said "came into the room." He really made an entrance, just as he had done in the barnstorming days of his career on the stage. He stood for a moment in the doorway, the red velvet portières lifted in both hands, his long-lashed eyes fixed on a point just above Carol's head, as if he were gazing out into infinity. I wondered if I was expected to get up and salaam.

Then he stalked dramatically over to her, lifted one of her hands, and kissed it reverently. He turned next to Mrs. Burnet, but she sniffed and put her hands under the folds of her skirt, so he turned to me with all the hauteur of the colored doorman who used to stand outside Shreve's, in San Francisco.

We were introduced, and he bowed low before me; if he could have known that I was thus enabled to see how carefully he had to brush his hair in an attempt to hide his tendency toward baldness, I think he would have been less ceremonious.

After that we talked—no, we conversed. I felt as if I were in school again. He lectured to me on the subject of his "art treasures," indicating those terrible busts and the most enormous of the oil paintings, while Carol sat by and beamed.

Then he began on the furniture. Later I learned that most of it had been bought at auctions around New York, but that day he solemnly assured me that he had brought practically all of it over from his "ancestral home" in England. I don't believe that the man meant to lie; I think that he was just completely absorbed in the part he was playing. He had a deep, rich voice, and he liked the sound of it. To himself he was the exiled descendant of a long line of illustrious Englishmen, showing his treasures to people who never could realize their value.

"Now this—this is period stuff!" he assured me impressively, picking up a tawdry little gilt chair. Feeling that I was expected to say something, I asked what period.

"Oh, just—just period," he answered sonorously but vaguely. "And this is a presentation piece," indicating a huge carved chair that looked as if it might have come straight from a torture chamber.

Before we were seated again he lighted incense in a burner on the Victrola, and drew the heavy velvet curtains that screened the windows, shutting out all air. Returning to sit on the couch with me, he said something in a low voice to Carol, and she, murmuring something about tea, left the room. As she passed her mother she caught the pathetic little old woman by the arm, fairly hoisting her from her chair; not quite aware of what was happening, Mrs. Burnet was skillfully propelled out of the room. Again I wanted to shout with laughter. Obviously Philip St. Mark and I were being left alone so that he could make an impression on me!



Our home was a retreat from the tawdriness of the world in which we had thing like that so that we could spend our days

He leaned forward and gazed at me soulfully, as if he and I had been kindred souls, met for but a brief instant, and soon to be torn apart by cruel fate. His manner was that of the ham actor; I couldn't help expecting him to rise and stalk about the room, murmuring one of *Romeo's* speeches. His really beautiful voice murmured caressingly as he told me of his hopes for Carol, of what he was doing for her, of what a marvelous actress she was bound to be, of the depth of her character—all the virtues and talent in the world were hers.

"And you are acting with her?" I asked. I had heard that Carol's word, surprisingly enough, had some weight with the company to whom she was under contract. Doubtless she could see to it that he was always sure of a good part and a good salary.

"Oh, yes—she is so beautiful, so fragile and untouched by the grim squalor of the world, that I cannot



to move. Sometimes I wished that Hugh was a lawyer or an engineer or some-in the sort of neighborhood where we were now.

bear to let her play love scenes with any one who does not esteem her as I do." Later, when I saw one of these love scenes and noted how neatly he had "hogged" it, so that his face showed and hers did not, I saw light on that subject. "Yes, I play opposite her in everything now. Later we shall star together, unless we go on the stage."

That sounded well, of course; if I had not heard so many down-and-out screen actors who never had made good on the stage say exactly the same thing, I might have been more impressed.

The cat popped out of the bag presently. He had always been a great admirer of Hugh's, Mr. St. Mark had said. And he had thought, just for the amusement of it—this with a light, jocular touch—that he would like to work in a picture with Hugh.

"But this picture is all cast—in fact, it's nearly finished," I told him. "There wouldn't be an opportunity now——"

"Oh, well, it was nothing, of course. But on the directing end—of course I have had so much experience; why, I've been in pictures since the very beginning—now I might have time to run over and advise him a bit. I'll try—I've always liked your husband, and I'll just see if I can't squeeze out the time to do that for him. You tell him I'll see what I can do."

I was annoyed, and would have liked to tell him that Hugh certainly wouldn't have him around the studio if he could be kept out of it. But I sat there and looked at him as he burbled on, and thought of how Hugh and I used to go to see his pictures, in Chicago, 'way back in the days when we were engaged, before we even dreamed that Hugh would ever see the inside of a studio. I wondered if Hugh would ever be like this man, cast aside by the public in favor of some one else, forced to tell people of his past glories if he wanted their attention, and then not getting it.

"Oh, never! Hugh will never be like that!" I cried to myself. I remembered what Lillian Gish said to me shortly after the sensational night when "'Way Down East" was first shown in New York.

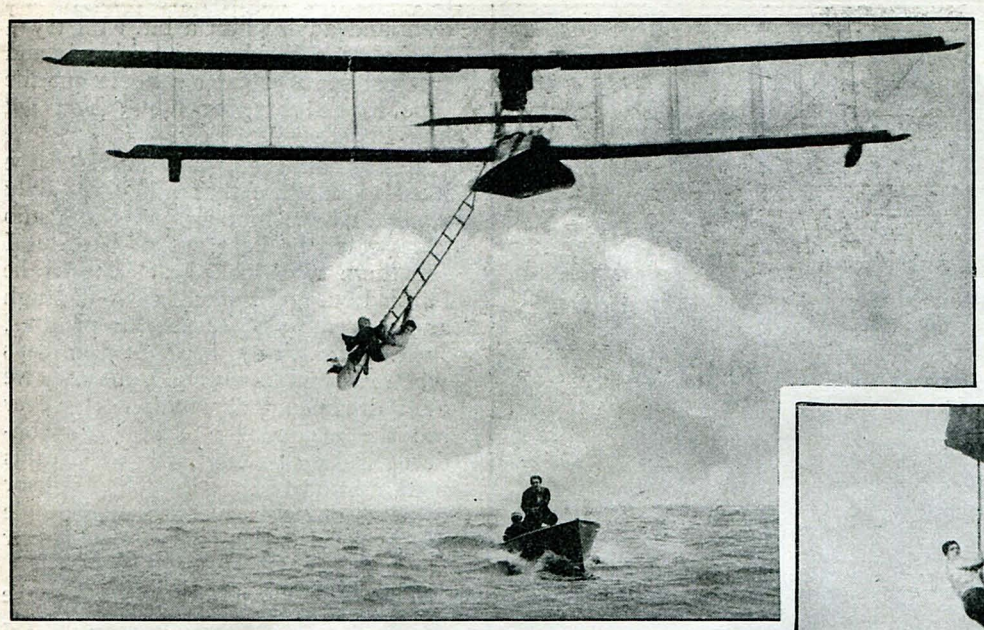
"I wish, somehow, that I could stop making pictures now," she said. "Probably I'll never do anything better than I have in this picture, and I'd rather have people remember me by this than by something I might do in future that wouldn't be anywhere near as good."

And a resolve sprang up right then in my heart. When "Unredeemed" was released, if it was the success that I firmly believed it would be, I would ask Hugh to leave the screen. We would make enough from the picture, if it went at all well, to buy the ranch we had been wanting. We could sell the Los Angeles house, and retire, and Hugh could carry out his lifelong desire to be a rancher. Then nobody could ever say about him, "Too bad he's gone down so, isn't it? Why, I remember him when he was one of the most popular men on the screen, and deserved his popularity. You wouldn't think it now, would you?"

Of course Hugh couldn't possibly have been like Philip St. Mark was in some ways. In his manner, of course—it was what Hugh and Danny had long ago christened "The bla-bla style," and Danny used to imitate the men stars who turned it on for their personal appearances. Gazing intently into Junior's eyes, he would exclaim in deep chest tones: "My dear Miss Nincompoop, I have looked forward to meeting you—you can't know what this means to me. We poor actor chaps never see our audiences, you know—and now actually to meet you face to face, after reading your many charming letters—oh, yes, I *always* read all my mail; I work at the studio from nine in the morning till twelve at night, and I get seventy-five thousand letters a day, but I read and answer every one of them—in long hand!"

Then Junior would gurgle and shriek with laughter, and Hugh would ejaculate "Ye gods!" at the thought of the actors who think that the public expects them

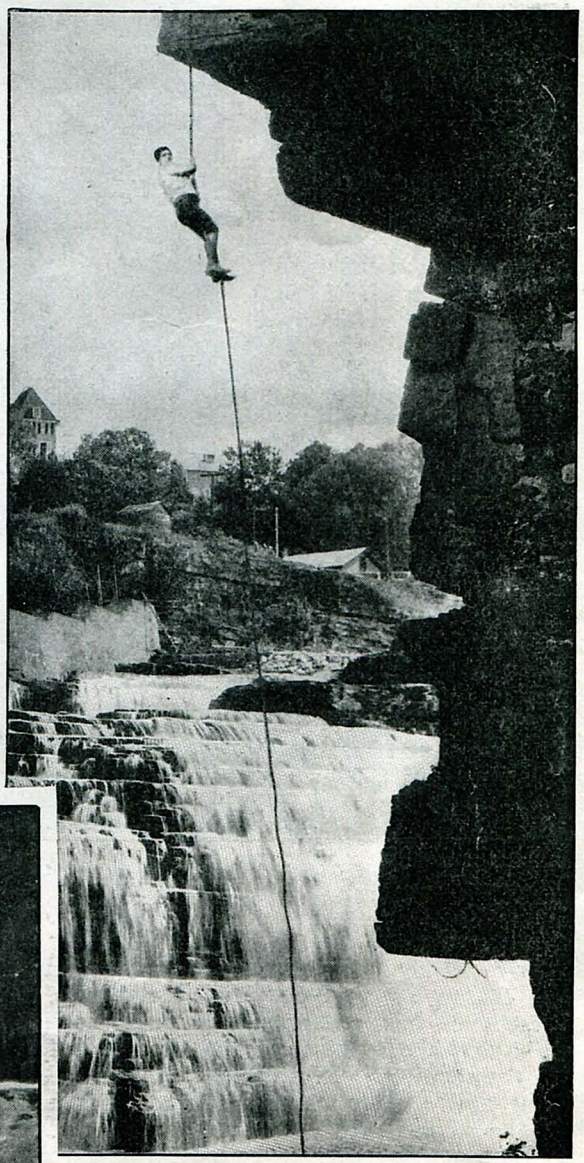
Continued on page 86



Without of

Charles Hutchinson takes serial stunts with-

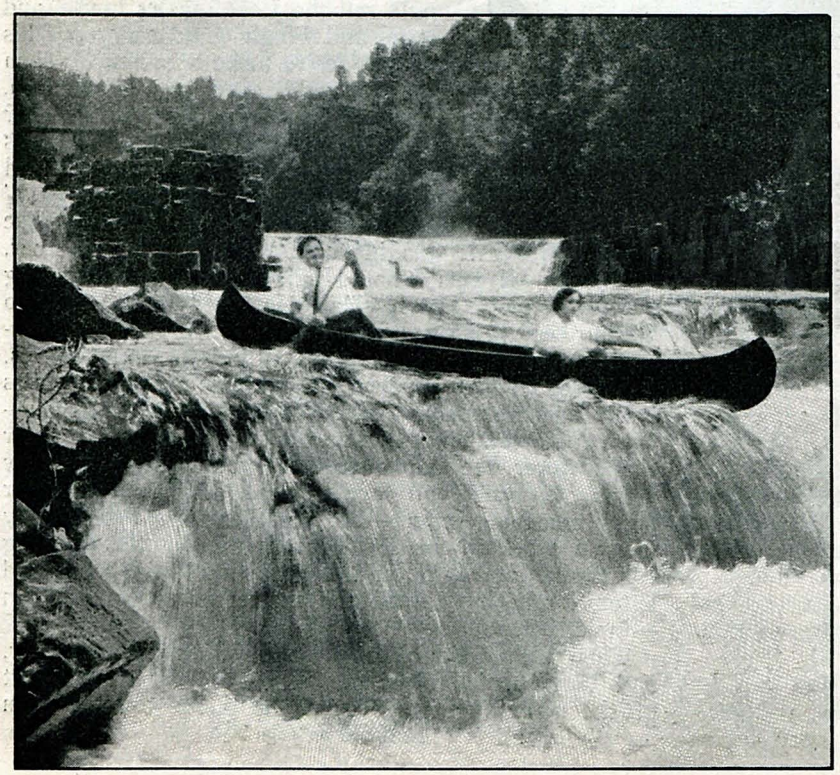
By Charles



ASK any well-informed fan where serial stars come from, and what a scenario writer is like, and he will probably tell you: that serial stars are ex-acrobats, ex-pugilists, ex-steeple jacks, or ex-anything equally adventurous and dangerous and hardening, and that a scenario writer is a meek little man or woman who sits at a big desk and contrives action for the star to carry out that he wouldn't dream of doing himself.

And the fan would be right in many cases—which only makes the exception more interesting. The exception is Charles Hutchinson—dare-devil hero of Pathé serial plays, and known in real life, as well as in his latest serial, as "Hurricane Hutch." They call him "Hurricane" because he is so polite and easy going and thoughtful, even as you and I always call the fat boy "Skinny" and the girl of swarthy complexion "Lily."

But to go back to the beginning. Charles Hutchinson used to be a scenario writer, but the stunts he contrived were so hair raising that no one could do them but himself, so he just had to go into pictures. His career dates back, as you probably know, to the "Wolves of Kultur"—and in each picture since



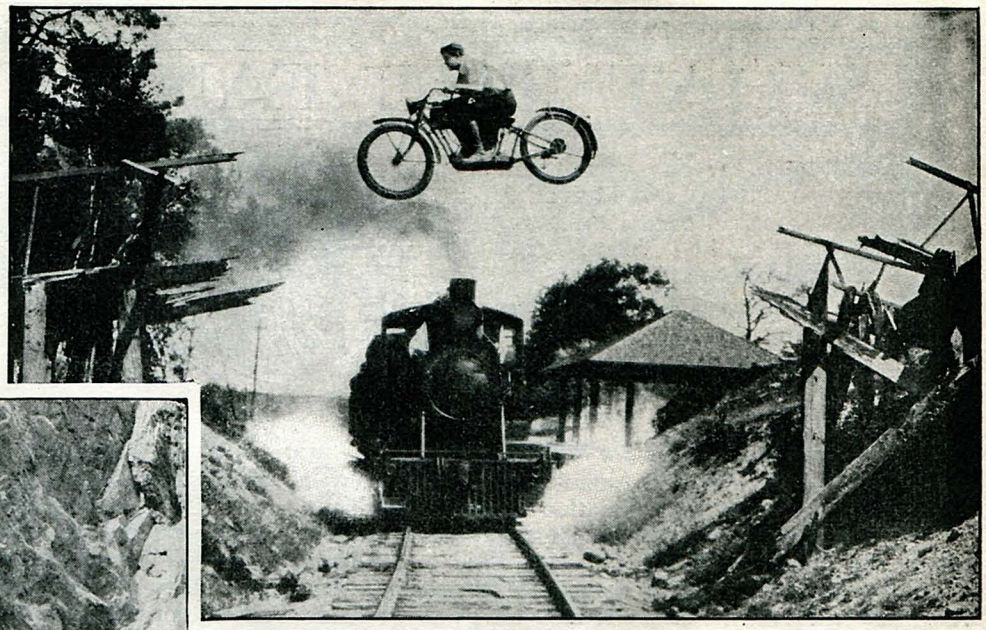
then he has shown more ingenuity and more reckless bravery. If you don't think he has gone about far enough, study the pictures on this page—they are from his most recent production.

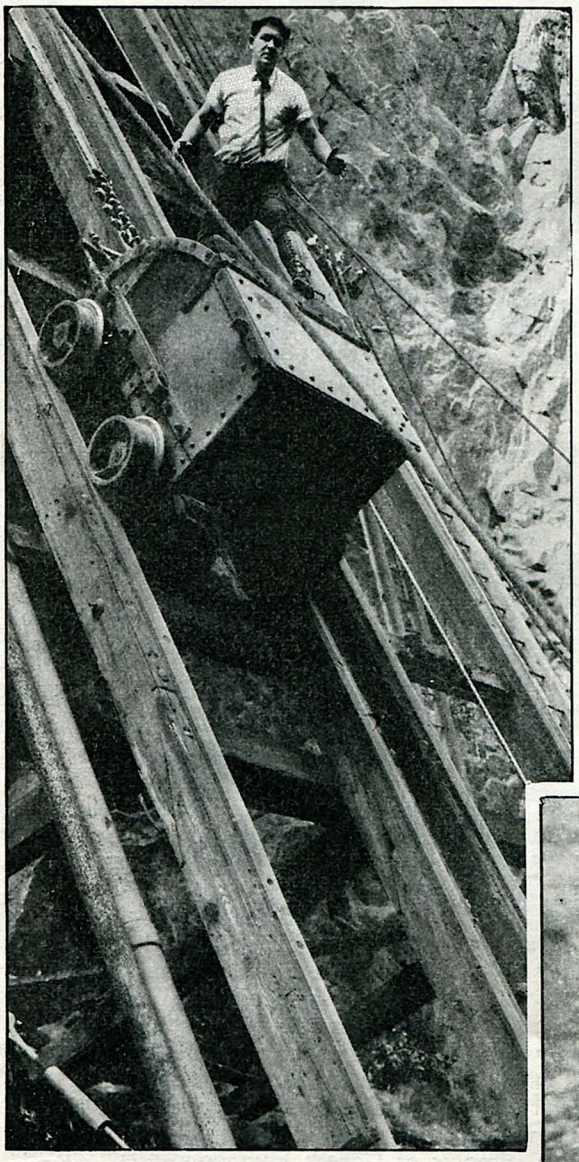
And even before he was a scenario writer he didn't follow any of the adventurous careers that are popularly supposed to antedate a career as a king of thrillers. He never was advertised as "The Human Fly;" he never did stunts at a county fair or fought in a prize ring; he was the politest of handsome young leading men the Murray Hill Stock Com-

Benefit Thrills

what comes in the way of out a single qualm.

Carter





pany in New York ever boasted, and when he gazed into the leading woman's eyes and started making love to her there wasn't a young girl's heart in the theater that was beating normally.

But that is all over now. He'd much rather flirt with death and an onrushing locomotive than with any limpid ingénue who ever lisped an answer to his ardent love-making. He spends his spare time—not in voice culture, as in days past, but in the most strenuous gymnastic exercise. Wherever he goes he carries with him a fifteen-pound lead weight to strengthen an arm he injured while making a picture last year. And he just can't bear to see any kind of conveyance that he hasn't done tricks with—be it canoe, motor cycle, or aëroplane.

During the recent World's Series games, when most of male New York was either at the ball park or before a scoreboard, he accomplished the seemingly impossible; he gathered a swarming, pushing mob in Forty-fifth Street, far from a scoreboard. And what was he doing? Merely riding up to one of the top floors of the Pathé building sitting on a safe.

But if you think of him as a dynamic, powerful creature, bristling with energy and straining at the leash that conventional New York puts upon him—you will have to revise your ideas. For Charles Hutchinson is a genial young Irishman of quiet and winning charm. His muscles of steel are hidden under a satin exterior—and he gets no more excited over his reckless exploits than a business man does over his day's correspondence. Although his life is devoted exclusively to his work and keeping in training for it—his conversation betrays a wide interest in affairs outside the studio.



WHAT THE FANS THINK



Two Opinions on De Mille's Latest.

I SAW "The Affairs of Anatol" last night. It was *wonderful!* In my estimation Cecil B. De Mille is the greatest director in America, with the exception of D. W. Griffith. Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson did some splendid acting, but Wanda Hawley ran away with the honors. Nearly all of my friends left the theater as sincere admirers of Miss Hawley.

Utica, New York. ANTHONY A. ABBOTT.

We came, we saw, but we did not enjoy "The Affairs of Anatol." It was really nothing more than a fashion show, with a few impossible scenes, and our regret for having spent fifty cents to see it is so great that it will be some time, I am afraid, before I'll invest any more money in a movie.

The best acting was done by Wanda Hawley—every one else was extremely amateurish, with, of course, the exception of Elliott Dexter. I was sorry he had such a small part, but maybe that was for the best. Had they given him a more important part, it is very likely he would have disappointed us, too, and then there would be nothing to look forward to in his future pictures.

The best title was "Honesty and Loyalty, Like Charity, Begin at Home." As for Polly Moran, we have been to cabarets, and no place in the world would tolerate a performer like that. It seems to me that producers who spend as much money on a picture as was no doubt spent on this one should stick a little more to real life.

MRS. W. H. MCKINNON.

563 Ponce de Leon Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

What One Fan Believes.

A remark from a close friend of mine makes me want to express my views concerning motion-picture actors and actresses. We were talking about the pictures when my friend said, "Those movie actors must be wild, or they wouldn't play in such pictures."

Think of it! In this one line he gave the verdict of thousands of people, people who believe this to be true. What is the cause of this belief? Here it is: A movie actor or actress is judged in the hearts of most of America's plain people by the type of picture in which he or she appears. Those who have read intelligently about the movie stars believe differently. Here is what I believe:

1. Movie stars are human beings, not anything more or anything less, and

2. Being human beings, they are like all people, some with good morals, others with bad.

3. We cannot condemn actors because some are not what they should be any more than we can condemn all millionaires, lawyers, or farmers for the misdeeds of a few.

4. Last but not least, I believe that the stars should be allowed to play only in clean and decent pictures, so the public will not come to believe ill of them.

There are some who think differently, and I would be glad to hear from any one who can testify that what I have said is not true.

LAURENCE R. BENDER.

Clark's Hill, Indiana.

Dictated By Heart Only

When a person goes to all the trouble of writing us a letter about his likes and dislikes in motion pictures, we know that his interest must be pretty keen. He has no interest in writing to this department other than in setting forth his views, for no payment is made for contributions.

The professional writer about motion pictures is of first importance, of course, for he sees the making of motion pictures from the inside and can tell you the little intimate things about the players you want to know. But there is a big place, too, for the views of the writer who pays tribute to motion pictures out of the depths of an understanding heart, simply because he loves them.

This is your department. Haven't you something you want to say?

Let's Have Plays That Are "Different."

We movie patrons must have variety. The really successful picture is invariably the one which is different. It has been the writer's privilege to see a majority of the best productions, both foreign and domestic. Above all stood Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" because it was different. Artistic production with a careful selection of the characters made it an impressive and worthwhile picture.

The wonderful work of Gareth Hughes as *Sentimental Tommy* will remain a milestone on the road of artistic achievement. We want to see him keep on doing big things in a larger way, with full opportunity to use the unusual talents which have gained for him such successes in the past. *Peter Pan* and *Tom Sawyer* are two of the rôles he will perhaps play in the near future. When given the stimulus of Gareth Hughes idealism they will be immortal. Here, I say, is an actor the world will love—simply because he is different.

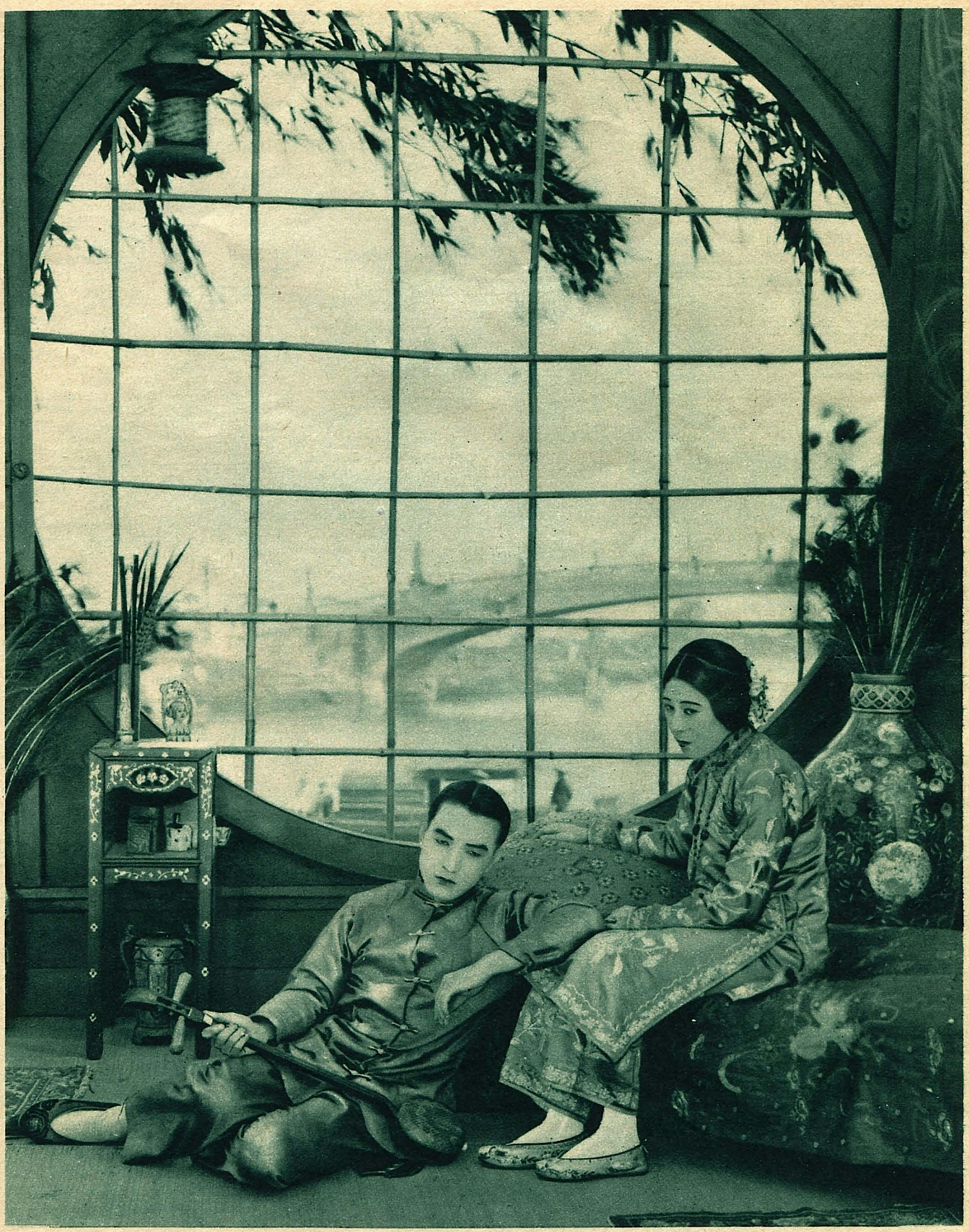
LARRY BELLMAN.

Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

Why Not Stick to American Authors?

I am an ardent admirer of Gloria Swanson—that is, I *was* until I saw her last picture by Elinor Glyn, in which I was deeply disappointed. I am a Washingtonian, and of course was very anxious to see the picture. Miss Swanson's gowns were beautiful indeed, but she didn't act naturally. Every motion seemed to be studied, and it seemed as though if she laughed she

Continued on page 104



Like a delicate print from old Japan is this scene from the latest Sessue Hayakawa picture, "The Street of the Flying Dragon." It is as picturesque throughout as its title, and rejoices in the presence of Tsuru Aoki, Sessue Hayakawa's wife, in its cast.





Griffith's

These scenes are probably in no way reminiscent of "The Two Orphans" you sobbed and sighed over at your local theater, but neither was D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East" much like the local stock company's versions. What the interpolated crashing torrent of ice was to "Way Down East" the French Revolution with its guillotine is to "The Two Orphans." These views give but a faint suggestion of the scope and power of the story as he has developed it. In the scene above, Monte Blue as *Danton* pleads for *Henriette,* played by Lillian Gish, whom the angry crowd had gathered to see executed. Below, a singer of Revolutionary songs entertains some revelers.





Greatest

All the vigor, and fire, and depth of understanding evident in the direction of "The Birth of a Nation" have gone into the making of "The Two Orphans." Here again is shown man's passion for power unbridled, and the consequent inevitable suffering of innocents. Mob rule at its craziest heights with its attendant blind hero worship holds sway, giving almost unprecedented opportunity for crashing climaxes. These scenes from the French Revolution, the lower one of which shows Monte Blue as *Danton*, reveal again the Griffith flair for recreating history on the screen. "The Two Orphans" promises to add another triumph to D. W. Griffith's long list of sensational screen successes.

Motion Pic
the Land
night



Now the foreign invasion is to be augmented by Sweden, whose Biograph company will introduce her best productions to America some time this winter. Many of them have all the interest of travelogues added to their interest as drama because they mirror so accurately the customs of the country. One of these is "Dawn of Love," a scene from which is shown above.





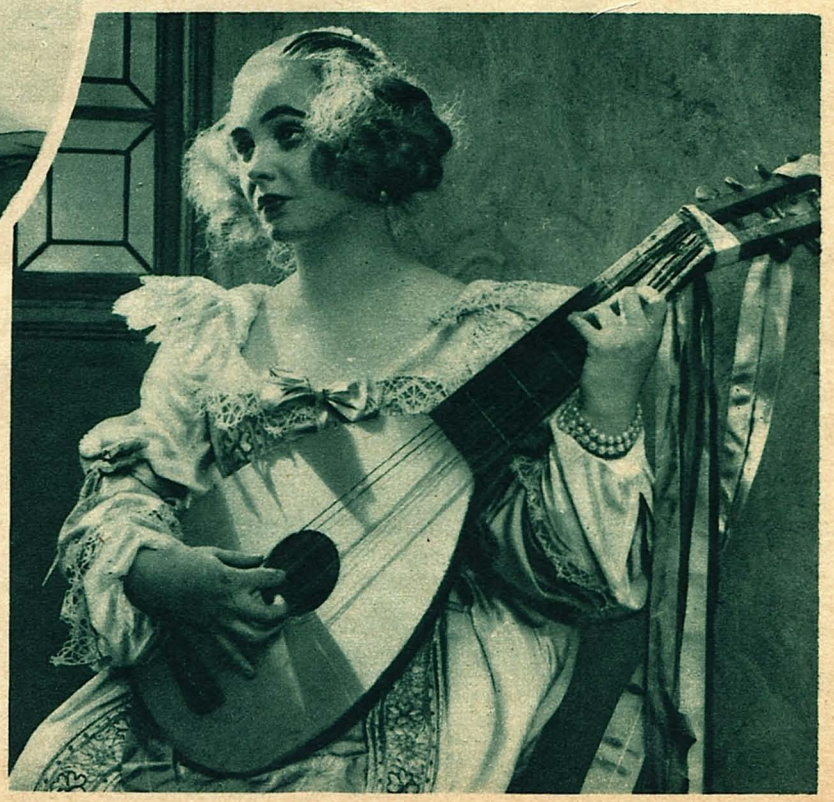
At the left is shown a colorful bit of characterization from "The Fortune Hunter," and above is Gösta Ekman, the Wallace Reid of Swedish matinée idols.

tures From of the Mid-Sun

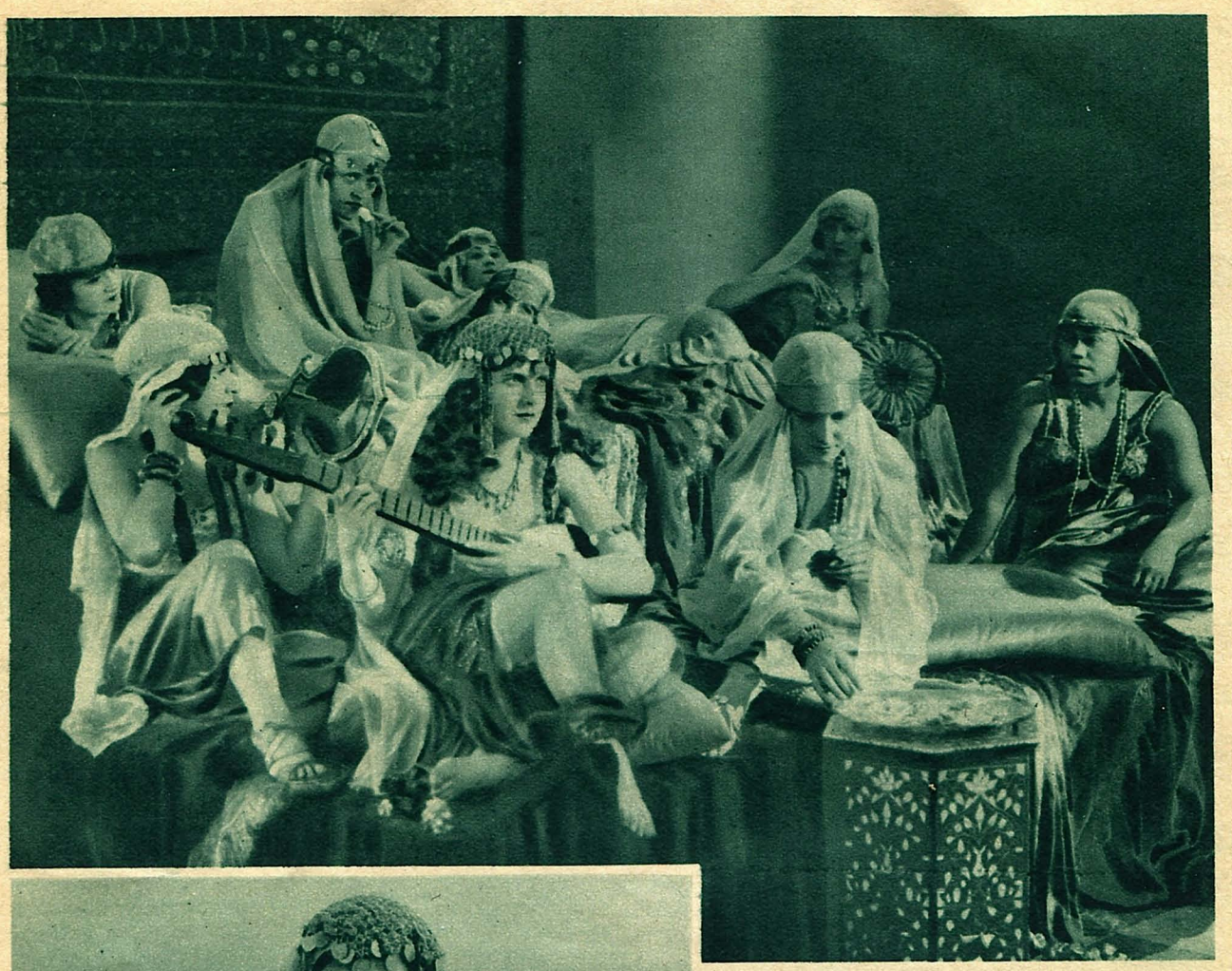


One of the most sensational offerings made by the Swedish Biograph company is "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness," from the novel by Selma Lagerlof, a scene from which is shown above. This is prohibition propaganda and is said to have made a great impression in foreign countries. Victor Seastrom whose pictures have been shown in America is the star.





Astrid Holm, shown above, is one of the most popular of Sweden's younger actresses, and Mary Johnson, at the right in a scene from "The Fortune Hunter," is looked upon with the same affection Americans lavish on Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish.



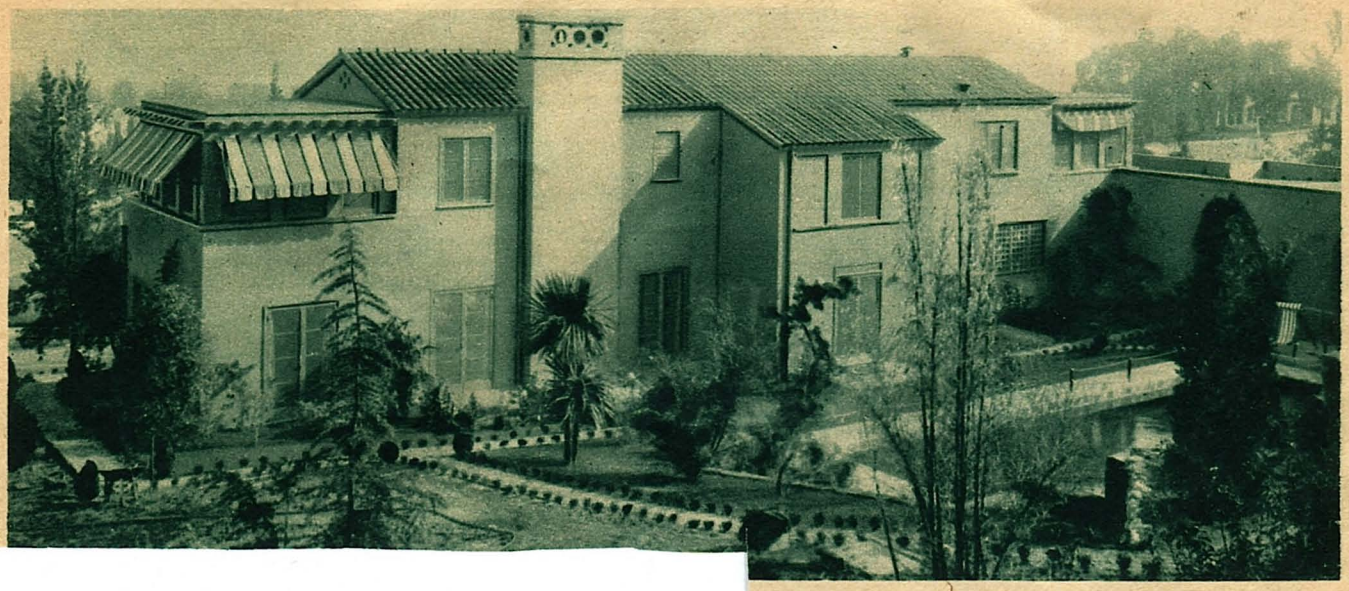


Innocents

The Oriental peril, if any, is not political but pictorial, for even the most American of our beguiling ingenues insist occasionally on straying into foreign parts. It is more of a blessing than a peril, however, when this urge for the Oriental is responsible for such scenes as these from May MacAvoy's latest Realart picture "The Morals of Marcus," adapted from the famous novel by W. J. Locke.







"Here's Where Wally Lives"

That is the remark that is made by the hundreds of people who pass this home in Hollywood—and so that fans all over the country may share their peep at how and where the smiling screen idol passes his spare time, we print this picture. At the left you see him with Dorothy Davenport-Reid, his wife, inspecting a part of the lily pond in their garden. You may have heard recently that Mrs. Wally Reid is returning to motion pictures. If you want to know the whole story of why she is doing it, you'll find it on the following page.

The Smell of the Sawdust

The real reason for the return to the screen of Dorothy Davenport, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Wallace Reid.

By Jerome Weatherby

I WENT in search of some highbrow reason for the return of Dorothy Davenport to the screen—as Mrs. Wallace Reid. I entered the luxurious Reid home, expecting to find a languorous matron waiting to pour forth a diatribe on the emptiness of life without a career.

Instead, I was ushered with a nod by a tall maid into the play bungalow of Wally out in the back yard, near the azure swimming pool, set in its rim of pink-tinted cement, where I found Dorothy Davenport Reid with a paintbrush in one hand and dauby pot of paint in the other. She detached one somewhat grimy hand from the brush and gave mine a shake that rattled my teeth. She tossed her bobbed hair, which is red, and asked me to have a seat if I could find one that wasn't messed up.

"We're batiking the furniture," she announced crisply. I glanced about the large single room of the play bungalow and saw that the piano had been glazed a brilliant blue, shot with pink, and that other articles of furniture seemed to shrink under similar violent treatment.

"Wally is doing most of it himself," she explained. "We think it jazzes up things a bit." It certainly did. The glass eyes in a large stag's head above the mantel gazed at it all in silent amazement.

"Why are you going back to the screen?" I asked, choosing a seat in a rocker near the pool table. It was then I took out pencil and paper, prepared for a long tale. But I needed neither pencil nor paper. The cuff of a sleeveless gown and my own poor memory would have recorded her answer.

"It's the 'smell of the sawdust,' I guess," she replied, daubing away at the fat leg of the table. That was all. In the classic words of Ethel Barrymore—another famous comeback, by the way—there wasn't any more.

If the smell of sawdust is anything like the smell of new-mown hay, I could sympathize with her, but I had never heard of hay fever driving any one back to the screen or anywhere else but bed. And then the bright light dawned upon me. Her cryptic remark meant the lure of the arena—the call of the wild public—the smell of grease paint and the circus ring—the urge that makes old fire horses answer to the jangle of a street-car gong.

"How come?" I asked, determined to be just as cryptic.

"My aunt, you know, was Fanny Davenport. The same Fanny who made Sardou's 'Cleopatra,' 'La Tosca,' 'Theodora,' and 'Fedora' famous in America. The stage is in my blood. Why should I give it all up?"

"But," I interjected, "you have plenty of money, a rather well-known husband, and a young son. Some actresses complain that the making of pictures is work, and they are often too tired even to grant interviews. I shouldn't think you would want to go back to that."

And then I learned that Mrs. Reid entertains no illusions either about herself or about the public.

"Outside of the fact that this first picture I have made with Lester Cuneo was done more as a joke than anything else, I know that the public, particularly the feminine part of it, wants to get another good look at the wife of Wally Reid. They want to see what Wally has been tied up to for eight years," she went on with a twinkle in her large dark eyes.

"Of course, since Wally became a star, the name 'Mrs. Wallace Reid' has some value on the screen, and I know it. Now that Bill is past his baby stage, I have more time to myself than I had before, when he was an obstreperous infant. Also than I had when we were building the house, because I personally supervised the work while Wallace was busy at the studio. Now there is a lull in my domestic career. Lester Cuneo suggested that he needed an ingénue lead for his picture, 'Pat of Paradise,' and kidded me into playing the part.

"I don't like ingénues, and I never did. But at the present time it is the only type of part that seems open to me.

"I want to find pictures, however, that give me a sensible woman's part, without a lot of simpering and coy glances."

After this first playful plunge back into the rigors of studio life it is more than probable that Dorothy Davenport, in the person of Mrs. Wallace Reid, will come back to the screen permanently, for the name of her famous husband has a tremendous drawing power. There is the money consideration which no hard-pressed family is going to overlook in this day and age. Although Wally is making plenty now, another little bit won't do 'em any harm, I gathered from the general trend of the conversation.

At the time of our informal chat she was considering offers from a distributing company and from a large film concern. In fact, at this writing I shouldn't be surprised to see her playing in one picture at least opposite her own husband, unless the powers that be figure Wally's attraction stands better alone.

Mrs. Reid came into screen prominence back in the old Biograph days, along with Stephanie Longfellow, Arthur Johnson, James Kirkwood, Lucy Cotton, Henry Walthal, Mary and Lottie Pickford, and Del Henderson. Her first California picture venture was as Harold Lockwood's costar in Nestor releases. Eight years ago she married Wallace Reid when he was her leading man, just after she had abandoned the Nestor banner to star for Universal City. Two years after young Bill was born she came out of the shadow silence to play the lead in a picture written by Hal Reid, Wally's author father. That has been her only appearance on the screen for four years, and now she is back with a bang.

But I feel that she will not remain long with the screen again unless everything is found to suit her.

"If I remain in pictures now it will only be in the type of story that will reflect credit upon the Reid name," she announced, abandoning her painting of the fat legs of the pool table and sitting on the edge of the little, raised platform at one end of the room, which serves Wally as a stage when he gives saxophone "recitals."

"I realize that at first half the audiences going to see my pictures will carry their hammers with 'em—particularly the women. 'Look at what Wally's got!' will be their first remark. But this will not keep me at all from giving the public some real work.

"Like all the rest, I want good stories and good parts. If I have these I am back to stay."

Just then Wally sauntered in, and we talked of other things, including golf and jazz and Bill. Mrs. Reid's affairs were shelved, and she became just a wife.

The Dragon

And the significance to motion-picture will have the rare beauty of Chinese

By Emma-



There is love interest in "The Lotus Flower," but not a kiss in the entire picture.

Shoddy—Gives Way to Gold

Oriental pictures made in America by Americans have spread misconceptions of Chinese people and their customs. Craftiness and guile have been featured in them; tenderness and affection left out.

But now fans are to see Chinese people and their customs as they really are. A Chinese motion-picture company has been formed and soon you will have an opportunity to see their first production "The Lotus Flower."

Where we have grown used to a curious hodgepodge of mistaken ideas in our motion pictures of Chinese setting, a shoddy web of falsities, we will now have the clear gold fabric of tradition in Chinese pictures sponsored by Chinamen.

WE hear much about young China and the awakening of the Dragon Land. It sounds vaguely like politics, economics, ponderous machinery of government that the layman cannot comprehend. We talk of the rising generation of the Orient, and picture a group of young devotees, fired with a sort of sacred zeal, different from the rest of us—we never connect up the new movement in the Far East with the simple, familiar things which comprise our Western life. We are determined to look upon China as a mysterious, alien land, inhabited by men who never smile, women who never speak, children who never play.

Fiction writers have done their best—or their worst—in furthering the distorted viewpoint that the public has toward everything Oriental. They have pictured the Chinese as a race almost incapable of love, shackled with prejudice and tradition, lost in an age-old dream of custom and superstition. They have missed the kindlier side of the Orient, the human, homely side. They haven't wanted to tell us that fathers love their almond-eyed daughters, pet them and spoil them, even as fond parents of the Occident are wont to do, because the popular conception is that of unbending sternness and a fanatical, inhuman lack of affection.

Our motion pictures have had their share in fostering these lurid ideas of the Orient. They show us opium dens, singsong girls, slant-eyed mandarins with queues and long finger nails, mysterious temples where strange gods hold sway. It is all very picturesque—and quite erroneous. And it has remained for young China to produce motion pictures that will show us China as it is—and as it was.

"I have never seen a movie of Oriental life which was true," a young Chinese student told me. "No wonder that the Americans are prejudiced against us. They gain their impressions of us from these lurid films and from highly colored magazine stories."

"Just as we in China get our ideas of American life from the movies that are shown there," another one remarked. "My father went to see one when I was a little girl, and came home absolutely shocked. He told mother and me that the women in America went naked and that men with hairy trousers shot off guns in the streets of New York. He had seen, as I afterward found out, a Mack Sennett comedy and a wild-West film."

"What is this picture, 'Lotus Flower?'" I asked, greatly interested, when I was told that this first production of the Chinese company had already been completed.

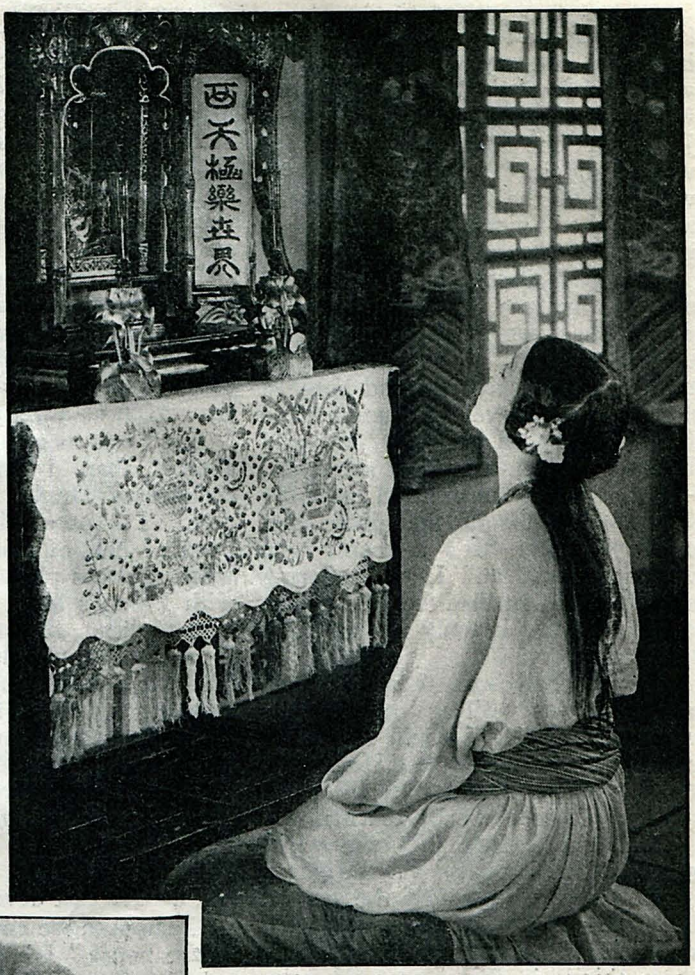
"There is a private showing to-morrow for Mr. Sen Wu, the consul, and his friends. Would you care to see it?"

I assented enthusiastically, and it was arranged. The director, Leong But-jung, I was told, had been in motion pictures in the West, both as an actor and as a technical director. The leading lady was Tsen Mai, a noted actress of the Orient, who has appeared in this country in vaudeville, in musical comedy, and on the screen. The theme of the story, he said, was an adaptation of an old Chinese legend. And, although filmed in Los Angeles, it was true to Oriental life in every detail. All the actors except two

Awakens

fans of the awakening of young China is that they customs brought faithfully to the screen.

Lindsay Squier



The leading lady is Tsen Mai, a noted actress of the Orient, who has appeared in this country in vaudeville and musical comedy.

were Chinese. After his glowing accounts of the picture, which he had already seen, I could scarcely wait for the next day to come.

Nor was I disappointed. The story may not appeal to the thoughtless mass who are accustomed to swiftly moving plots and saccharine love interest, but it will interest those who can understand that the picture is a Chinese classic, and as such is not amenable to Western standards and values. There is a love interest, but there is not a kiss in the whole five reels. Neither is there a queue in evidence, for the legend of *Lotus Flower,* the girl who gave her life that the sacred bell might be sweet toned, and so save her father's reputation as an artisan, antedates the Manchu period, wherein the first queues were worn, enforced emblems of the subjugation of the Chin race, whom the Manchus conquered.

We sat in the pitch-black projection room of the Sun company in a building just off Broadway, the Chinese consul, his friends, the director of the Wah Ming Company, which had produced the pictures, and some Oriental newspaper men. There were some Americans, too, typical picture magnates, who watched the film flash before us with interest that was keen, at the same time half skeptical.

"Say," one of them blurted out, when the appealing little Tsen Mai as *Lotus Flower* ran to her father in the garden, "Chinese girls are afraid of their fathers, aren't they? You've made this one absolutely twist her dad around her finger. Why she's as spoiled as any American ingénue!"

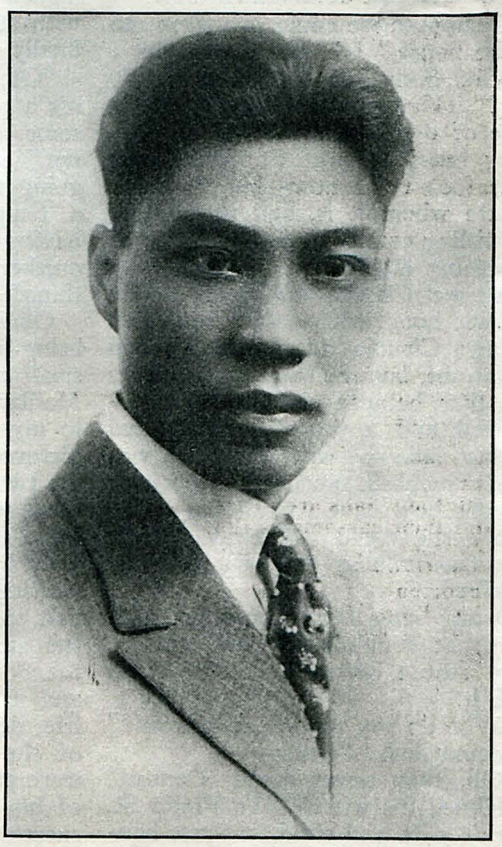
In the darkness I knew that the young and handsome Leong But-jung was smiling.

"Of course she is," he answered promptly. "Fathers are the same the world over —and daughters, too."

Then came a fist fight, in which Jack Abbe, as the young hero, fought an Oriental bully in defense of an old man. Again the American demurred.

"I didn't know that chinks fought with their fists," he said, and again Leong But-jung smiled.

"They do upon occasion," he said. "I have had my nose bloodied more than once in a rough-and-tumble argument."



Mr. Leong But-jung, who directed "The Lotus Flower," is a veteran in motion pictures, having assisted in the direction of Griffith, Ince, and Goldwyn productions.

Lotus Flower and her lover were in the garden, holding hands. The father looked on indulgently. Again the American was moved to protest.

"I thought that girls and boys never saw each other until they were married. And look at 'em holding hands; would they do that in China?"

"They would and do," replied Mr. But-jung promptly. "Lovers even kiss —though never where any one can see them. And though it is not customary for them to see each other before their wedding day, there are many exceptions to the rule. This is one of them. The boy and girl are raised together as brother and sister. Then, too, in the families of the higher class, women are much less restricted in their actions. Why, if a man marries the only daughter of a wealthy man, he takes her name, and she, not he, is the head of the household. Everything is referred to her, and she has absolute control over the house and her husband."

The magnate chewed his cigar in silence. He was clearly dubious.

The theme in itself is a simple one, and, according to our standards, not altogether logical. There are touches in it that will never convince a Western audience, bits that

Continued on page 96

Continued from page 71

to act that way, intently and devotedly interested in every woman they meet, while Danny would defend himself with "Well, you should have seen Jim Blank the other day—that's the way he did it. And every girl who went out of the theater, clasping an autographed picture of him, was wearing a pussy-cat smile."

Presently Carol came back, and ushered us into the dining room, which was even more horrible than the living room. I tripped over the head of a bearskin rug and bumped my head smartly on a statue of "The Dying Gaul" on the way out, and Philip St. Mark was most solicitous, but Mrs. Burnet murmured fervently from the depths of the gloom that enveloped her: "It's a mercy you weren't killed," and I, remembering the way the Gaul had teetered on his onyx pedestal, heartily agreed with her.

When I had bade them all farewell and was waiting for the elevator, hoping that I could remember all the details until I met Hugh, she came scuttling down the hall after me and clutched me by the arm.

"It's awful, isn't it?" she whispered. "You know the way he glared at her when she spilled the tea on the table—well, she bought that table with her own money; she bought all these things in this place; no heirloom about 'em! And he treats me perfectly awful; I just hate to stay here, in my own daughter's house. Can't you do something to get her away from him? She's just crazy about him—says he's a master artist."

"I'll try—I'll think of something," I assured her, as the elevator door clanged open for me. But on the way down to the street my heart seemed to sink faster than the car did. What on earth could anybody think of to straighten out such a situation as that?

CHAPTER XXII.

"The only thing that will cure Carol of her infatuation for Philip St. Mark will be marrying him," Hugh declared when I had finished the description of my call. "If any one separates her from him now, she'll feel like a martyr. She'll be madder about him than ever. But let her marry him and find out just how he'll treat her when she can't get away, and she'll get jarred out of all her illusions."

"But she can't marry him, Hugh," I protested, watching the Italian babies who were tumbling about on the back porches near us, and wondering how on earth they ever lived to grow up. The care I take of Junior seemed ludicrous by comparison. "He already has a wife and family."

"I know it—but that's the only cure nevertheless," he insisted. "Say, dear, wouldn't this place make a good setting for a picture—no need to go to Italy for locations, with this right at hand. I'd like to try one some time and see if I could make as good an Italian as Bert Lytell does."

I agreed with him about the value of that restaurant as a good set; it would have been marvelous, and the people who were dining at the little tables could have walked right on to the screen as atmosphere.

But I was more interested in Carol Burnet than I was even in the thought of Hugh's doing an Italian rôle. I'd never been particularly fond of her, of course; in the days when she was playing fast and loose with Danny's heart I had absolutely loathed her. It was impossible not to feel sorry for her now, though. She was a little fool not to see what "making a home" for Philip would do to her reputation, and giving him her money was sheer idiocy, of course. I had always thought that if her character was to develop it would be through suffering, yet I hated to think that she might be on her way to that development now.

"I suppose we could ask them out to the house," I began tentatively.

"Oh, Sally, do we have to do that?" Hugh's voice slid down the scale of despondency. "I'll do anything but have that St. Mark man underfoot right now—but with the picture where it is, and the cutting and titling coming—oh, Sal, think of something else!"

We met Claudia and Danny at the uptown hotel where they had been dining; Claudia adores our Italian restaurant, but she can't go to places like that because she's always recognized and a crowd gathers, and the last time she went there she was nearly mobbed, and the proprietor thought he'd have to call the police before she could get away. She's almost as unlucky that way as Mary Pickford.

Danny was fairly bursting with news; he could hardly wait till we were seated before he burst forth with it.

"Who do you suppose is in town?" he demanded. "Guess——"

"Oh, they never could, Danny!" exclaimed his wife. "It's Philip St. Mark's wife and children—yes, honestly, Hugh, it is."

"Oh, no!" I doubled up with mirth at the thought of a family of rampageous children in that apartment. "Surely they're not going to stay with him?"

"The children are, all four of them. Danny met them in the Claridge, and Mrs. St. Mark said that she was going to her home in Wilmington for a rest and leave the children with him to get some new clothes."

"Poor little Carol!" said Hugh. "She's going to get her disillusionment sooner than I'd expected."

But strangely enough, it didn't affect Carol that way at all. I was buying Junior a new sweater a few days later, and met her with the four St. Mark children, getting them everything they needed. They were making the most of it, too; I could picture their mother telling them to get everything they could out of their father. The oldest girl bought no less than six pairs of new shoes, and when the next oldest one, a boy, remonstrated, "Why, you've got a pair of shoes like that now, brand-new," she silenced him with, "Well, they'll wear out, won't they?"

Little Carol, in another of the hideous dresses that she had made for herself, beamed on them and bought clothes and still more clothes, and they treated her as if she might have been a nurse girl. She had everything charged to herself, and as I saw the bills mounting higher and higher—she had begged me to stay with them and have luncheon—I finally remonstrated.

"Oh, but they're Philip's children; it's a pleasure to return in this way some of the good he's done for me," she retorted. "Besides, he's going to pay me back; this is just a temporary arrangement, because having things charged is so much quicker than paying cash for everything."

Obviously I could do nothing to bring her to her senses, so I left the small cavalcade trailing its way into Maillard's and beat a hasty retreat to my own peaceful little home. I pictured it as I rode out on the train; the two terraces of flowers that rose to its white walls, its solid blue awnings, its window boxes that made vivid lines of color beneath the sheer, blowing curtains, the honeysuckle that tossed fragrant sprays up over the sleeping porch that overlooked the Sound. It was true that Hugh and I led a complicated, unsettled life, dependent largely on the whims of the public for its success. We were passing through a critical stage of his career, which might mark his success or failure. Yet our home was a retreat from the tawdriness of the world in which we had to move. Sometimes I wished that Hugh was a lawyer or an engineer or something like that, so that we could spend our days in the sort of

Continued on page 88



A Fan Club Talk

Latest news about the activities of Fan clubs new and old.

By Marjorie Powell Fohn



NOW, let's have a talk.

What are you new clubs doing in the way of organizing and beginning your activities? And you, whose clubs have been formed for some time, are you busy with winter plans for meetings and parties?

I have had some interesting letters from members of the various clubs. Many members asked what the motion-picture players thought of the fans organizing, so meeting Vera Gordon, whose interpretation of the mother in "Humoresque" proved such a success last year, I talked with her of the clubs.

"I wish you would say for me," she concluded her remarks, "that I am very much in favor of these clubs. It is a splendid idea of the fans to organize them, as coöperation is the prime need of the fans just at present. I am interested in girls. They take pride in their movie knowledge, and are better judges of pictures than most older people think. I, like most of the other players, love to get their letters, and from my screen experience I can say these clubs will be of great help to their favorite players. Also they can express their opinions of this censorship question from the viewpoint of the ones most concerned—the young fans. I shall be interested in the development of these clubs, and extend my very best wishes to each of them."

But it seems that girls are not the only movie fans who are anxious to organize. In the list of members attached to many of the letters were boys' names, and there were two letters from boys who intended to organize clubs.

Now, since this is to be a real fan-club chat, let us see what some of the members have to tell us.

Many of the clubs enlarged on the suggestions offered in these articles, adding original touches in organizing. Beatrice Stibyen, of 5434 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writes the following of a club composed of eight girls, varying in ages from fifteen to nineteen:

It is called the "Bug Club," and we have our "Big Four," whom, as we enter, we pledge to support. These are Monte Blue, Lillian Gish, Harold Lloyd, and Colleen Moore. Of course, each member has her other two favorites; the "Big Four" are by mutual consent. We are now enlarging our club, and as each new member joins, we have an "initiation party." Instead of president, we say Star; vice-president is Leading Lady; secretary is Support; and treasurer is Extra. Also, we have a secret sign to greet all members by whenever we meet them. Best of all, we have our "bug rings," just a cheap ring worn on the little finger of the left hand with a bug made of sealing wax on it, as our emblem.

As our "guiding" stars, we have chosen people we believe will keep on doing better things and never fail, and at each meeting we dedicate a few moments to the memory of Olive Thomas, Bobby Harron, and Clarine Seymour, who did very great things while they were here, especially Bobby Harron.

We try to get the best and cleanest plays at the neighborhood theaters. Ever so often we give a dance, each member bringing an escort dressed as some movie celebrity, and we give a prize to the one guessing the most players represented. We are also collecting a scrapbook of pictures and bits of gossip from the various newspapers and magazines about our favorites.

We are helping the girls in Freeport, Illinois, organize a "Bug Club," and we intend to keep each other posted concerning our activities. Each club meets every two weeks, and whenever there is a play in which any of "our" stars appear, we have a theater party, and all go to see it, then we write the actor or actress and tell them our candid opinion of it. We have adopted Monte Blue's motto, "Sincerity."

If you want to enlarge your treasury fund, Minnie Glassman, of 645 Lamont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., suggests an easy way in her letter:

Thanks to your outline of a real fun provider, we are now proud to proclaim the existence of the "Pickbanks Movie Fan Club." Immediately after reading your article, we congregated on the back porch where a lengthy and interesting discussion ensued. We took much pleasure in organizing and naming our club. We voted on naming each member after the player she most admired or slightly resembled.

Since we are all high-school girls with limited allowances, we were obliged to enforce your idea of theatricals at once. Our third and most profitable affair was the movie wedding of Ben Turpin and Katherine MacDonald. The cross-eyes of a false face were tied across the eyes of our ZaSu Pitts, and a badly fitted man's suit made her a "handsome" groom. Our prettiest girl wearing her best dress was the bride, and there never was a more laughable combination. The wedding guests were all film notables, attired according to their most successful rôles. Harold Lloyd, man's suit and heavy-rimmed glasses—only make-up—was present, also, Corinne Griffith and Connie Talmadge, represented by our bobbed-haired members. Our "heavy" thought she would be only a part of the audience, but the suggestion of Walter Hiers was welcomed even by her. And, we also had a Marie Prevost. Adding with these a variety of stunts, dramatic scenes, comic situations, our audience thoroughly appreciated our efforts.

We pair off for the different movies in town each week, then at the next meeting, each couple tells of the show they've seen and we feel as though we'd attended six movies. We always discuss the most interesting scenes and save them for our next show.

So far, it has been fun with us, but we hope to develop into a movie club of which the others may be proud. I wish every girl would organize a similar club which is sure to produce good, wholesome enjoyment.

Some of you, perhaps, have just organized, and as yet have not attempted any stunts or parties. You will be interested in the letter of Grace Hannagan, of 732 Harris Street, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Our club is formed at last. We met at my house last Friday night. Hereafter, we will take turns meeting at different members' homes from seven-thirty until ten o'clock every Friday evening. There are six of us now, and we've named our club the "Gloria-Reid," after Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson. We are all sixteen and high-school juniors except Marion, who is a "soph."

At the first meeting, we really didn't do anything novel, but we intend to have something original at our next meeting. As it was, we all sat around the table, and elected officers, then we spoke of the different pictures we were anxious to see, and of the framed portraits of our favorites on the walls.

Wednesday evening, we are going to have a theater party. We are going to see "The Old Nest."

Continued on page 107

What's Your Fan Club Doing?

Now that many new fan clubs are under way, and the old ones have been awakened by the spirit of the new ones, no end of ingenuity and originality is being displayed in their activities. Our fan-club editor is in constant correspondence with the secretaries of many of these clubs, and from month to month she tells you what they are doing, but we are sure that there are many of you who have not yet reported to her.

What interesting features have you developed in *your* club?

How did you organize and what has your club come to mean to your members?

What do you do at your meetings?

YOUR CLUB MAY WIN A PRIZE

We have offered three prizes of twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars for the three best letters describing the organization and activities of a fan club. Any member of any club—new or old—is eligible to enter this contest. Letters entered in this contest should be addressed to the Fan Club Contest Editor, and must reach her not later than January 1st.

Get Your Letter in Now. It May Win a Prize

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

Continued from page 86

neighborhood where we were now. I wished that he went to an office instead of a studio, that whenever he appeared in public people weren't likely to turn and stare and exclaim, "Oh, there's Hugh Beresford; isn't he good looking? Wonder if that's his wife with him." I wondered if, when Junior got old enough to go to school, we would have the experience of a friend of mine, who was informed that motion-picture actresses' children weren't permitted to register in the school in which she had wished to enroll hers.

Of course people didn't treat Hugh and me like motion-picture folk, as a rule. When the men came to know Hugh, and see that he felt about his business just as they did about theirs, and that there was nothing temperamental about him, they apparently forgot about his being an actor and let us prove that we were worth being friends of theirs. But I have known of communities which made it very hard, not for stage folk, but for friends of ours who were in pictures, to become one of them. And Hugh always used to declare that before Junior grew up he was going to leave the screen.

"He'll want a father who's in a regular business," he'd say. Not that he's ashamed of his profession, but he used to be afraid that Junior would think it a rather undesirable one for his father to pursue.

Our gardener met me at the station; we had not engaged a chauffeur, as Hugh and I both drive, and we felt that we'd prefer to put the chauffeur's salary on getting a good man to do the art titles for the picture. Always the picture, you see!

"There's company at the house," he announced as he slammed the door beside me and rushed around to the driver's seat. He'd never stood on ceremony, apparently feeling that there should be no restrictions in the association of a gardener and those for whom he gardened, and to this day I wouldn't be at all surprised to have him come in and hail me as "Sally"—in fact, I'm always expecting it.

"Company—who is it, Pablo?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a girl, with red hair, kind of, and awfully pretty, cook said; I didn't see her," he answered, swinging past a truck with such a narrow margin that I held my breath and wondered if I couldn't tactfully suggest that I'd like to drive. "I don't know her name, but it was something like Millard."

I leaned back and gasped. No thought now for the steering wheel—if Gypsy Millard was at the house I'd need the time it took us to get home in which to assemble my self-control.

To be continued

What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

Continued from page 27

it'll cost you two thousand dollars.' 'Hell, I ain't goin' to hurt him,' I said. 'I just want to do a little easy ridin'.'

"Well, we takes this big horse up Sixth Avenue around Fifty-sixth Street at seven o'clock in the mornin' when the traffic is light. The taxicab starts up and I vault on the horse's back. No sooner do I hit the saddle than that nag gives a snort and lights out like a bat out of Hades. We goes around that corner and past the cab in six strides, and I had no more chance of grabbin' that villain than the kaiser does of bein' elected head of the American Legion. Boy, how he run! I saws at his mouth, but nothin' doin'! It was Seventieth Street before I got him stopped. I had to run him up on the sidewalk and almost plumb into a buildin'. Three times we tried it, and the hotter that horse got the wilder and faster he got. Finally I gives it up and turns him over to the livery man and his assistant.

"They both grinned and started to lead the horse away. 'Why don't you ride him?' says I. 'I don't need a ride that bad,' says the livery keeper. 'The lad that tried to ride him last is now gettin' along nicely in the hospital.' By that time I got suspicious and asked questions. Well, sir, it turns out that that horse is a wild Kentucky stallion owned by some rich fellow who wants him busted in as a saddle horse. 'None of us could do it,' the livery man says. 'We figured you'd be a good man for the job.' 'Well,' I says, 'you sure had a nerve to tell me it would cost me two thousand dollars if I hurt the horse!' "

Speaking of horses—and who doesn't when he talks to Bill Hart?—reminded us of the famous pinto that he has used in pictures. Ah, there is a subject upon which the big Westerner waxes truly eloquent! If ever a man loved a horse, Bill has lost his heart to the pinto. He related the whole story—how "Fritz," the pinto, came first from the Nevada plains with a band of Indians that Universal had hired as extras in the old days when Mr. Hart worked for that company; how Fritz was half Arabian and a "di-rect descendant" of "Red Top," the famous horse presented by an Arabian chieftain to General Grant in the last days of the Civil War; how Grant, when he became president, had no use for the horse and sent him out to Nevada, where he ran wild for several years.

"The pinto's up-country at my ranch now," explained the star, "about thirty miles from Los Angeles. He's gettin' fat and sassier than ever. Boy, talk about your horses! That horse has got *personality*—yes, sir, there's no gettin' away from it."

With Mr. Hart thus in a genial frame of mind, we thought we would venture our final and quite personal question.

"Is it true that you're engaged to Jane Novak?" we asked quite bluntly.

The keen eyes of Bill Hart softened. He lowered his voice a little; we think it was even a bit husky.

"Boy," he said earnestly, "she's the finest little woman in the world—one of God's own creatures—but there's no engagement, and I guess there won't be one."

He blinked a little and smiled and swallowed a lump. So did we. Well, we're keen for him. He's so homely he's good looking, and somehow he brought with his rugged face and old-fashioned manners and tangy speech something of the freedom and wholesomeness of the Western prairies. It was like talking with Kit Carson and Daniel Boone while the "L" roared and the taxicabs honked twelve floors below.

"If you ever read any wild stories about Hollywood," were Bill's final words, "remember this—most of us are workin' twelve and fourteen hours a day and too busy to hardly stop for meals, let alone parties. At least, I've always worked that way—and expect to."

Merry Christmas



JANE NOVAK was so imbued with the Christmas spirit that she determined to show the whole Selig-Rork studios what a real Christmas—not the warm Hollywood variety—was like. She wanted crisp snow and jangling bells, a ruddy Santa Claus with real reindeer, and presents—lots of them. And Jane got what she wanted; she's that sort of girl! She brought this yuletide spirit into the studio, even as she is giving it to you now. And she would bring it right into your home if she only could.



OF course Lewis Stone was frightfully hot in his Santa Claus outfit, as was Jane in her furs, but she thought they looked more wintry that way, and she wanted to have her Christmas party realistic. Minor drawbacks like having a stuffed caribou instead of a live one, and staging the snowstorm in the conventional studio manner with salt and paper and wind machines didn't dampen her ardor a bit. Though the props are artificial, it is with heartiest good will that she is wishing you a Merry Christmas.

The New Star Shower

Continued from page 34

Barbara Bedford, one of the Fox contributions to the glorified Milky Way, achieved distinction for her work as the elder daughter in Tourneur's "Last of the Mohicans." Because of this work, Mr. Fox grabbed her and added her to the support of Jack Gilbert in his first starring vehicle under the Fox banner, "Gleam o' Dawn." Jack, by the way, is another addition to the new comet cosmos. He was not incubated, but achieved success after many years in the picture business. Miss Bedford's first star release, it will be remembered, was "Cinderella of the Hills," and thereby she gained a fan following as a portrayer of outdoor girls, and struck her stride. "Lefty" Flynn, as a star in the Fox fold, is a special-production graduate, since he was chosen as worthy of honor because he acquitted himself so well in "The Last Trail," directed by his namesake, Emmett Flynn. Edna Murphy, costarring with Johnny Walker for Fox, was also a special-production product, having distinguished herself as the blinded wife in "Over the Hill," which produced Walker.

Exotic personalities have no place thus far in the greatest of all star showers. It was expected that Rudolph Valentino would be starred ere this because of his popularity in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Camille," but his is an exotic type, as "different" as those of Theda Bara, Nazimova, ZaSu Pitts, or Pola Negri. Special stories must be provided if Valentino is to star, and, as has been already indicated, the producers are apparently not yet ready to have special stories written by competent authors for their stars.

Not that the star shower has softened the brains of all the excellent literary talent called to the screen in the heyday of the eminent author. Far from it. Famous writers, such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, and John Fleming Wilson, are still turning out interesting stories for the pictures, but that is all. The public is no longer asked to worship at the shrine of these literary luminaries whom they never see on the silver sheet. Their brains are being employed, but not their personalities, for the producers have found out that the public will have none of that. When the producers deem it expedient to combine these brains with the talents of their stars, then the star system will be put upon a firm foundation and remain where it belongs.

O tempora! O movies! What follies the business office can commit! Why not say to Mr. Eminent Author: "Write us a story for Helene Chadwick or Jack Holt or Lloyd Hughes, and make it really interesting?" Instead of that, the business office apparently reasons that so long as they have taken the trouble to make a star by paying for the advertising, which is the principal expense in star making these days, since the stars' salaries are nothing much to write home about, it is justified in putting the new star in any old kind of story just so long as it can be coaxed into five reels. The slush that little May McAvoy has been given, after her excellent portrayal in "Sentimental Tommy," is a case in point. What fate awaits some of the others we have mentioned remains to be seen.

Of course "star" pictures are less expensive to make under this process. It is cheaper to trade on the personality of a star and her fan following than it is to create a special production, work up the publicity and advertising on it, and then sell it to the world. But how long is the star going to last, in this day of keen competition, with meaningless stories and slipshod direction?

What do you remember about Betty Compson after you sat up in joy and watched her troop through "The Miracle Man?" I'll bet you can't recall the names or the plots of two stories she has appeared in since.

I hold no oracle office, but, in the words of Bill Bromide, I can see the finish of many twinkling stars if this cheap policy is maintained well into this year. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been expended on single-feature productions, which take thousands of additional dollars to "put over" with advertising, and yet the business offices hesitate to spend a few thousands for good stories with which to bedeck their star. The star shower has fallen upon the countryside, but its brilliance must be fanned into a permanent glow by good direction and substantial manuscripts.

Old favorites are holding their own in the face of the rebirth of the system. With her accustomed foresight, Mary Pickford paved the way long ago, when she injected "Stella Maris" into her schedule, against the rise of new rivals, and she had them lashed to the mast before they ever started.

Pauline Frederick, first in playing "Madame X," and now appearing in a rip-roaring Western ranch story, has jazzed up her repertoire until her fan following is more loyal than ever. Stars of the caliber of Miss Pickford and Miss Frederick cannot be deposed from their niches in the affections of the public so long as they use the brains given them. Others, however, of less perspicacity, are bound to be showered under by the new arrivals to stardom on the screen.

Among the newcomers there are many who undoubtedly will achieve a permanent place in the love of the fans, just as there are many who will fall by the wayside under the weight of poor stories shouldered on to them, and it behooves the favorites of the past to watch their steps and jazz up their curriculums with a few "Madame X's" and "Stella Marises." In the year 1922 it will be the survival of the fittest for fair!

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 59

and Hugo for Christmas. I don't want to lose them."

She began fishing around in her bag, and when I saw her studying a railroad time-table I knew the worst, or the best, rather.

"If you're going up to the studio to see Lillian Gish you have to take me with you. I've heard she is simply ravishing in her white wig and old French costume."

"Yes, but she only wears that in some special scenes. Most of the time she is just as bedraggled and poor as usual. People around the studio get so accustomed to seeing Lillian in those poverty-stricken clothes that when she gets dressed up they hardly know her.

"The picture will be finished pretty soon—they are cutting it now. Lillian is simply wonderful, of course. And if you're not crazy about Monte Blue already, you will be when you see 'The Two Orphans.'

"And that reminds me that Theda Bara once made a production of 'The Two Orphans.' Do you suppose they'll have the audacity to reissue that when D. W. Griffith's 'Two Orphans' is released? I almost wish they would. The contrast would be so ludicrous. And that reminds me——"

"I don't care what that reminds you of," I protested. "The clock reminds me that if we are going to get up to the Griffith studio before night we'll have to run for the train. Coming?"

Continued from page 53

Anita Stewart, recently returned from her summer vacation in the East, has begun work at the Mayer studio in "The Woman He Married," which sounds as if it were another one of "those things," under the direction of Fred Niblo, who, since "The Three Musketeers," is fast winning a long-deserved recognition as one of the screen's sincerest and ablest directors.

Incidentally, Anita's contract with her present producer expires with her next production. Just what is going to happen after that is still on the knees of the gods. Said producer favors all-star casts to the extent that he recently paid Mildred Harris twenty-five thousand dollars for permission to reduce the display of her name to the same size type as the other members of the cast. I understand that he desires to renew his contract with Anita without starring honors, but Anita isn't very happy over the idea. It may be that Rudolph Cameron, her husband, will form an independent company for her, and she will become her own producer, à la Nazimova.

The migration of the Talmadges from their Forty-eighth Street studio, in New York, to brother-in-law Buster Keaton's lot in Hollywood, was the occasion of considerable rejoicing on the part of the film colony and the Los Angeles chamber of commerce. Norma has done no producing on the Coast since the time she ran away from Vitagraph, following her first great success in "The Battle Cry of Peace," and joined forces with Triangle at many times the Vitagraph stipend. "Connie" is fairly familiar with the Coast, having spent her early picture career here.

The fact that Mrs. Natalie Keaton is now making her home permanently in Hollywood, and that Mr. Joseph Talmadge Schenck is the owner of the Keaton studio and head of the Keaton company may be regarded as the principal lure of the Talmadge entourage westward, rather than the climate. The sisters were homesick to see Natalie, and Mr. Schenck decided that he could combine business with pleasure by closing his New York studio and operating all of his companies at the one place.

I hope that the change of environment will have a salutary effect upon the quality of the stories which are selected for the Talmadge sisters. I know of no other screen stars who have suffered so grievously from wretched stories as have these famous sisters during the last two years.

That these two clever girls have survived the weaknesses of their production is convincing testimonial of the personal esteem in which they are held by the public, but even the gods may sometimes tempt fate too far.

Another recent arrival in Hollywood is William Farnum, who changed his mind about staying a year in Paris, and after getting rid of the aëroplane he purchased over there came back to his old stamping ground, the Fox fold, where his brother, Dustin, is holding forth also now. "Bill" is doing one of his popular "he-man" rôles, under the direction of Edgar Lewis, of "The Barrier" fame.

Although Charlie, Farnum, Donald Crisp, and Paul Powell are again in our midst, a dozen others have left since my last report. These include:

"Jimmy" Kirkwood, who is playing the title rôle in Booth Tarkington's famous play, "The Man From Home," now being made at Paramount's London studio, with exteriors taken in Italy.

Rubye de Remer, who is playing opposite Kirkwood, and will also appear in other English-made productions.

Anna Q. Nilsson, who, after completing several pictures in London, will go to Sweden, her native heath, to be starred in a series of Ibsen plays.

Ann Forrest, who has already completed her first London picture, "Love's Boomerang," and for whom I am offering a little prayer daily that she will be chosen to play "Peter Pan."

Elliott Dexter, the sincerest and most convincing actor the cinema boasts, who is playing opposite Miss Forrest in her English-made productions.

Norman Kerry, best known for his work in Cosmopolitan features, whose first English picture, under the Paramount banner, was "Three Live Ghosts," supporting Anna Q. Nilsson.

And now comes word from "Papa" Laemmle, of Universal, who recently arrived in Hollywood to see why Mr. von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" don't get busy and start cutting up, that he is going to send Priscilla Dean and a company abroad within the immediate future to do a big costume picture. The production will be made either in Vienna or Berlin, but will have scenes photographed also in France and Italy. By the way, Mr. Laemmle started the vogue for foreign-filmed productions away back before the war, when he sent King Baggot and Leah Baird across for a series of pictures. They made "Absinthe" and "Ivanhoe."

Unless present plans miscarry when this appears, Cecil De Mille will already be in the wilds of northern Africa, after which Paramount's director general will go to Europe to look over the ground there with a view to doing some producing abroad later. Mr. De Mille will visit Tunis and Algiers, in Africa, and from thence will motor along the Riviera to northern Italy, and then across Switzerland into southern Germany, arriving in Berlin for the première in that country of "Forbidden Fruit," scheduled to occur the first of the year.

Other well-known directors now abroad include:

Albert Parker, who will direct Fairbanks in his first European-made picture.

George Fitzmaurice, director of "Experience," "Peter Ibbetson," and other special Paramount pictures, who filmed "Three Live Ghosts" in London, and who is now engaged on "The Man From Home."

Ouida Bergere, in private life Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who wrote most of Mae Murray's pictures, and who is now picturizing the productions being made by her husband abroad.

Lois Weber, producer of "The Blot," "Shoes," and other domestic dramas, and discoverer of Mildred Harris, Mary MacLaren, and Claire Windsor, who expects to make a number of pictures abroad with European casts exclusively.

John Robertson, artist extraordinary of the megaphone; producer of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Sentimental Tommy," "Footlights," and other exceptional Paramount productions, who will direct "Peter Pan."

Harley Knoles, long identified with the screen over here, now the head of a large English film company which produced "Carnival," being shown extensively in this country at the present time.

And, lastly, I learn that even little Jackie Coogan has been infected with this voyaging virus, and that as soon as he has two or three pictures completed he will make a tour of Great Britain and the Continent. I am assured by Jackie's managers that as a result of his sensational success in "The Kid" and "Peck's Bad Boy," the English public is "clamoring"—yes, that is the word—to see Jackie in the flesh.

But with Mary, Doug, Jackie, De Mille, Rubye, Anna, Jimmy, Priscilla, little Ann Forrest, Elliott, and a number of others constituting the cream of our cinema élite regaling our foreign cousins and allies, it certainly looks as if it were going to be a very dull winter in Hollywood for those of us who are forced to content ourselves with such Volstead antidotes as can be had.

Of Course You Know Dorothy

Continued from page 24

For Dorothy Gish is one of the most complete dyed-in-the-wool and warranted-not-to-run pessimists I have ever met. And having given up the world as hopeless, she is irrepressibly funny about it, which makes me suspect that perhaps she's partly pretending.

The last time I saw her she had just made her début on the speaking stage; not a nice, carefully planned début, but a sort of pinch-hitter one. The leading woman of "Pot Luck," which was playing in a New York theater, had fainted at the end of the second act and was unable to go on with the performance, and Dorothy was rushed on to take her place. She knew the part because she had attended every performance—she likes to watch her husband act, and he, you see, was the leading man.

She remembered all the business, never missed a cue, and went through the scenes like a veteran. The audience applauded her wildly. And was Dorothy all tremulous with joy, and did she step before the curtain flushing prettily and throw kisses to the tumultuous crowds in the balcony?

She did not! She looked up the manager of the show and told him heatedly: "For Heaven's sake get some understudies for the men in this show; I don't want to be pushed on the stage some night and find I'm the villain!"

Dorothy joked about it next day, gave a funny imitation of her performance for the benefit of the people at the studio, but she was a little bitter because she had long looked forward to her first appearance on the speaking stage and it was something of a disappointment to have it come off in this sudden way.

"Making comedies is the most terrible and depressing thing in the world," Dorothy told me one afternoon recently. "You're never satisfied, and you're always frantically figuring out new business. And scenes like this"—and she looked over to where Lillian and Monte Blue were doing a dramatic scene—"just tear you to bits. What are you going to do?"

There was a haunting tenderness in her voice, but she followed it a moment later with a chuckle.

"There's a sad-looking picture of me from 'The Two Orphans' in a magazine with a caption that says something about 'Dorothy is so used to suffering on the screen——' I can't figure out whether my comedies were really that bad or whether the editor got me confused with Lillian.

"I'm really taking an awful chance starting out as a dramatic actress in this part in 'The Two Orphans.' I'm a blind girl. You know that a screen actress' best means of expression is her eyes. Well, they've taken those away from me, so I don't know whether I'm getting anything over or not."

Dorothy seems constantly to be holding a long ruler up to herself and despairing because she doesn't measure up to the very top of it. As she grows, the ruler grows.

Since she was married a year ago she has grown less pessimistic, for James Rennie, her husband, has the sunniest disposition imaginable, and he can always pull her out of the depths. The best tribute to the success of their marriage that I know of is the perfect epidemic of weddings that has taken place in the Griffith studio ever since they have been up there. But even about Jimmie, Dorothy is sometimes cynical, or do you suppose she was just pretending to be when she said:

"We're happy now, but how can we be sure of the future? Look how many other marriages have crashed. And what worries me is, where could I go if I should want to leave Jimmie? The family is so crazy about him they'd never give him up. Mother and Lillian say they couldn't get along without him. Constance Talmadge says I could come and stay with her, but she'd probably reserve the right to let Jimmie come and see us once in a while. I don't blame them, do you?"

Dorothy claims that her turn of mind is due to too many Russian novels when she was only about twelve years old. She subsists on the more cheerful diet of George Bernard Shaw now, and can usually be found in a far corner of the studio marveling over his "Back to Methuselah." She is the most curious combination of highbrow pessimist and impudent comédienne I have ever seen.

If you chew gum and talk slang and love the newest dances, you'll find a lovable companion in Dorothy. If you try to hide your pessimism under feigned insouciance, you'd find her a good example to follow. And if you are interested in all that is finest in literature and the drama, Dorothy will lead you along undiscovered trails. Oh, well, you'd love Dorothy anyway, no matter who you are.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

but not without hair-raising adventures.

"Under the Lash."

This is one of those stories designed to show how exceedingly disagreeable a husband can be if he puts his mind to it. For most of its thrills it depends on violent scenes of wife-beating. Gloria Swanson, bereft of her gorgeous costumes—her sequin gowns and coiffure feathers—plays the abused wife in homespun and checked apron, and plays it amazingly well.

"After the Show."

This is another story of the stage by Rita Weiman, in which the hero is not an actor or a manager but a humble stage-door man. He adopts a waif of a chorus girl and nearly sacrifices his life to save her future. Charles Ogle plays this rôle with the utmost simplicity and sympathy, and Lila Lee is a dark-eyed and infantile stage child. Jack Holt is so suave and fascinating as a villain that it is almost with regret that we watch him reform in the last reel.

"The Beggar Maid."

Some imaginative director suddenly had an inspiration while walking through an art gallery, and the experiment of "The Beggar Maid" was the result. It is the first of a series of films which will be based on a single great masterpiece on canvas. To launch the enterprise the producers hit upon the Burne-Jones creation, which, in a few bold strokes tells the story of Tennyson's celebrated poem in which *King Cophetua* wooed the *Beggar Maid*.

This is told against a mellow rural background, with a very beautiful young beggar maid in the person of Mary Astor.

"The Silent Call."

Another screen experiment which promises to be a thorough success is the attempt of First National to star a dog as the hero of a serious drama. He is a Belgian police dog called *Strongheart,* and he combines the vigor of Lionel Barrymore with the suavity of Norman Trevor in his screen technique. Seriously, it is not too much to say that this handsome and sagacious creature seems to have a real realization of the emotions which he conveys so simply. Of course much credit must be given to Jane Murfin, the owner, who trained the dog, and to the director, Lawrence Trimble.

In Cold Blood

A gripping tale of real life, full of color, passion, and drama, appears complete in the January AINSLEE'S. It is by one of AINSLEE'S best-beloved authors

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Among the many unique short stories in the same number is

His Christmas Angel

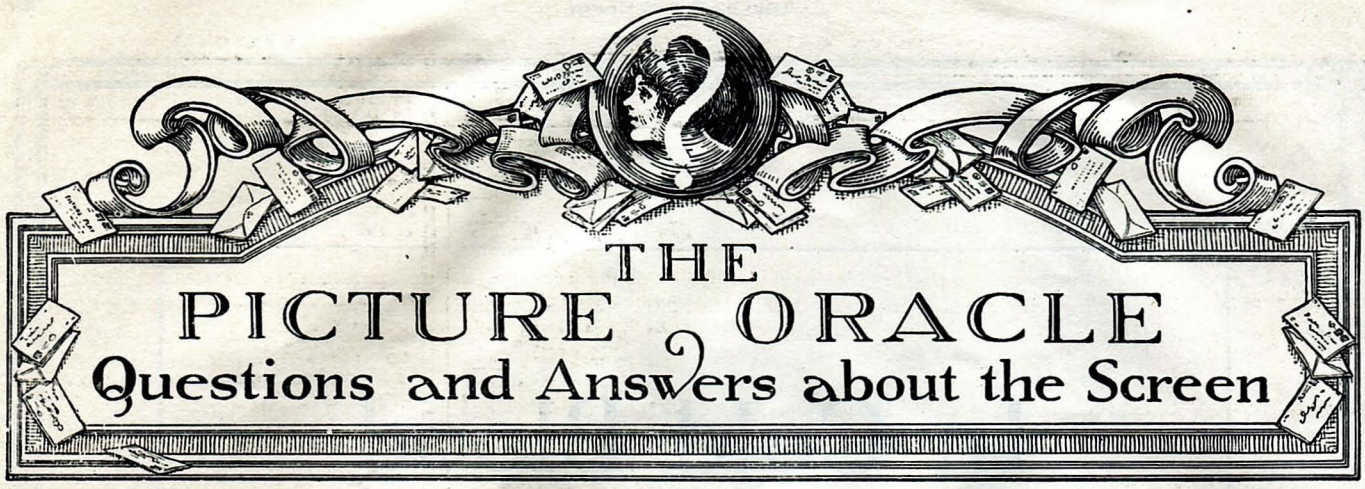
By WINSTON BOUVE

by all odds the strongest Christmas story which any magazine will publish this season

Two good reasons why you should not miss

AINSLEE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

A PURPLE RIDER.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson have deserted serials for feature pictures. "Where Men Are Men" is the name of their first. "Do or Die" is Eddy Polo's latest serial. Elmo Lincoln appears in "Adventures of Tarzan," with Louise Lorraine. It is in fifteen episodes. Joe Ryan's most recent serial is "The Purple Riders," in which Elinor Field appears with him. He also made "Hidden Dangers," with Jean Paige. Ruth Roland's latest to be released is "The Avenging Arrow." She is hard at work on a new one, however. Helen Holmes is to make twenty-two railroad dramas of two reels each for the Aywon Films.

T. FLANIGAN.—"The Threshold" is Belle Bennett's latest picture. Margaret Gibson is now Patricia Palmer, and her latest work is with Louise Glaum in "Greater Than Love."

MARY A. G.—Generally one incloses a quarter to cover the cost of mailing the photographs. I do not discuss the religion of the players. "Beyond Price" is the latest Pearl White vehicle. Miss White recently divorced her husband, Wallace McCutcheon. Anita Stewart appears in "Playthings of Destiny."

MISS GENEVIEVE G.—Nazimova's hair is really bobbed. She is the wife of Charles Bryant. He sometimes plays her leading man. Whether you can induce her to answer your letter is something you will have to work out for yourself. "Camille" is her latest screen appearance. It is a modernized version of Dumas "Camille." It is dressed in the present-day mode of 1921. Yes, the weather is fine. A little warm but all right as summer weather goes.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL, E. M.—I neither holler for the winter nor dash for the seashore. I haven't time to do either. I have to go right on working. No, you aren't the only girl who does not harbor an ambition to some day be a great star. There are others as sensible that write me. Glad to hear, however, that you are "some fan." Why don't you write the editor about the interview you would like to see? Ora Carew used to appear in Keystone pictures back in her comedy days. Mary Hay is dark. Thanks for all the nice "comps."

THE SPECTATOR.—Addresses at the end of The Oracle. Lon Chaney is the correct spelling. Wallace Beery and Eric von Stroheim are not the same person. They are two distinct men. Both villains—on the screen.

LAURENA P.—You failed to inclose a stamp for a personal reply, so you have broken into print. Mary MacLaren does not appear with her sister, Katherine MacDonald. Mary is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Katherine has her own company. Mary is not Katherine's only sister, but the others do not appear before the camera.

EDITH STERLING ADMIRER.—You will have to write the little lady personally for her photograph. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

PUTT.—The picture you refer to with Billie Burke is her very first appearance before the camera. It was Thomas Ince's, "Peggy." William Desmond and Charles Ray were in the cast. Also William Thompson, the veteran stage character actor. Your description isn't definite enough in the others for me to give you the names. Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, and Kathlyn Williams had the important rôles in "We Can't Have Everything." Go right ahead and make it a monthly habit if you like. I'm at your service.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

CUTIE AND DIMPLES.—Addresses at the end of this department.

A CHICK.—There is no law against writing to the players personally. Forrest Stanley is married. Ralph Graves is not. I wouldn't believe Mary Pickford's hair was false if I were you, unless you like to believe untruths. Wilfred and Bert Lytell are brothers.

MISS MAE S.—Your Rudolph Valentino questions have already been answered, the replies preceding yours.

TONY P.—Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

A READER BLOSSOM I.—I'm sorry if you missed your answers. Better luck next time. You should either subscribe for PICTURE-PLAY, or leave a standing order with your news dealer and then this wouldn't happen. Violet Mersereau is not on the screen at the present time. She is, however, in Italy, making a picture. Harold Lockwood left a son ten years old. He is not appearing on the screen. You will have to write your request to the editor. Virginia Lee was born in Mexico. She is not five feet, four and one half is her height, and she weighs all of one hundred and twenty pounds. She is not a star.

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD FAN.—Mary Miles Minter is single. She has returned from a vacation in Europe and will make some more pictures soon. She was born in 1902, Charles Ray in 1891, Richard Barthelmess in 1895, Ruth Roland in 1893. Mary is the oldest of the Pickford children. She was born in 1893. Jack, the "baby," was born in 1896. Their mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, is very much alive. Lottie recently returned to the screen in "They Shall Pay," produced by the Pickford Pictures Corporation. Alan Forrest is her leading man.

MISS HELEN F.—The baby in "Excuse My Dust," was Wallace Reid's own youngster, William Wallace, Jr. Alice Joyce was born in 1890. Viola Dana arrived eight years later.

EUGENE J. S.—All addresses at the end of this department.

MRS. CORA H. C.—The picture you inclosed was of Betty Compson.

JESSIE MCM.—Gertrude Astor played the rôle of Mary Pickford's mother in "Through the Back Door." *Ann Boleyn* was played by Henny Porten. *Henry the Eighth* was played by Emil Jannings. Your other questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.—Bebe Daniels is unmarried. She is at present taking a short vacation, but will return to work at its completion. She was born in Dallas, Texas in 1901.

FRED CHARLES H.—You will find your questions already answered in the preceding replies in this issue.

Continued on page 107

Elaine—with a Mind of Her Own

Continued from page 26

you to go on the stage, and if you want to go on the stage—oh, how they want you to go to college and be another *Portia*! If you want a career they want you to marry and settle down. Don't they know that by adding that 'settle down' they make it less attractive? Oh, I don't mean you, mother; you are always a dear about letting me have my own way. You know, they used to think I could sing; that's how I came to go on the stage. When I was home from school one day I inadvertently warbled, and that was the beginning of my stage career. In other words, 'how I became an actress.' "

Miss Hammerstein is pretty—there is no doubt about that—but it isn't the thing about her which most impresses you. Plenty of girls are her equal in beauty, but she has a savoir-faire, an elegance, which is most delightful and which is—alas!—as rare off the stage as on it. Add to this a knack of picking out just the right clothes for any occasion, a trick of putting them on so that they look perfectly stunning without ever being conspicuous, and you know something of Elaine Hammerstein. She is not a great actress, perhaps, and she does not consider that she is. That is another nice thing about her. She is totally without conceit.

"Which way are you going?" she asked as we all left the nice cool roof and descended to the hot street level.

"It's a holiday," we replied, "and we are going shopping."

"Well, I'm going shopping, too, but I don't consider it a holiday; a holiday means when you can play golf or tennis or canoe or motor or dance."

"But don't you love to buy clothes?" we asked. "You wear them as though you did."

"I love to wear them, but not to shop for them, and these are for my picture. Then I have to go to the hairdresser's, and to sit for some photographs I was rash enough to promise to have made to go with an interview."

"Then you don't like being interviewed any better than you used to?"

"Not a bit," replied Miss Hammerstein. "The publicity directors have always chided me for my lack of appreciation of their efforts. Sometimes I even spoil their plans."

We couldn't help entirely indorsing Miss Hammerstein's views on publicity, although sometimes it does make it difficult for the interviewer.

But then she is never like that with us.



Be More Careful

of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show you what really clean teeth mean.

That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That is what discolors—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth-paste—called Pepsodent—for daily application.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. That test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

755

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 396, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Do you know that Clear-Tone —the wonder-working lotion— used like toilet water—

Clears Your Skin

of Pimples, Blackheads. Acne Eruptions, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin? *Elegant after Shaving.* Indispensable for sensitive and refined women.

GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.



"A Clear-Tone Skin"

This Free Booklet tells how you can easily and quickly at home obtain a clear skin, free from all blemishes, like Nature intended you to have. Thousands of copies of this interesting book are distributed every month.

Clear-Tone is not a cure-all or mail-order treatment, but a scientific, reliable SKIN LOTION, perfected after 15 years personal experience by Mr. E. S. Givens, who knows every embarrassment one has to suffer with a bad complexion. Endorsed and prescribed by physicians, druggists, and thousands of enthusiastic users, and sold on a direct and positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back! The marvel of Clear-Tone is that it clears the complexion so quickly, no matter what the cause.

Clear-Tone has had an *unprecedented success* as evidenced by thousands of voluntary letters written by men and women who had very bad blemishes and tried various soaps, ointments, and doctors without relief.

Read These Letters!

From U. S. Hospital--"Find myself improving wonderfully. Any one I see that has skin trouble your wonderful Clear-Tone will be recommended." Chas. A. Rein, U. S. Hospital 41, Staten Island, N. Y.

From a Barber--"Have been a barber for 30 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. All barbers should know about it." Otto Van Burin, Kansas City, Mo.

From a Musician--"I am obliged to be in public a great deal and my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. H. Lindeman, Steubenville, Ohio.

From a Lady--"I cannot thank you enough for all the good it has done me. One bottle has cleared my face wonderfully." Miss Mary Yonks, Haverstraw, N. Y.

From a Soldier--"It is certainly wonderful." Louis Langer, Troop F, 3rd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

From a Flyer--"Cleared my face of Acne." H. J. Howald, N. H. Station, Pensacola, Fla.

People Amazed--"Has cleared my skin completely of pimples and blackheads. Everybody who sees me is amazed." R. R. Wilson, Pearson, Ga.

Thousands of Others--men and women--praise Clear-Tone. We'll gladly send copies of most interesting testimonials.

FREE Simply send name today for FREE booklet, ***"A Clear-Tone Skin"*** telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years, and my $1,000 Guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. S. GIVENS, 237 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Dragon Awakens

Continued from page 85

seemingly have nothing to do with the real story. But it must be remembered that the legend is told from the Chinese viewpoint. And the method of telling differs from ours. The story is that of *Lotus Flower,* only daughter of a wealthy artisan, a favorite of *Huang Ti,* the first historically known ruler of China. *Huang Ti* in a fit of anger banishes the man who molded the sacred bell by a secret formula, and *Lotus Flower,* then a small child, meets the miserable one on the street as he is going into exile, and gives him a blossom. Years afterward, sinister omens frighten *Huang Ti;* a raven perches on the window of the audience chamber; a white man, survivor of a stranded viking ship, comes into the land and is caged as a monstrosity; and last but not least, the sacred bell cracks and will not ring. *Huang Ti* commands *Lotus Flower's* father to make another bell, but the artisan is unable to get the proper mixture of metals. *Lotus Flower* goes secretly to the exile's camp, and he, remembering her kindness years before, gives her the secret formula. In the meanwhile her lover is killed while saving the city from the approaching Tatar hordes. Her father faces disgrace and death unless he can produce a clear-sounding bell. So *Lotus Flower* throws herself into the fiery caldron of metals, leaving behind the formula so that her heartbroken father can understand her sacrifice. The formula demanded that the flesh and blood of a human being be mixed with the molten metals.

There are many details of correctness that only a lover of the Orient will appreciate. The "tadpole" characters which are used on all the buildings and altars; the raising of thumbs when the dignitaries are pleased with *Lotus Flower's* dance; the ceremonial customs observed when in the presence of the emperor. There are bits of beauty, too, which only a Chinese directing Chinese could have achieved; scenes in the garden; before the family altar; in the grounds of the palace.

Mr. Leong But-jung, although only a young man, is a veteran in motion pictures. After graduating from a technical college in Indiana, he went to California and worked in pictures, first as an extra, then as assistant director. He assisted Griffith in making "Broken Blossoms" the success that it was, and has supervised Oriental details for Ince and for Goldwyn. He is about to make another Oriental film, this one based on an old Korean legend. And the actors, as in "Lotus Flower," will be Chinese.

His idea is to give the Occident the classics of China instead of the fiction with which we have been gorged. It is part of the young China movement; it is the stretch of cramped muscles as the Dragon awakens from sleep.

The Penitent Pauline

Continued from page 21

outdoors than ever existed in northern New York State. My family was not a stage family at all. I was 'just a nice girl from Boston,' and then I took up the theater because it gave me the widest possible scope for the outlet of my temperament. And now the pictures give me even a greater horizon.

"I am happier than I have been ever in my life. The past can bury itself so far as I am concerned. I want to be left alone with my ponies and my picture work. I am not discussing the private affairs of other people, and why should they bother with mine?"

But one gathers the idea that there will be no more "private affairs" so far as Pauline Frederick is concerned. The slate is clean. Oxygen and ozone are great purifiers of pasts, and ozone is Pauline's middle name. Her greatest pleasure, outside of straddling a horse in the good old Western way, is to spend the afternoon downtown in Los Angeles shopping. And is she purchasing ribbons and hair nets and perfume and cosmetics? She is not! She is buying bridles and new cinches that will not rub the ponies' tummies, and chaps and gauntlets. She only wears one evening gown in her new Western ranch picture, and her modiste had an awful time getting her to "sit" for that.

Perhaps her manner of extending hospitality is the best indication of her great Westernization. After our petit rodeo that afternoon she invited me, a poor reporter, to "stop for dinner." In New York they would never do that, but on a Western ranch the most casual acquaintance is never turned out into the twilight —hungry. Of course one doesn't accept, and it was with the memory of her little cowboy "Aye-yip-ay" ringing in my ears that I left.

A Calendar of Past Performances

Continued from page 17

23—1904—SATURDAY—"Glad of It" was the title of a play, which died this date at the Savoy Theater, New York, being listed as a lamentable failure despite the fact that the cast included John Barrymore, Thomas Meighan, and Robert Warwick, each of whom were playing very—oh, very!—minor rôles.

24—1908—FRIDAY—Shirley Mason was an engaging, pathetic little figure as the half-Indian boy, "Hal" in "The Squaw Man," supporting William Faversham, then playing at Powers' Theater, Chicago, Illinois.

25—1893—WEDNESDAY—Theodore Roberts was a vastly picturesque figure as the Indian father, "Scar-Brow," in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which was the opening attraction at the Empire Theater, New York, a playhouse eventually gathered in by the Famous Players-Lasky interests.

26—1897—TUESDAY—Dustin Farnum was simply bursting with the importance of making his first appearance on a Broadway stage—this all-important event occurring at Wallack's Theater, New York.

27—1908—MONDAY—Dorothy Phillips, just free from short skirts, was making a modest bid for histrionic glories, contributing her bit as a maid in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," as offered by the Fawcett Stock Company, at Albaugh's Theater, Baltimore, Maryland, in which city she was born and bred.

28—1895—MONDAY—Thomas H. Ince was determined to find his place in the dramatic arena—when one has just espoused long trousers all things are possible—and he was playing young "Nat Berry" in "Shore Acres," with James A. Herne, at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Illinois.

29—1910—SATURDAY—Mahlon Hamilton knew perfectly well that he could hold his own with Edwin Booth, if given the right opportunity, and this night he did his best to prove the fact, as the "Count of Morice" in "Israel," at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston.

30—1906—TUESDAY—Dorothy Gish was determined that all the family stage fame should not rest upon her older sister's shoulders, so upon this occasion we find her at the National Theater, Rochester, New York, where she made everybody sit up and take notice as "Jennie Yokem," the log-cutter's child, in "The Volunteer Organist."

31—1904—SUNDAY—Apparently she was a versatile, not to say hard-working, child for on this date "Baby Zena Keefe contributed some clever dancing, whistling, and singing," this to that uplifting lesson, "The Fatal Wedding," which upon this Lord's Day was the bait at the Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Give Your Skin Every Chance



You would not venture into the cold wintry outdoors with hands ungloved; then surely your face deserves equal protection from the harsh winds and snappy frosts of winter. The soft texture of a fine skin must be guarded to be retained. Use D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and you will know that your skin is getting the best of care to keep it at its best.

D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will insure you against the inroads of bitter weather. The charm of a really good skin never loses its appeal. This "perfect" toilet requisite keeps your skin fine and soft. In tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c, $1.00, $1.65.

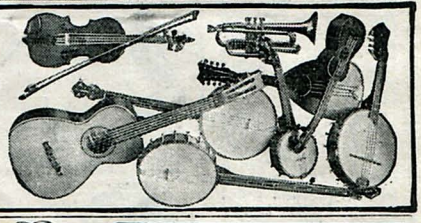
TRY IT FREE—Write for free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Address: Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 2424, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

FREE PROFESSIONAL TONE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Banjo Guitar, or Banjo. Wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this free trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.,
1815 Orchard Street, Dept. 134, Chicago, Illinois





IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. HER MAKE-UP RAN. Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid COL-Y-BROW. For eyebrows and eyelashes. WILL NOT RUN. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. E, 24 E. 21st ST., NEW YORK



WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

Water-Maid Wavers

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.
117-B West Seventh St. Cincinnati, Ohio



Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one-quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete piece in every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano." M. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio PP41, 598 Columbia Rd, Boston, 25, Mass.

Bound volumes of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE now ready. Price $3.00 per volume, Address Subscription Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 7th Avenue, New York.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1487 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Dr. Lawton using his Fat Reducer



Dr. Lawton October, 1916—weight 211 pounds



Dr. Lawton February, 1917—weight 152 pounds—a reduction of 59 pounds

Few Days Shows Reduction

No need of being fat if you will use Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER. In my own case I reduced 59 pounds as my above pictures show. That was five years ago and during these years my FAT REDUCER has been reducing fat from thousands of other men and women.

I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. This manipulation breaks down and dissolves the fatty tissues into waste matter which is then carried off by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

The cost of FAT REDUCER is $5.00 (nothing more to buy). Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your REDUCER TODAY. Remember it is guaranteed. Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 6 daily.

My free printed matter "HOW TO REDUCE FAT" mailed upon request.



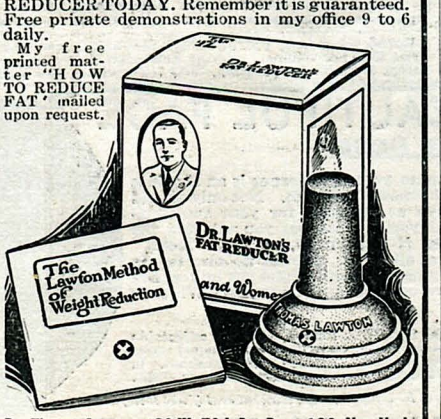
Fatty arms quickly reduced, also takes away fatty parts top of corsets and reduces fatty ankles



Reduced bust safely.



Enlarged abdomens, thighs and hips reduced quickly.



Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept. 186, New York

The Minuteman of the Movies

Continued from page 68

Rosary." It proved a great picture, but with the advance in motion-picture art he has long desired to give this wonderful old story the broad picturization it deserved.

He secured Bernard McConville, who has more successes to his credit this year than any other writer, to adapt Edward E. Rose's famous stage play, and Jerome Storm to direct.

The cast is all-star. It includes Lewis Stone, Jane Novak, Wallace Beery, Robert Gordon, Eugenie Besserer, Dore Davidson, Harold Goodwin, Mildred June, Pomeroy Cannon, Bert Woodruff, James Conway, Walt Whitman, and Ann May.

The Return of Short Subjects.

The fourth episode concerns the decline and rise of the two-reel drama.

Colonel Selig started something when he produced the first feature. He had always believed in the value and need of the short subject, such as the two-reel drama, because some of the greatest stories that have ever been written are short stories. But with the sensation created by the success of "The Spoilers," he found himself swept away in the mill race of competition. No more was the short picture wanted. Therefore, gradually and despite everything such men as Selig could do, the two-reeler slipped into obscurity. But through all these years the minuteman has clung to the idea that some day the two-reel drama would come back into its own, to take its deserved place beside the feature picture.

The day is at hand!

In their desperate efforts to fill the ever-increasing demand for film entertainment many producers have deliberately padded ordinary short stories into feature pictures. Such a condition could not continue. There must be a place in the sun for all kinds of pictures.

"The time has come at last," said the minuteman, "when we must produce motion pictures in the length the story deserves—and no more. In the old days the short dramas never got a square deal. They were relegated to the cheaper directors and actors.

"Through the years I have been acquiring scores of good short stories. These will not conflict with a legitimate big story. In partnership with Sam Rork, I am now carrying out this policy of producing a picture in its proper length. And, most important, is the fact that we are giving each of these short stories an all-star cast."



Viola Dana, Beautiful Metro Star, uses and recommends Maybelline

Maybelline

BEAUTIFIES EYES INSTANTLY

More than all else, well defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally long and luxurious. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades. *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.* 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured.



MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-47 Grand Blvd. CHICAGO



SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price $5.25) for Half Price to introduce, $2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CD, Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)



Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. Farmer Burns, 1751 Ry. Exchange Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



Don't Envy Shapely Ankles

You, too, may have them! Indeed you may! Use FLEC Ankle Reducing Cream. It works wonders. Actually! In a remarkably short time straight, thick, unshapely ankles can be transformed into neat, trim ankles which all women crave, and all men admire.

$2.00 a jar. Postpaid.

THE FLEC COMPANY
Dept. D, New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Selig-Rork two-reel dramas, at this writing, have been acclaimed by the critics as the necessary relief to the overflow of bad features. The biggest theaters in the country, such as the Capitol and Strand, New York, are showing them with Chaplin, Keaton, or Lloyd comedies for a novel evening's entertainment, and they have met with flattering success.

No wonder! Imagine allowing a two-reel drama such an all-star cast as Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery, Ethel Grey Terry, William Desmond, Jack Mulhall, and many others. And the stories filmed are from the vast Selig library, such authors as James Oliver Curwood, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Randall Parrish, Sir Gilbert Parker, Hallie Erminie Rives, B. M. Bower, Winston Churchill, Harold MacGrath, Bertrand Sinclair, Salisbury Field, General Charles King, Robert Hichens, Clarence L. Cullen, Mrs. Otis Skinner, and others.

Thus I close the last page of the quarter century of romance of the entire life of motion pictures, that of Colonel William N. Selig, who for twenty-five years has unceasingly labored for the progress of his beloved art.

What will the next quarter of a century bring forth? Will it produce another man who will do as much for motion pictures? Let us hope so. But in any event, the minuteman is starting anew on the next lap.

Here's to the Brave

Continued from page 48

glue and paper. It isn't by any means a soft thing to be hit with, but it is a good deal softer than glass. But in this scene the one fake bottle stood among a number of real ones, and when the time came to hit Beery the excited actor who was to make the hit grabbed the wrong bottle and hit hard. Beery went down and out for an hour. These might be regarded as accidents, only they happen so often they may be classed as hazards of the profession which every actor knows he has to run.

Sometimes the hazard grows out of altering an accustomed thing to something especially designed for the picture. Wallace Reid is a marvelous auto driver. In almost every picture he makes there are real hazards, and many of them. When they were making "Excuse My Dust," a race was run along the old way to San Francisco, which runs right straight through Hollywood out Cahuenga Avenue. Wally followed the exact route from the Plaza in Los Angeles. This story, however, was supposed to be laid at a time when this particular roadway was still pike or macadam and not Warrenite or asphalt as it is now. Wally takes corners at the Speedway or on asphalt like a racer, and when he got to the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue it never occurred to him that the two inches of sand laid by the director to insure realism in the picture was going to do anything to him or his car. He just forgot about the sand, turned as he always does, and the excited populace, watching, saw in terror his car turn round twice entirely and fetch up at the far curb. Wally was still in it and uninjured, but almost mobbed by the crowd, who wanted to make sure he was safe. Had the road been as usual the turn would have gone all right.

And often—honest I am going to stop soon—the collapse of materials makes a very nice hazard. In making "The Cottage of Delight," a King Vidor production, Lloyd Hughes had to shoot some rapids along the Truckee River. This was dangerous enough, but after going through successfully once, it was necessary to make a second shot. Hughes was offered a double, but he preferred to do it all himself. Things went very well on the second trip, when suddenly the raft, held together by nails, collapsed under the strain, and Hughes and the tangle of lumber were swept into the waters whirling about the rocks in the river. Director, camera men, and helpers started to rescue Hughes, but, not finding him, felt certain he had drowned. But Hughes was on the bank, in the thick underbrush, nursing two severely lacerated legs, a black eye, and various cuts and bruises.

Risk, hazard, danger, seem to be the order of the day in motion pictures. The serials and the comedies have the most, but the straight features, as I have shown, have so many they run a close third. You may read that Gloria has a double whose ankles are photographed for hers, but when it came to the lion's paw it was Gloria who took the chance. There are fakes, and there are doubles, trained acrobats who do things impossible without years of training. But in addition there is a big streak of bravery and daring running right through the ordinary actors and actresses, a daring which enables them to take the most extreme hazards just as a part of the day's work, or, if you like it better, as a part of the picture. Won't you join with me?

Here's to the brave!





Gentle on Hosiery

With the All-Rubber shrewdly fashioned Oblong Button the

Velvet Grip

HOSE SUPPORTER

holds the stocking in place securely—but without injury to the most delicate silk fabric.

Sold Everywhere

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON

Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Ma mere—Vividly I remember the delicate fragrance of her lightly powdered cheek. Lablache—her powder—always suggestive of her complexion, beautiful as wild rose petals. More than ever I appreciate the refreshing purity of Lablache.



Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers, Dept. 48

125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful. **Writer's Digest, 624 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.**

La Goutte-a-Goutte

RESTORES Color or Faded to GRAY HAIR



Gray, faded, streaked or lifeless hair restored to any shade in one application. Does not discolor scalp, fade, nor rub off on the pillow. **Makes a lasting, rich, lovely color.** *No after shampoo necessary.* You can apply it in the privacy of your own home in a few minutes. Anyone of 32 shades given from ONE package. $1.67 postpaid. Order direct, or

Send me a Little Lock of Your Hair—I'll color It Without Charge

Cut it close to head and say what color you wish. I have helped thousands of ladies with dandruff, oily or dry scalps, falling hair, getting bald, etc. Write fully. No charge for frank opinion. **"SECRETS of BEAUTY,"** my new booklet, mailed free on request.

L. PIERRE VALLIGNY, Room 98, No. 34 West 58th St., New York

The Glorious Adventuress

Continued from page 28

It is this Old World atmosphere which characterizes Maude George, her home, her garden—diametrically opposed to the atmosphere of modernity which permeates her screen self in such rôles as the aforesaid *Madame Malot,* the malicious modiste of the "The Devil's Pass-key," and the equally malicious adventuress, the *Princess Olga* of Von Stroheim's as yet unreleased picture, "Foolish Wives."

"It's just another case of shock," agreed Miss George when I gave utterance to the thought that was in my mind. "We movie adventuresses are quite different in real life. We have to be wicked and villainous, because the expression of intrigue is the work of a theatrical heavy woman."

It is difficult to believe in her as a villainess, even a play adventuress, because she has such a keen, ready sense of humor, such generosity and sympathy. And, besides, hadn't she spoken emphatically about her husband?

"Of course I have a husband!" she declared. "He doesn't in the least object to my being on the stage or in pictures. He helps me with my work—lets me rehearse scenes using him as a foil. He gives me pointers regarding the subtlety of doing certain bits of villainy in a picture scene, and"—and she sighed fondly—"he's so *wonderful* about doing errands at the grocery store for me! He's gone now to get oranges."

At this there was a decided twinkle in her gray eyes.

"I guess I'm a peculiar sort of adventuress, if that's what you insist on calling me," Miss George, or, rather, Mrs. Arthur Forde, laughed, "because I can't smoke cigarettes without getting just the least bit suffocated. All through 'Foolish Wives' I had to smoke long, intriguing Russian cigarettes because *Princess Olga,* the character I played, thought nothing of the bad effects of tobacco.

"But personally I think it is so much more interesting to be wicked on the screen than to be merely a straight leading woman where you can always count on the hero's kiss just before the last fade-out. It is difficult to avoid being crude in stage villainy, and to be subtle is always a trying adventure. Villainy, wickedness, on the screen or off, is just disgusting if it lacks subtlety.

"And Mr. Von"—her nickname for Eric von Stroheim—"has told me—oh, so many times!—that I've the wickedest smile he's ever seen."

"Smile!" I entreated, and she smiled a very amused, very *un*-villainous smile. I entreated her to be wicked, however, because I wanted to see how she'd do it.

"Look," she instructed, lifting one eyebrow a shade higher than the other, drawing the corners of her mouth downward ever so slightly and disclosing her teeth, set firmly together in a vampirish, calculating grin.

"Nevertheless," and she dropped the acting pose and became herself, the lady o' the gingham, again, "I want some day to do a really dramatic, beautiful part. I've always admired Pauline Frederick; I should be happy to be able to do something like her type of work and—who knows but that some day the opportunity may present itself?"

In private life Miss George has only one mission. She is truly in love with her husband, Mr. Forde, a quiet, scholarly gentleman who is scenario editor of a film concern and who is, in addition, the father of Mrs. Tom Mix, who was before her marriage Victoria Forde, one of the earlier coterie of film comédiennes. And, being in love with her husband, she is intensely interested in everything pertaining to him and his work.

She is a glorious admixture of the adventurous and the Quaker. She has all the verve and brilliance of a De Maupassant heroine, and yet, in the confines of her unique Devonshire House, where she wears gingham morning dresses and old gloves to protect her hands, and where her chief duty is seeing that her husband's wants are promptly attended to, she is as quaintly conventional, as sweetly sympathetic as the fragrant, lovely, old-fashioned flowers she has planted in her garden.

Winners in Film Stories' Picture Contest

In accordance with the announcement which appeared in the November 10th issue of FILM STORIES MAGAZINE, we are printing herewith the names of the winners in the picture contest conducted by that publication.

Miss Flora Krug, 2735 South Karlove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, was awarded the first prize of one hundred dollars; Miss Eva B. Casey, 21 Amy Street, Providence, Rhode Island, won the second prize of fifty dollars, and Mr. Frank Power, 53 South Park Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, received the third award of twenty-five dollars.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

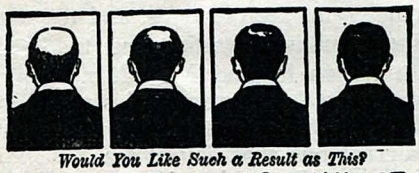
Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
463 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

QUICK HAIR GROWTH!
Box Free To You!



Would You Like Such a Result as This?



Do you want, free, a trial box of **Koskott,** that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this adv. by **postcard** or letter, asking for **FREE BOX.** This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of **BALDNESS.** In many cases, **FREE** a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. **So why not see for yourself?** Koskott is used by men and women; it is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days. **Address:**

Koskott Laboratory, East 32d St., KC-151, New York N. Y.

Don't Wear a Truss



Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 215-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

Where Do You Buy Beauty?

Continued from page 23

the very simple life. But a glance at her proves the worth of this system.

Lillian Gish combines all these methods. For exercise she turns to a wooden wand, such as children use in gymnasiums; even when she goes on a journey which is to last a week or so she takes it along. She believes in cosmetics, too—that is, she uses a special kind of cold cream, the formula for which has been in her family for generations—she is of French descent, you know, and that's always a synonym for knowing interesting beauty secrets. Her mother has always prepared this cream, and it contains such delightful ingredients as French rose water, English almond meal, and honey—just plain American honey.

Dorothy backs this up with a most invigorating bath salt—plain corn meal. One gets impossibly grubby in picture making, you know—especially when working out on location, on a dirty field, or in such a city as that built for "The Two Orphans," where the ground is covered with cinders. A hot bath in which soap is supplemented by handfuls of corn meal is the best thing in the world to help in regaining cleanliness.

Norma Talmadge has all sorts of expert care—massage to banish the bugaboo of increasing weight is one of the most important ones; not that any of her friends have ever felt that she was too stout, but of course the motion picture magnifies one's size so that many actresses who look too thin in real life are just right on the screen. Consequently many of them turn to diet—it's almost to be expected that, when you lunch with one of the screen's beauties, she'll say: "Order whatever you like—I'm dieting, of course, so I have just a cup of tea."

Lillian Gish has her hair cleansed with an herb shampoo, which makes it fragrant as well as beautifully clean, and which is supplemented by massage. Betty Blythe hies her to a hairdresser who is an expert on massage, and has her head rubbed scientifically—and expensively, one hastens to add.

It's likely to be an expensive business, this keeping one's beauty. But it's an interesting one, too—and you'll find that some of the market places described here are expensive in time and effort rather than in money.



"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

There is a Job Ahead of YOU

Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S., just as nearly two million men and women have done in the last 30 years, just as more than 130,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4572-B SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:—

☐ ELEC. ENGINEER	☐ BUSINESS MANAG'M'T
☐ Electric Lighting & Rys.	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Telephone Work	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ MECHANICAL ENGR.	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ MINE FOR'N or ENGR.	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ STATIONARY ENGR.	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Com. School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ PLUMBING & HEAT'G	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Text. Overseer or Supt.	☐ Agriculture
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry ☐ Spanish
☐ Pharmacy	☐ Banking ☐ Teacher

Name _____

Street and No. _____ 7-1-21

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

25 YEARS THE STANDARD TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THEATRE ARTS

DRAMA ORATORY — MUSICAL COMEDY

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUR SCHOOLS IN ONE. PRACTICAL STAGE TRAINING. THE SCHOOL'S STUDENT'S STOCK AND THEATRE AFFORD PUBLIC STAGE APPEARANCES

Write for catalog mentioning study desired to

D. IRWIN, Secretary

43 W. 72d St. New York City
Between B'way & Central Park West

PHOTO PLAY — DANCE, ETC.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep
Mothers Rest
After Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass



NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms which such disorders cause.

You may not always be able to choose your diet carefully or to avail yourself of the benefits of a scientifically-selected variety of foods, but you can give your system the benefit of the same vegetable laxative properties contained in vegetable foods.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is made entirely of concentrated vegetable ingredients which are therapeutically the same as Nature furnishes in the most healthful of foods. That is why millions of persons use this pure, mild, natural aid to health in preference to anything else.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) *does more than a laxative.* It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets



Used for over 30 years

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. P, St. Louis, Mo.

Then the Coffee Boiled Over

Latest fox trot comedy hit. Professional copy, complete words and music, sent free for advertising purposes. Short poetry wanted, NOT song poems. Pay on acceptance. BLACK KNIGHT MAGAZINE, Atlantic City, N. J.



Famous *FRENCH* Depilatory for removing hair

A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face. Price in U. S. and Canada, 50c and $1 sizes containing complete mixing outfit. Elsewhere 75c and $1.50. At drug and department stores.

Send 10c for trial sample and booklet.

HALL & RUCKEL
104 Waverly Pl., New York

Raving Versus Reason

Continued from page 30

"Well, it's a pretty big responsibility. You have to know just where the money goes and attend to a thousand little details you never thought of when you were working under salary. But I like it, of course. I have a good release—First National—and I can pick the kind of stories I want to do. On the whole, it's a great satisfaction—or it will be if this picture goes over, as I'm hoping it will. Mr. Hergesheimer seemed very much pleased the way we did it, and when an author gives his O. K. to his brain child on the screen it *must* be good."

Richard Barthelmess has a straightforward way of talking that makes you forget that he is a star. I doubt very much whether he himself thinks of it. Behind his charm of manner there is an earnestness which you feel not so much from what he says, but by the way he looks at you. I imagine that he could relax and play with the same whole-heartedness that he puts in his work. No doubt he dances well, plays tennis well, and is an excellent host. I quite envied the guests at the birthday party the night before.

We lingered long after we should have been on our way. The person who told me that it was terribly hard to get Dick Barthelmess to talk must have come upon him at an inopportune time. For he chatted without self-consciousness, talked of the Gish girls, of Griffith, of his favorite stars, and of the books he had been reading lately. Mary Hay Barthelmess upstairs must have thought that we had kidnaped her husband.

"Well," said Ye Editor as we left the Algonquin, "what do you think of him?"

"Wonderful," I answered promptly; "a regular fellow. I think he's——"

We almost collided with the jaded fan writer. I felt her eyes boring accusingly into the back of my neck, but I avoided her neatly. If I wanted to rave a little it was my own business.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 32

one has to know about that to appreciate his really poetic tenderness and love for his wife. It's like what you see of him in his pictures, so when you behold him, gentle and kind and gallant to women, you needn't think he's merely camouflaging.

They had the oddest engagement, Tom and Vicky. And yet I wonder if it was so odd, after all.

"We just knew," said Vicky a bit shyly, "until——"

"Oh, well, don't tell about that!" said Tom.

I'll bet I know how it happened, though. I'll bet Tom and Vicky drifted along in a happy love affair that was really an engagement, talked about their mutual plans, the home they hoped for, until all of a sudden Vicky realized that Tom had never said, "Will you marry me?" in so many words. That's an awful moment in a girl's life, and she's never really happy after that until she's made him do the thing up right.

At any rate, three years ago, in the spring, the two went down to Riverside, to the beautiful Mission Inn there, and were married. It was all done picturesquely, with orange blossoms banking the little chapel, and when it was all over and the wedding breakfast had been gayly eaten, Tom and Vicky came right home to the same pretty little house they still live in.

Tom is a very busy man and a very contented one. Besides working in pictures he's preparing notes for a book he means to write on Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as he knew him. You see, Roosevelt used to come out to Montana to his hunting lodge there, where Tom was working as a cowboy in the old days, and the two spent many days hunting together. And then he and Mrs. Mix always work out his screen stories together. In fact we began talking about his current one that day at tea.

It was Tom himself who took me home after tea, and on the way we got to talking about men, women, and marriage.

"You've got to study your domestic business same as any other," declared Tom as we bowled along. "And men are so selfish they don't study to see what a woman wants. For one thing, I try to bring Vicky home some little present every once in a while. A woman likes that. But you ought to hear how some of the men talk to me. 'You oughta cut that stuff out, Tom,' they say to me. 'You're making it awful hard for us other husbands.'"

Just one thing is needed to make the happiness of the Tom Mixes complete. Why, of course you know. Will it be? Vicky Mix says it will. And she should know.

Bebe's Way

Continued from page 61

think the lines should be simple. Perhaps it is because I studied to be a sculptor before I took up dress designing that preserving the natural lines of the body is such a hobby with me. But whatever the reason, I *do* like simple lines for every one.

"When Bebe is to be dressed to represent just her own exuberant self I design quite different dresses for her. She has such a lovely figure that I use almost no trimming on them, and to get a rich and colorful effect without using trimming I use unusual and interesting fabrics. I made one of metal brocade, trimmed with monkey fur, that I think just suits Bebe. The fabric was so beautiful and so effective that I made the sash of the same material so as not to detract from the effect at all.

"Of course a girl would have to have a striking personality to carry off a dress like that. She must be so chic herself that the very plainness of the frock is offset.

"The new long sleeves are going to be a great trial to me in designing gowns for Bebe, for her arms are so beautiful that it seems a shame to cover them up. Fortunately sleeves are being made of transparent material and frequently slit from shoulder to wrist, so yielding to the Paris vogue of long sleeves won't be too much of a hardship.

"We can't yield to the long skirts, though. We must have our flapper styles, for people want young-looking girls on the screen, and no matter how youthful they really are they won't look young if we dress them in those long skirts.

"One kind of dresses that I just love to design are frilly, frivolous party dresses for very young girls. For the sweet young girl in her teens, who is just full of whimsicalities and dainty mannerisms, I think frocks should be made as delicate as moonlight. Bebe loves frills and ribbons and rosebuds, and they suit her so perfectly that I am always glad when I have a chance to design a dress for her like that."

Now Miss Chaffin could go on indefinitely telling about the lovely gowns she has made for the lovely Bebe, but you can see them for yourself on the screen. And if you want to try this scheme of fitting your clothes to your character, I know of no better way for you to take your first lesson than to send you to a theater where you will see characters garbed in clothes designed by clever Ethel Chaffin.

Be the "Tom Brown" of Your Town

You may have the talent to develop into a Saxophone wizard like Tom Brown, of the famous Tom Brown's Clown Band, the highest priced musical act, and enjoy this most pleasant of vocations. True-Tone Musical Instruments have helped make famous Tom Brown, Art Hickman, Clyde Doerr, Donald Clark, Clay Smith, Guy Holmes and thousands of others. $500 to $1000 weekly for but two hours a day is not uncommon for musicians of such ability to earn.

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

It is the easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivaled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. A Saxophone will enable you to take an important part in the musical development of your community. It increases your popularity and your opportunities, as well as your pleasure.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Band or Orchestral Instrument without paying in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.



Saxophone Book Free

Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or Saxophone Band, and how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra. Send coupon below for free copy.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2441 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2441 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Please send me a free copy of "The Origin of the Saxophone."
Name.....
Town.....State.....
Street Address..... Mention any other instrument in which you are interested



(41)

Tom Brown as he appears in "Tip Top"

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION



ACFIELD'S
Perfection Toe Spring
Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause
of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.
Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.



C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties, *(Estab. 1901)*
Marbridge Building
Dept. 253, 1328 Broadway, & 47 W. 34th St., New York

DESTROYS HAIR ROOTS

Are you seeking a safe way to remove superfluous hair and destroy the roots? Then send for a bottle of

FRANCO
The marvelous French hair destroyer

removes hair from face, neck, underarms, etc., in 3 minutes. Guaranteed harmless. FRANCO removes the hair and stops its future growth. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle, postpaid. It's different from others.



French American Pharmacal Co.,
1035 Tiffany St., Dept. B, N. Y. C.

$$ For Ideas. Photoplay

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 910 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Comedies, Dramas, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Blackface plays. Everything for Burnt Cork Shows and All Amateur Entertainments, Monologs, Dialogs, Speakers. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods
CATALOGUE FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept 67 , CHICAGO



WEAR GENUINE DIA-GEMS

Genuine **DIA-GEMS** are now offered direct to you from importers at wholesale prices. **We guarantee that if you can tell a Genuine DIA-GEM from a high priced blue white diamond we'll refund your money.** Compare a **DIA-GEM** with your diamond. See the marvelous resemblance. Notice the same fiery radiance, gleaming brilliance, fascinating sparkle. **All rings guaranteed to be SOLID GOLD.**

SEND NO MONEY—15 DAYS FREE

DIA-GEMS are absolutely perfect in color and cutting; no flaws or imperfections. **Stand all diamond tests.** So marvelous is the resemblance that you will be amazed. **Your friends will be fooled.** Don't tell them it's not a real diamond, and they will never know. The snappy, fiery, dazzling brilliance and color are guaranteed forever. Each is set in a real solid gold ring, like diamonds. **DIA-GEMS can be had in any desired weight at proportionate prices.**

Just Send Your Name

Select ring, **give your finger size** and show your full address. We'll send a **DIA-GEM** weighing about one carat to you by parcel post the same day. You deposit **only $4.00** with postmaster to show your good faith or you can send cash with order. **It is only a deposit, not a payment.** Take 10 days to decide. If you or your friends **can tell a genuine DIA-GEM from a diamond, send it back within ten days and we'll refund your deposit at once.** If you are satisfied, **pay only $2.00** each month for six months. **Send Order Today**

DIA-GEM COMPANY, DIV. 534, WORLD BLDG. NEW YORK, N. Y.



A Big Raise in Salary

Is Very Easy to Get, If You Go About It in the Right Way

You have often heard of others who doubled and trebled their salaries in a year's time. You wondered how they did it. Was it a pull? Don't you think it. When a man is hired he gets paid for exactly what he does, there's no sentiment in business. It's preparing for the future and knowing what to do at the right time that doubles and trebles salaries.

Remember When You Were a Kid

and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

We Will Show You How

Without loss to you of a single working hour, we can show you a sure way to success and big pay. A large number of men in each of the positions listed are enjoying their salaries because of our help—we want to help you. Make check on the coupon against the job you want and we will help you get it. Write or print your name on the coupon and send it in today.

American School
Dept. G-176 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School
Dept. G-176 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

I want job checked—tell me how to get it.

.....Architect $5,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer $5,000 to $15,000
.....Building Contractor $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer $2,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman's Course $2,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer $2,000 to $5,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer $2,500 to $4,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....Electrical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000
.....General Education In one year	

Name.....

Addres.....

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 74

would break. Why aren't American authors good enough for American actresses? Whenever some one from abroad comes here a great fuss is made about them. I think these people should be given the credit due them, but I do *not* think they should be led to believe they are better than our own folks. Cecil B. De Mille's picture "Why Change Your Wife?" was wonderful and so was Gloria, then along comes Madame Glyn and writes "The Great Moment" and, as I have just read, the critics seem to think the same as I do. There is absolutely nothing in it to hold your interest. Well, so much for complaints. EMILY E. O'BRIEN.
701 Henry Street, East, Savannah, Georgia.

Tastes in Heroes Differ.

I notice by the October PICTURE-PLAY that some one is disappointed in a picture made from a book. When people cease to expect a screen production, a stage production, and a book to be identical in every respect, it certainly will be a great day for motion-picture directors.

On the screen a picture may be just as interesting, just as beautiful as a play or a book, but of necessity different things are emphasized. The actors and actresses must have strong personalities and very expressive faces, gowns have to be judged by their beauty of line, and we have what the stage can never give us—the beauty of the great outdoors.

So, why not be satisfied with different forms of entertainment at different times? And be a little lenient with the director who, for the sake of a pleasing result, strays a bit from the path of reality?

For instance, if the Middle West is not faithfully portrayed in "The Conquest of Canaan," think how many people have never seen that part of this great country and therefore will not be dismayed by some slight inaccuracy.

And if Thomas Meighan is not the man you would have chosen for Booth Tarkington's hero, remember that tastes in heroes differ as much as in anything else.

I do not wish to make enemies of all authors and playwrights, but it is my opinion that the star's name is a bigger drawing card than the author's. I wonder how many thousands of people will go to see "The Conquest of Canaan," not because the title appeals to them, nor because it is by a well-known author, but simply because Thomas Meighan is in it and they are sure to enjoy seeing him—so big and strong and smiling. MILDRED TAYLOR.
Southport, Connecticut.

Concerning "The Little Minister."

I wish to register a protest against casting Betty Compson for the rôle of *Babbie* in "The Little Minister." I know that many of the fans will join me in saying that Miss Compson is not fitted to play *Babbie.* Not that I don't admire Miss Compson. I do *immensely,* and I think she did very unusual work in "The Miracle Man." But I cannot believe that she has the soul behind her pretty face to play tender-hearted, impulsive *Babbie,* with her witchery and her versatility. She is too modern, too sophisticated. I think littie May MacAvoy, with all her comparative plainness, is far more capable of playing the part with feeling and understanding. To me she is the perfect Barrie heroine. I only wish that Gareth Hughes could share honors with her as the *Little Minister* himself. E. F. A.
Bangor, Michigan.

From a Native of Denmark.

For some time I've been a reader of PICTURE-PLAY, and your department, What the Fans Think, has been of especial interest to me. I've long been wanting to become a contributor, but have hesitated because I wasn't sure of my English, having been over here only a short time, At last I've decided to try, be it right or wrong.

Recently I saw "Passion," starring Pola Negri. I saw it last year in Denmark, but enjoyed seeing it again as I think it a fine picture and fully deserving the fine reception it received everywhere over here. I can't help wishing that more foreign pictures would be shown in American theaters, because, though it is true that the European movie industry is microscopic compared with the American—due, I believe, to the fact that the people there lack money—they do turn out some pictures well worth seeing. I believe it both interesting and valuable to Americans to see pictures from other countries, and am sure that people here would love and admire players from across as much as American actors and actresses are beloved over there. My native land, Denmark, claims the honor of having Europe's most famous movie actress. Her name is Asta Nielson and she's considered a far greater actress than Pola Negri, who has not yet freed herself of imitating Asta Nielsen. She has been playing in Germany and Austria most of the time and the last picture I saw her in was made by a German company, the cast consisting only of German actors save for Asta Nielsen. It was a screen version of the Swedish author, August Strindberg's play, "Brott and Brott," played under the title of "Love Madness." It was a tragedy, but the acting and directing were so wonderful that the audience after the show was sitting motionless for minutes, there were no comments, no attempts even to express appreciation, because words couldn't express the feelings which the picture aroused. How I should love to have my American friends see it!

Of other well-known players there is Clara Pontopiddan and Olaf Jones, who has his own company—the only one left in my country, since the others went bankrupt during the war. Norway has only a few well-known movie players of which the best known are the three sisters, Aud, Gerd, and Ada Egede—Nissen, Sweden has the greatest movie industry of the Scandinavian countries, and a great many talented players, among whom the best known are Thora Teji, Edith Erastoff, Mary Johnson, Karin Molander, Richard Lund, Lars Hanson, Tore Svemberg, and Gosta Ekmann.

In Pola Negri, Henny Porten, and Erna Morena, Germany has three very talented stars. I think the supporting actors in the German companies are running close to the stars, and I wish they would print their names so we could get to know them. Ernest Lubitsch is a clever director—I think I'm safe in comparing him with Thomas Ince or Griffith—it is he who has made the German film industry what it is. France's movie productions are not much at present, and personally I don't think they have one really great movie actor besides Max Linder. The last French picture I saw was "The Count of Monte Cristo," and every rôle was played by actors and actresses

Continued on page 106

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Agents and Help Wanted

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 436 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.

MEN—Age 17 to 55. Experience unnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 114, St. Louis.

$10.00 WORTH of finest toilet soaps, perfumes, toilet waters, spices, etc., absolutely free to agents on our refund plan. Lacassian Co., Dept. 427, St. Louis, Mo.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for Booklet CM 28, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS, $60 to $200 a Week, Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office windows. Any one can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431T N. Clark Street, Chicago.

SHIRT MANUFACTURER wants agents to sell work and dress shirts direct to wearer. Big values. Exclusive patterns. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

YOUR name on 35 linen cards and case 20 cents. Agents outfit free. Big profits. John W. Burt, Coshocton, Ohio.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Travel. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN who are desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free Samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for Free Sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 333, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED to make Secret Investigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 120, St. Louis.

AGENTS—Steady income, large manufacturer of Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles and Pure Food Products, etc., wishes representatives in each locality. Manufacturer direct to Consumer. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Cash or Credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 5726 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FIREMEN, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140-$200; Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 915 Ry. Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

WANTED. Men, over 17, Railway Mail Clerks. $135 month. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T 2, Rochester, N. Y.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, furnishing everything; men and women $30 to $100 weekly operating our "Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 29, East Orange, N. J.

BIG MONEY FOR AGENTS, Crew Managers, Salesmen. Write at once for particulars regarding the quick selling "Common-Sense" Electric Iron. Big Money can be made. Every home needs an iron. We have several plans which sell these irons. Write for details today. Address Corporation Appliance Company, Household Department 10, 538 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Shorthand

SHORTHAND—Best practical system, learn in 5 hours; speed with easy practice. Proof lessons, brochure free. King Institute, EB-26, Station F, New York.

Personal

DO You want success? To win friends and be happy? Wonderful results. "Success" key and Personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, 300 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We compose music and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York publisher. Our Chief Composer and Lyric Editor is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 275 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

ZEE Beautiful girl pictures. 10 wonderful poses $1.00; 18 specials $2.00. Bairart Co., 125, St. Louis, Mo.

ASTROLOGY—Stars tell Life's Story. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Eddy, Westport St., 33—74, Kansas City, Missouri.

ASTROLOGY. Send dime and birth information for reliable scientific test to Plato, oldest astrologer, Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y. One year's future one dollar.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in your future? Trial reading for birthdate and 10c. F. Crane, 840 Advertising Bldg., Chicago.

Patents and Lawyers

INVENTORS desiring to secure patents should write for our guidebook "How To Get Your Patent." Send sketch or description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 412, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS. Write for Evidence of Conception Blank and free guide book. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest references. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 767 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS. Highest references. Rates reasonable. Best results. Promptness assured. Booklet free. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, Trademark, Copyright, foremost word free. Correspondence solicited. Results procured. Charges reasonable. Write Metzger, Washington.

INVENTIONS WANTED. Cash or Royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 223, St. Louis, Mo.

INVENTORS: If you have an invention and don't want to spend unnecessary money in securing a patent, write to Inventors & Engineers Consulting Co., P. O. Box 344, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. Submit sketch or model of your invention for examination. Write for Record of Invention blank and valuable book, Free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 305 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, Repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 530 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Stammering

ST-STU-T-T-TERING And Stammering Cured at Home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 80 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

Salesmen Wanted

SALESMEN—Ambition and training. That's what it takes to get the Big Jobs today. We train you and secure the position; write today. American School of Salesmanship, Eighth Floor, 20 E. Jackson St., Chicago.

TRAVELING Field Representatives wanted. Should net $10,000 yearly. Choice of territory. Weekly advances. Merchants School of Advertising, Dept. 14, 22 Quincy St., Chicago.

Songs, Poems, Etc.

YOU Write the Words for a Song. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send Song-Poem to-day. B. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

WRITE A SONG POEM, Love, Mother, Home, Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 625 Reaper Block, Chicago.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I have best proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D102, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

SONGWRITERS! Learn of the public's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide" sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 304 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write the music, copyright and print professional copies which are distributed to over 200 performers and theatres and submitted to 80 publishers for outright sale. Our Chief of Staff wrote the Greatest Ballad Success of All Time. Millions of copies of his songs have been sold. Bell Studios, 1490 Broadway, Dept. 707, New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We revise poems, compose music and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Chief Composer and Lyric Editor is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Millions of copies of his songs have been sold. You can write the words for a song if you try. Do so now. Submit poems to us on any subject. Send today. Do not delay. Broadway Composing Studios, 159C Fitzgerald Building, New York City.

SONG POEMS—You write words, we'll write music; print 100 autograph copies. Copyright in your name. Write for terms. B. & C. Studios, Suite 5, 469 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Farm Lands

CLAY LOAM LANDS—20, 40, 80 acre tracts in clover district of Michigan; rich soil; $15 to $35 acre. Easy terms. Send for Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X-1265, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

Help Wanted—Female

$6—$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 110, LaGrange, Ind.

WANTED—Girls—Women. Become Dress Designers. $135 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 561, Rochester, N. Y.

Short Stories and Photoplays

FREE to writers—a wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful Story and Movie writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 89, Auburn, N. Y.

WRITE News Items and Short Stories for pay in spare time. Copyright Book and plans free. Press Reporting Syndicate (406), St. Louis, Mo.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25—$300 paid any one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline Free. Producers League, 439 St. Louis.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send today for Free Copy, America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs, Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest 605 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

WRITERS! Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 175, Hannibal Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS WANTED for California Producers; also Stories. Submit manuscripts, or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and Details. Harvard Company, 560, San Francisco.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

What the First National Trademark Stands For!

OUR pictures are made by stars and directors who are their own bosses, independent artists who are responsible only to the people for the pictures which they produce. These pictures are therefore distinctive in character and bear the stamp of individuality. The First National Trademark stands for pictures of high quality and exceptional entertainment value.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of finer photoplays and who are devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment. Watch for our trademark on the screen at your theatre.

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

Your Bunion Can Be Cured Prove It At My Expense



Instant Relief

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is an absolute successful bunion remedy. Hundreds of thousands say so and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how disgusted you feel with your bunion—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as these 72,500 others are doing. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope.

Foot Remedy Co., 2207 Millard Ave., Dep. 133, Chicago

OWN A BEAUTIFUL SOLITAIRE



SEND NO MONEY

Here's an acid proof test! Wear a genuine blue white CORODITE gem and a diamond on the same finger. **Your money back if you can tell the difference! Your word is final.** CORODITE gems positively match genuine diamonds in fire, brilliance, flash and rainbow beauty. But only a fraction of a diamond's cost. Each stone is a full ct. Your choice of gold mountings or latest White Platinum finish, carved or plain design. **Unqualified 20-year guarantee.** Order by number. The mountings are beauties of the very latest fashionable design.

No. 1 Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring	**$2.84**
No. 2 Gent's Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring	**$3.48**
No. 3 Gent's Massive Hexagon Platinum Finish	**$4.27**
No. 4 Ladies' Carved Platinum Finished Ring	**$3.76**

SEND NO MONEY. Don't hesitate. No money wanted with order. Pay postman after ring arrives. Wear ring a week. Money back if you want it. Just write us your name, address, ring size and number. Each ring sent in handsome gift box.

E. RICHWINE CO., 333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 9, Chicago, Ill.

STOMACH TROUBLE

cured with food. Send postcard for free booklet—"HOW FOODS CURE."

DR. EUGENE CHRISTIAN,
Dept. 251 Broadway at 71st Street New York

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Wonderful Opportunity to Become a Beauty Specialist A national System of Beauty Culture needs women everywhere. $40 to $75 a week. Experience not necessary. In a few weeks' spare time at home, we make you expert in all branches, such as Muscle Strap, Mud Packs, Hair Dyeing, Permanent Wave, Marcelling, Skin Work, Manicuring, Electrolysis, etc. You can earn while you learn, giving Beauty Treatments among your friends and neighbors, or open your own Beauty Parlor. **Authorized Diploma, Money-Back Guarantee.**

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Book, Explains this wonderful system and Special Offer.

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 81 1000 Diversey Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Bobbed Hair is the prevailing fashion!



The Allan Bob

gives you all that fashion demands, without sacrificing your own hair. It fits prettily and snugly around your head, simply and securely adjusted with a small comb on the inside. Send us a sample of your hair and $9.50. The Allan Bob will be sent to you postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Six Allan imported Hair nets for 65 cents. Each net Guaranteed perfect. State color and style.

The F. H. ALLAN CO., 136 W. Lake St., Dept. 12, Chicago



SAVE 25% to 60%

on slightly used

GRAFLEX-KODAKS

Cameras and Lenses of every description. Equal to new. Save money. Write now for **Free Bargain Book and Catalog** listing hundreds of money-saving bargains in slightly used and new cameras and supplies. **All goods sold on 10 days' Free Trial.** Money back if not satisfied. You take no chances dealing with us. We have been in the photographic business over 16 yrs. **Write now.**

CENTRAL CAMERA CO. Dept. 391 124 S. Wabash Av. Chicago

SCENARIOS WANTED

Protect and market your stories through national organization. Studio connections. Criticisms free. Write for information about membership and descriptive list of stories wanted now.

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA
623-P Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, ON CREDIT



YOU SHOULD HAVE THE JAMES BERGMAN JEWELRY BOOK IN YOUR HOME. It is full of many Bargains, Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Select any article desired, have it sent to you, all charges prepaid. If satisfactory, send one-fifth of purchase price and keep it. Balance in 12 monthly amounts. No interest charged. No security required. **Write Today** for Big Free Catalog No. 11

JAMES BERGMAN, Established 1896, **37-39 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK CITY**

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

from leading Parisian theaters. It was good acting, though, and the settings were fine.

In Austria there are two stars of note: Mia May and Max Landa. Italy, too, has some wonderful actors, such as Frances la Bertini and Lydia Borelli, who, if they were given half a chance would surprise the world, but it doesn't seem that any one likes pictures as art in Italy. None of the Italian pictures which I have ever seen have had any more, if as much, artistic value as the average American serial film. However, their standards will pick up, I'm sure, and in time America will have to consider a competition from abroad, which will mean "better moving pictures"—something that every fan desires.

MRS. HENRY COLE.

Sterling, Colorado.

Down with the European Films.

The worst picture I ever saw was "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." I don't see what is so wonderful about these European pictures. "Passion" was very good, but it's a foreign picture, and it really showed it. A friend of mine was anxious to see "Deception," and when I saw her later, she said it was awful. And another said the same thing. I didn't see it, but "The Queen of Sheba," I thought was very good. And "The Connecticut Yankee," I think, is the best of the year!

A HIGHBRIDGE MOVIE FAN.

1018 Nelson Avenue, New York City.

"All Hail to Antonio!"

It seems to me, that at the present time the whole country is wild over Mary Pickford, Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, and the Talmadges. But there is another star who is a thousand times brighter than any of these. His name is Antonio Moreno. I have followed his serials from "The House of Hate" to "The Veiled Mystery," and have enjoyed each and every one. He certainly deserves all the credit that we can give him. When it comes to doing stunts he sure is there to do them. I have seen him fight a bloody battle with the villain on the top of a speeding taxi, hang at the end of a rope amid flames, and left at the mercy of the ocean after being tied to a small boat. His serials are always full of action, and that is what I like. As for good looks, Antonio Moreno is better looking than all of the other heroes put together. And what better could be recommended as a sure cure for the blues than to go to the movies and there see that wonderful smile that only Antonio Moreno can smile?

Next in order is Pearl White. Her pictures are always interesting.

There are several others that should receive praise, among them are William Duncan and Edith Johnson. Ruth Roland and Juanita Hansen are the greatest serial queens since Pearl White left serials. Snub Pollard, Marie Mosquini, Eddie Boland, Hoot Gibson, Joe Ryan, Helen Gibson, and Louise Fazenda are becoming more popular every day. Pauline Curley is great, and I hope that we have more Vitagraph serials with her as the leading lady.

In conclusion, I'll say "All hail to Antonio, long may he live to cheer us by his presence on the screen."

E. G. T.

LaFayette, Ind.

A Fan Club Talk

Continued from page 87

We are anxious to begin corresponding with other fan clubs. We are grateful to PICTURE-PLAY for this splendid idea and mean to make the most of it. Those girls who had the Wallie Reid party surely were clever, and we hope to have an idea as original as that some time soon.

How would some of you clubs like an answer man of your own? Miss Sunny Colton, Orpheum Theater, Grand Rapids, Michigan, makes the following suggestion:

To-day, I read of the fan clubs, and I would like very much to belong to one, but I do not know of any I could join as I am in the theatrical profession and, of course, never very long in any one place. I was wondering if there wasn't some club that would accept me as a member?

I know a few of the stars personally, and I could be quite useful as an Answer Man—or should I say Answer Woman. Perhaps, I could be a research reporter, as my traveling around enables me to be in a position to find out things, which information the members might otherwise be unable to secure. My favorite players are Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, and Conway Tearle. I am sixteen and very anxious to join a club.

And now we come to the end of our chat. You've learned how some of the other clubs have organized, and proceeded with their meetings, and, perhaps, it will be easier for you now to begin your activities. Your club is not restricted in any way, except that it must be a fan club, so do not hesitate to use any original ideas of the members. "What youth wants most," once said a great author, "is room," so now that you've plenty of it, let's see how unique you can make your club.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

SHAKESPEARE JR.—Ruth Roland has been married, but isn't now. Once upon a time she was Mrs. Kent. Dorothy Gish is married to James Rennie. Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith. Mary Pickford is her legal name, however, the courts changing it from Gladys to Mary at her request, and she in turn changed it to Mrs. Fairbanks at "Doug's" request. Olive Thomas' body was brought from Paris to New York for burial services. Jack Pickford has not married again. Louise Lovely is married to William Welch. Gloria Swanson has a baby daughter a little over a year old. She is Mrs. Somborn in private life. Dual rôles are made possible by means of trick photography, or "double exposure" as the camera men call it. Florence Vidor's correct name was Florence Arto, until she married King Vidor, the director. They have a daughter, Suzanne, two years old. Robert Harron's death was accidental. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

I. J. K.—William Russell has been married and divorced. Gretchen Hartman is Mrs. Allan Hale. They have a new arrival in their family. Edith Sterling is not working in pictures at the present time. "Trumpet Island" was a Vitagraph production with Wallace MacDonald and Marguerite De la Motte in the leading rôles. "Black Beauty" was also a Vitagrapher with Jean Paige (Mrs. Albert Smith) and James Morrison in the leading rôles.

LARRY.—Mona Lisa is not married. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional. Jane and Eva Novak are sisters. Jane has not married William S. Hart—as yet. Constance Talmadge is married to John Pialoglou, a tobacco merchant. Ethel Barrymore is not appearing before the camera at the present time. Marguerite Clark has her own company and is making pictures for the First National Exhibitors. Mary Miles Minter's correct name is Juliet Shelby. Her sister does not appear regularly on the screen. Margaret Shelby is her name. Douglas Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully. She has the custody of their son.

BROWN-EYED FLOSSY.—G. M. Anderson is not making any pictures. Buck Jones is married to a nonprofessional. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. "Playthings of Destiny" is her latest First National offering. Tom Mix and Victoria Forde are married. Tom has, however, been married before and has a child by his first wife. "The Road Demon" is one of his latest Fox features.

AUDREY HOPE.—I am sure I can't find the space to name all the players who have brothers and sisters. Most of them have, just like any person. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Charles Ray, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Owen Moore, in fact, the big majority of the players have brothers or sisters, and many of them working in pictures, too.

JUST CURIOUS.—Lewis Stone, Jane Novak, and Marjorie Daw had the leading rôles in Marshall Neilan's feature, "The River's End." You must write Wallace Reid personally for his photograph. I haven't any pictures of him to send out to fans. I don't mind what you call me. No matter what it is, if you think hard enough you can always find something worse. Douglas Fairbanks' latest feature is the much-heralded, "The Three Musketeers." His previous picture was "The Nut." Both were directed by Fred Niblo.

A. C.—Corinne Griffith is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes are blue. Elsie Ferguson is five feet six and weighs five whole pounds more than Corinne. She has golden-brown hair and blue eyes.

MRS. B. M. R.—You will find all the addresses given at the end of this department.

INQUISITIVE INQUIRERS.—Antonio Moreno is not married. Little Zoe Rae Beck is not appearing in pictures at this time. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Of course, I don't wish you or any one else would stop asking questions. If my readers did, then there would be no Oracle, and I would be out of a job. So have a heart.



If You Like to Draw

Write for Free Book

"How to Become An Artist"

By our new method of teaching by mail you can learn illustrating, cartooning, commercial art in your own home. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and earn $50 to $100 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for **anyone** to learn. Instructions given by Will H. Chandlee, artist with over 30 years' experience. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Have your own studio or secure high salaried position. Or work in spare time. Many students earn while they are learning!

$100 for One Drawing

Many artists receive $100 to $1000 for a single drawing. Magazines and newspapers are always seeking good drawings and cartoons. We furnish a complete Outfit **free** to all students. Includes everything required to produce hundreds of dollars' worth of pictures.

Write Today

for the most remarkable offer ever made by any recognized and reputable school of art. Special terms to a limited number of new students and complete Artist's Drawing Outfit given Free to new students. Fill out and mail the attached coupon or write a postal and we will send you, at once, a beautiful Booklet, "How to Become an Artist," filled with drawings and full particulars of our extraordinary offer. Do it now—before you forget.

FREE COUPON

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1729, Marden Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1729, Marden Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.

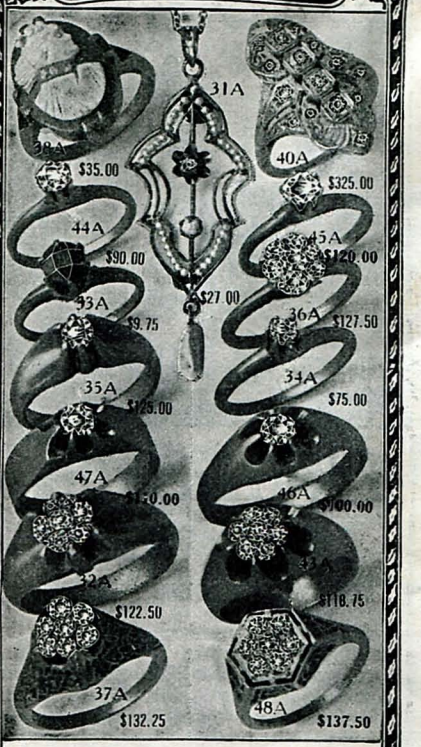
Without any obligation on my part, please send me your Free Art Booklet and Special Free Drawing Outfit Offer with reduced terms to new students.

NAME.....
(State whether Mr. Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

Buy Your Xmas Gifts Now

Only a few cents a day



No Money Down

JUST send your name and address for our 128-page book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your choice sent you on approval, without a penny down.

Charge Account Plan

Don't send a penny in advance. Your simple request brings any diamond or piece of jewelry you choose. When it comes examine it and if it is not the greatest bargain you have ever seen send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it you can pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

8% Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed an 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 6% bonus privilege. Catalog tells how.

Write Today for Xmas Catalog

Send your name and address *now*. No obligation. Beautiful Christmas catalog comes free by return mail. It explains all about Lyon Charge Account Plan. See this great collection of jewelry bargains now. Send your name for catalog today to Dept. 1751

J·M·LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, New York N.Y.

Maxixe BOUDOIR SAFETY RAZOR



Ready for the occasion which requires an evening gown or bathing suit.

The ordinary safety razor is too wide for the curves under the arms. The "Maxixe" is made just for this purpose, only ¾ of an inch wide.

The "Maxixe" is beautifully gold plated, packed one in a box, four blades, and a cake of antiseptic soap. All for $1.00.

If your shop cannot supply you we will mail you one on receipt of price.

OVERLAND MFG. CO.

Dept. B 71 West 23rd Street New York

MRS. J. G.—Roscoe Karns was the young man who portrayed the rôle of *Bradley Caldwell, Jr.*, in the Gladys Walton feature, "The Man Tamer." All addresses at the end of this department.

LESTER A.—John Jones and Lucille Rickson are the two youngsters who appear in the Goldwyn-Booth Tarkington-Edgar comedies. They are both in California. You will find all the addresses you asked for at the end of The Oracle.

THOS. B. H. JR.—If J. Warren Kerrigan lost ten years, as you say, then he was ten years old when he was born. He arrived on this hemisphere at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. Figure it out for yourself. Charles Meredith played the leading male rôle opposite Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress."

WILMA H.—Marguerite Cortot and June Caprice are not sisters. They aren't even related. June Elvidge has flitted from the screen to the stage. She is headlining on the Keith circuit. Gladys George played opposite Charles Ray in "Red Hot Dollars." Your other questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns.

MISS BERTHA P.—"Hoot" Gibson was born in Takamah, Nebraska, in 1892. He has light hair and blue eyes. He is making feature pictures for the Universal. His latest is "The Sheriff of Cinnabar," adapted from the Peter B. Kyne story of that name. Molly Malone, the former Goldwyn leading lady, has the important feminine rôle in this picture. He has no children and has not married again. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. You will have to write to him personally for his autographed photo.

SUZANNE D.—Ward Crane does not appear with any one company. He is free lancing and takes what parts he is cast for, no matter who the company may be. Your other questions concerning him have already been answered in this issue.

ROSALIE W.—Robert Brunton is not the husband of Kitty Gordon. She is Lady Beresford in private life. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1892. Harold Lockwood will continue to be seen on the screen only should they decide to reissue his old Metro productions. Joseph Schenck is married to Norma Talmadge. Wallace Reid has one son, William Wallace Reid, Jr. Jack Mulhall's wife is dead. Her name was Laura Bunton. She left a son four years of age. Wheeler Oakman will not appear opposite his wife, Priscilla Dean, for the present at least, as he has signed a contract with another company. It looks as if Geraldine Farrar has deserted the silver sheet for some time to come, as she is at present planning an extensive operatic tour for the coming year. Harold Lockwood died on October 27, 1918. "The Off Shore Pirate" was released some little time ago. "Peter Ibbetson" is the latest picture in which Elsie Ferguson appears. In the same cast are Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter. You will find your other questions already answered.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—May Allison is not married. Yes, Gloria Swanson is really the proud mother of a baby girl. Colleen Moore has one blue eye and one brown. Odd, isn't it? It is not noticeable however, and you wouldn't think so unless your attention was called to the fact.

GWENDOLYN R.—ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. She is five and a half feet tall and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She is the wife of Tom Gallery, the juvenile leading man. They were married on the 25th of July, 1920. Tom Moore and his brother Owen both have brown hair.

MISS HELEN LOUISE P.—Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair and eyes are dark brown. Some people might think it black. It's that dark. He is the husband of Frances Ring. His latest pictures to be released are "The Conquest of Canaan" and "Cappy Ricks."

ELDEN S.—The cast for "The False Road," was as follows: Enid Bennett was *Betty Palmer*, Lloyd Hughes was *Roger Moran*, Wade Boteler was *Sapphire Mike Wilson*, Lucille Young was *"Frisco" Minnie*, Charles Smiley was *Joshua Starbuck*. Edithe York was *Mother Starbuck*, and Gordon Mullen was the crooked chauffeur.

MESS MER RIZER.—Fannie Ward is not making any pictures. I don't think she intends to return to the United States for some time, as she recently sold her home and art treasures in the United States. She is in Italy at the present writing.

RALPH GRAVES ADMIRER.—Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, just twenty-one years ago. His screen career consists of two years with Essanay, Universal, World, Tourneur, and Griffith. Some of his better pictures were, "Sporting Life," "The White Heather," "The Greatest Question," and "Dream Street." He is at present in Los Angeles, California, where he is playing the leading male rôle in Raoul Walsh's production of Peter B. Kyne's, "Kindred of the Dust." I do not know anything good or bad about the school of acting you speak about.

MARGUERITE C.—Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, California in 1893. George Larkin was born in New York three years before Ruth made her début into this world.

P. D.—Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man." Margaret Loomis appeared opposite him in "Always Audacious," and Ann Little in "Excuse My Dust."

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.—Speaking of you being near icebergs reminds me that the heat is terrific here. I would like to have one of those "bergs" to bathe my heated brow with right now. Bobby and Brownie Vernon are not related. Lincoln Steadman is Myrtle Steadman's son. Faire and Constance Binney are sisters. Sorry to hear of your illness. Hope by this time you are O. K. once more.

MISS ANNA H.—Address at the end of The Oracle.

MISS VELMA.—Earle Williams is married to Florence Walz. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Addresses at the end of this department.

LUCY M.—Bebe Daniels is not engaged to Harold Lloyd. Thomas H. Ince, Ralph Ince, and John Ince are all brothers. Carmel Meyers was born in 1901.

EDNA B.—Robert Leonard is married to Mae Murray. He also directs her. Ella Hall is the wife of Emory Johnson. They have two little boys. Ella does not play in pictures any more. I expect that the care of her two small sons keeps her quite busy. Emory, however, is to be seen on the silver sheet. Viola Dana is not married. Her husband died during the "flu" epidemic. She has no children. Viola has been on the stage since she was a little girl. She started in pictures several years ago with the Edison company. She was born in 1898.

FRED G. JR.—I don't remember the letter so perhaps, as you say it didn't reach me. If you have watched for your answers and have not seen them, then I guess your letter went astray. It won't do any harm to write them again, if you are not certain, I will answer them.

MRS. NATALIE M. B.—Ormi Hawley is not a regular player any more. Once in a while she appears in some picture. Miss Hawley was born in Massachusetts in 1890. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair is blond and her eyes are gray.

J. P. B.—You certainly do win the hand-crocheted teapot. Where did you get all the gossip? In the first place, William S. Hart has never been married. So *that's* out! Mary Pickford's correct name was Gladys Smith. Mary is also her own name. So when she went with David Belasco, appearing in legitimate, they decided Smith was not a good stage name and so they hunted around for a more suitable one and lighted on Pickford, her father's mother's name. Then they dropped the Gladys and used Mary. Now you have the whole story. Hazel Dawn uses Hazel Dawn as her name in the profession and out of it. She has been in pictures as well as on the legitimate. She is even now taking turns at first one and then the other. She was born in Ogden City, Utah.

U. No.—Charles Ray has no children. Albert Ray has a small son. Only one. I don't know where you got the idea that there was a large family. Charles has an only sister. No brothers. Albert has an only brother. No sisters.

ALPHABET.—You will find your questions have been answered elsewhere in the columns. You will have to ask the editor for those pictures in the gallery you would like to see. I am glad you like the MAGAZINE so well, and hope you continue to derive so much pleasure from it.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE ADMIRER.—There have been several pictures published of your favorite and her husband.

DOROTHA.—"Way Down East" has been released from its "first-run houses only" policy and will be allowed in the smaller houses now. You will probably see it appearing in your town one of these days. You will find the addresses below that you desire. You are young yet and have lots of time. I wouldn't try to rush matters. Write again when you can spare the time. I am always here.

KATHRYN C.—I wasn't going to tell you not to try to get in the movies. When people ask my advice that is what I tell them, but, when they do not, I say nothing. The addresses are below.

H. H. B.—Clara Kimball Young is not married at the present time. She was the wife of James Young.

VERNA D.—You will have to write the editor for the picture you wished to see published. Viola Dana is neither married nor engaged. Your other questions have been answered.

A MADGE EVANS ADMIRER.—Madge was born in New York City in 1909. That is her correct name. The Lee children have been in vaudeville and they have also made a few pictures lately. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899.

HELEN D.—You will have to write Lloyd Hughes personally for his photograph. His latest release is "Mother O' Mine," with Betty Ross Clark, Betty Blythe, and Claire McDowell.

Why Don't YOU Write Stories and Movie Plays?

WAIT! Don't say you CAN'T because you don't KNOW you can't! Thousands of people, who thought they COULDN'T, found out they COULD, and now make big money in their spare time, live comfortably and happy, envied and admired by all their friends.

Maybe YOU could write stories and plays *and don't know it!* Don't laugh at the idea—don't scoff! *"Ofttimes one can do best the thing he least suspects."* YOU may possess hidden talent only waiting to be developed and brought out. You may not suspect this, but it may be true just the same. Many of our greatest authors suddenly discovered they could write when they least thought they could.

"Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it," is the surprising statement made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Well, come to think of it, most anyone can *tell* a story. Why can't most anyone *write* a story?

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that *"nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."*

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays: thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, which is indorsed by some of America's greatest editors, authors, and magazines, is now busy night and day supplying this information broadcast. And this free information is *everybody's property.* It is *not for the select few.* Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for anybody—any man or woman of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even DREAM they can write!

EVERYBODY is taking up the idea of WRITING. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write! Many people find that about all the need is an ordinary education, an observing mind, some will power, and a little confidence. You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity, with its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The columns of the daily newspaper are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents providing rich food for the Pen of Realism.



Photo © by Evans, L. A.
MISS CLAIRE WINDSOR, famous film star.
Read her inspiring message in "The Wonder Book for Writers," sent free to anyone.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. You are looked upon with eyes of envy.

For the world of story and playwriters is no longer the starve-in-a-garret fraternity of old. No, indeed! Many of the Story Kings these days cruise around in large limousines, have elegant country homes or town houses, live in the highest social spheres in America! No society is too high or exclusive for them to enter. No marble mansion but what is open to them. Men and women writers, from humble stations in life, have been the honored guests of Kings and Presidents.

WE have just published a new book for you that amazes every reader—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book, now being distributed by the thousand, is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with *things that gratify your expectations*—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through new easy methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS! You may have a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.



There is no need to let your laudable ambition stand still—no need to starve the Noble Flame that burns at the Altar of your Dearest Hope—no need to wait, to wish—to merely dream of being a writer. Your brilliant opportunity, your golden chance, is HERE AND NOW! Get your pencil—use the coupon below. This little act may prove the big, lucky stroke of your Destiny!

THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept.126, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE, *"The Wonder Book for Writers."* This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

THE KIND OF PROOF YOU LIKE TO SEE

"There never has been such a market for good fiction as there is to-day. This is the golden age for writers. Any man or woman with an original idea, or even an original way of handling an old idea, can sell their manuscripts as fast as they can turn them out."—ROBT. H. DAVIS, OF MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"It requires no literary experience or ability."—MARION FAIRFAX, writer for Mary Pickford.

"In every man and every woman there is some great moving picture scenario. There is material for screen masterpieces in the life of the dullest person you meet on the street to-day. Your neighbors are living stories that, if told naturally and spiritedly, would touch and thrill the world."—D. W. GRIFFITH, producer of "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "Intolerance."

"Original five-reel plots by *unknown* authors sell for from $500.00 to $5,000.00."—JOHN EMERSON, well-known photoplaywright.

"The best reading matter is as frequently obtained from absolutely new writers as it is from famous writers."—JOHN M. SIDDALL, EDITOR OF AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"There is a popular impression that the new writer has no chance—that his contributions are given scant attention. The impression would be quickly dispelled if the public could see how eagerly magazine editors go through each mail—hoping always that the Great Unknown may at last have appeared."—EDITOR OF COLLIER'S

Every Movie Fan Should Have This Book

"Positively true to life." The *twenty biggest stars* in *America all say* that "*Intimate Talks with Movie Stars*" is the *only book* ever published that *shows* the *human, personal life* of the *screen favorites in* a *true light.*

20 Talks

In this *remarkable* book, *excellently printed and bound,* written by *Edward Weitzel, Associate Editor* of the *Moving Picture World,* a man who comes into daily personal contact with the stars, you will find *twenty intensely interesting talks by* the *stars themselves, telling all* about *their daily lives off the screen.*

20 Portraits

With each talk is included a *reproduction* from a *beautiful, full cabinet portrait* showing the stars just as *they look* in *real life.*

20 Autographs

And each picture *bears* an *autograph.*

All Yours

Now, for the first time, you can have the inside story, the portrait and the autograph of all your favorite stars in one binding.

These 20 Stars

Richard Barthelmess
Alice Brady
Alice Calhoun
Helene Chadwick
Douglas Fairbanks
Geraldine Farrar
Elsie Ferguson
Lillian Gish
Dorothy Gish
Louise Glaum
Charles Hutchison
Mae Murray
Nazimova
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Pearl White
Clara Kimball Young
Billie Burke

Act Quickly

The first edition of this *beautifully bound* and printed volume is almost exhausted. If you wish a copy at this special short time price, *act quickly, send only $1.50* in cash, money order or check and receive the book by return mail. *Send $1.50 today.* Address Desk "B."

DALE PUBLISHING CO.
General P. O. Box 349, New York City, N. Y.

Once I was gray!



Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and you can soon make this statement yourself. It proves how a clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in from 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Test as directed on a single lock. Note its clean daintiness—how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking, no discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

Fill out coupon carefully and enclose lock of hair if possible. Trial package and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle from druggist or direct from us. Don't risk cheap substitutes and ruin your hair.

Mary T. Goldman, 1010 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 1010 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black____ jet black____ dark brown____
medium brown____ light brown____

Name _____

Street _____ Town _____

Co. _____ State _____

GRIFFITH FAN.—The cast for "The Greatest Thing in Life" is: Lillian Gish as *Jeanette Peret,* Adolphe Lestina as *Leo Peret,* Robert Harrin as *Edward Livingstone,* David Butler as *M'sieur le Bebe,* Elmo Lincoln an American soldier, Edward Piel a German officer, Kate Bruce as *Jeanette's Aunt,* and Peaches Jackson as *Mademoiselle Peaches.*

MISS MATHILDA M. K.—Ethel Clayton has two daughters.

INQUISITIVE BETTY.—Vincent Coleman has brown hair and blue eyes. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. Katherine MacDonald has blond hair and blue eyes. She is five feet eight. Wallace Reid has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Wheeler Oakman has brown hair and eyes. Norman Kerry has dark hair and hazel eyes.

I. H. M.—Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven's latest picture is "The Girl in the Taxi," taken from the stage success by that name. Enid Bennet's latest picture is "Keeping Up with Lizzie." Wallace Reid's latest release is "The Hell Diggers." Charles Ray's late pictures are "Scrap Iron" and "R. S. V. P." In the first he is a prize fighter, in the second an artist.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, FOREVER.—At last your patience has been rewarded. Your favorite was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1897. She was educated at St. Joseph's Convent and Notre Dame Academy. Her screen career has been with Keystone, Rolin-Pathé, Fox, and Universal. She is five feet four and one half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Kathleen's hair is fair and her eyes are blue.

MR. A.—Noah Beery has appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," and in Marshall Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Placer." He was born in 1884. Noah weighs two hundred and twelve pounds and is six feet one.

POLLY TINY.—Priscilla Dean's latest picture is "Reputation." Mildred Davis plays opposite Harold Lloyd in his comedies. "Bride 13" was a Fox serial. Natalie Talmadge is the younger Talmadge sister. She is now Mrs. Buster Keaton. Charles Ray's latest picture is "R. S. V. P." Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in the "Lottery Man." That picture looked very much like "Daddy Long-Legs." I think it was very good for a small youngster like you.

J. T. H.—Dustin and William Farnum are brothers. Franklyn is no relation. John Henry's parents are nonprofessional. Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge were married the day after Christmas. Yes, they had a double ceremony. Charles Hutchison's birthplace is Pittsburgh. "Hurricane Hutch" is his latest serial.

MISS ELIZABETH M. A.—The William Farnum that played "Ben-Hur" many years ago is the same William Farnum who is so popular in pictures to-day.

JESSIE B. MACL.—John Griffith Wray's wife has her own stock company in San Diego, California. Your friend Corinne does not play leads in pictures.

MRS. JOHN H.—The picture you speak of was made from an original scenario. It has never been published in book form. Edith Johnson is the wife of William Duncan.

FRANCIS E. M.—You pronounce Meighan, Mee-an, with the accent on the first syllable. Farrar has the accent on the last syllable.



Send Him Health

—His Rightful Christmas Heritage

Over 12,000 children of five years and under die of tuberculosis every year.

Can there possibly be a gift more truly expressive of the Christmas spirit than that which helps to save the lives of these innocent babies?

Give them a chance to live by helping the organized fight against tuberculosis in your community.

Christmas Seal your Christmas Mail

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

BE POPULAR!



Learn to Dance Well, at home, by my fascinating *new* method; *surprisingly easy!* You need no music or partner. "60,000 learned dancing by mail."

I guarantee to teach *you!* To prove *Free!* you can learn *quickly* and *easily* I will send you one lesson FREE. For mailing, etc., send 10c *today!*

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 56, 290 B'way, N.Y.

DIAMONDS

ONE CARAT $195.00

Former retail cash price $325. Now low prices 40% discount. ¾ carat $146.25; ½ carat $97.50; ¼ carat $48.75. If satisfied, pay 20% down; balance in 10 monthly payments

10 MONTHS TO PAY

Genuine sparkling blue-white diamonds now sold direct to you by DIAMOND IMPORTERS on credit at 40% discount. 14 Kt. solid gold ring included free. We guarantee to satisfy you or return your money. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL! Order direct from advt. or write for 128-page bargain catalog, sent free.

$1,000,000 and 42 years' experience are back of our guarantee

B. GUTTER & SONS 172 NASSAU STREET Div. 305, NEW YORK

Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES A PERFECT COMPLEXION



Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. **And I do it in a few days.** My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT.

My method is absolutely different. It has to be to warrant my statements. **You know that.** I get away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers, or other implements. There is nothing to take. No diet, fasting or any interference whatsoever with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe. It cannot injure the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No messy, greasy, inconvenient applications. Only a few minutes a day required. Yet, results are astounding.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Mail Coupon today!

DOROTHY RAY
14 E. Jackson Blvd. Suite 20, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dorothy Ray,
14 E. Jackson Blvd., Suite 20, Chicago, Ill.

Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

LEARN Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent-Tester** or **Key to Movie Acting Aptitude**, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. R, Jackson, Mich.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. **No canvassing or soliciting.** We teach you how; sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
236 Ryrie Building, Toronto, Canada

K. M. LAVENDER.—Norma Phillips is the name of the young lady who had the leading rôle in the old Mutual serial "Runaway June." She also did a serial called "Our Mutual Girl." Remember that one? You are going back quite a bit.

ANXIOUS AL.—Eddy Polo is an American. He was born in San Francisco, California. Wyndham Standing is married; so is William De Mille.

KATHERINE K.—I am sorry, but I cannot give you the address of any correspondence club. Against them there rules.

FAN BELT.—They change their cars so often that by the time you would learn what make they are now driving they would have purchased some other.

THE KID HIMSELF.—Ben Wilson is the hubby of Jessie McAllister. Cleo Madison, Neva Gerber, and Violet Mersereau are not married.

MRS. F. R. B.—Martha Hedman is not working in pictures at present. She devotes her time almost exclusively to the footlights. Elliott Dexter and Marie Doro are still married. Dustin Farnum is married.

W. S. HART FAN.—Your favorite has announced his intention of returning to the screen at an early date. The type of stories that he will undertake upon starting his new contract has not been announced as yet. Will let you know as soon as I hear. Bill is in New York at the present writing, completing arrangements for the distribution of his forthcoming screen productions.

SARA B.—The "Market Booklet" has been sent to you by the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. The other booklet published by this magazine is the "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," and can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps to the editor. It deals, as does the "Market Booklet," with the scenario-writing end, and has nothing to do with the history of the various players.

MISS HAMILTON.—Write to the editor. He has charge of all interviews. Mahlon is thirty-five. His wife is a nonprofessional. Hale Hamilton is not related to him.

A. B. C.—How do you get that way?

BARBARA T.—All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

KENNETH.—Write to the players personally at their studio addresses for their photographs.

BIG BROWN EYES.—Vivian Martin has light-brown hair. Marjorie Daw has light-brown hair and hazel eyes. Ruth Roland's hair is reddish-brown and her eyes are violet. Your other answers are given elsewhere in these columns.

BOBBIE W.—See the reply to Kenneth, two questions above, for your answer.

BETTY G.—Alma Hanlon is not making any pictures at present. Your other questions will be found answered elsewhere in these columns.

MRS. GRACE L. GREEN.—Wallace Reid plays *Anatol* in "The Affairs of Anatol." Gloria Swanson was his wife in this film. The other members who made the affairs possible were Elliott Dexter as *Max Runyan*, Bebe Daniels as *Satan Synne*, Monte Blue as *Abner Elliot*, Wanda Hawley as *Emilie*, Theodore Roberts as *Gordon Bronson*, Agnes Ayres as *Annie Elliot*, Theodore Kosloff as *Nazzer Singh*, Raymond Hatton as *Hoffmeier*, Julia Faye as *Tibra*, and Polly Moran as the orchestra leader.

Trade Mark Registered

WURLITZER

200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED
For Holiday Gifts
Prices Cut 33⅓%
Cash or Credit
SEND FOR CATALOG

Write for Free wonderful Bargain Catalog today. Credit terms fully explained. Amazing money-saving prices on Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Satisfaction guaranteed. Liberty Bonds Accepted.



USE YOUR CREDIT



WRIST WATCH $35 Cash or Credit

Solid 18-k White Gold, engraved; looks like genuine Platinum. Full Jeweled Imported movement, guaranteed. Silk Ribbon Bracelet. Special at $35. Other Solid Gold Wrist Watches, $26 up. Gold filled, $15 up. Men's Watches, guaranteed, $17.50 up.

THE PRINCESS DIAMOND RING
Solid 18-k White Gold, pierced. Fine Diamond. $150 value reduced to $100 CASH OR CREDIT
Proportionate reductions on all other Rings at $75, $125, $150, $175, $200 up.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858
THE OLD RELIABLE CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. H-927
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities
SEND FOR HOLIDAY CATALOG

Scenarios Wanted

Revised, Published, Copyrighted, Marketed. Free advisory service. Screen production assured exceptional stories. Scenario Service Corp., 517 Mason Opera House, Los Angeles.

GIVE THIS THE ONCE OVER

The Greatest Hit in Years—Wear It on Your Little Finger



Snappy—Stylish—Full of Color
THE VANITIE RING

Made in sterling silver, green finish, set with green and blue brilliants—worn from 5th Ave. to Frisco—get yours now—beat your friends to it—money back if not satisfied—state finger size and the ring is yours for . . . . . $1.00.

THE MANGAN CO. GREYSTONE, R. I.



"Looking more fascinating than ever, a famous prima-donna returned from abroad with bobbed hair"—from a New York news item.

OPERA STAR RETURNS WITH BOBBED HAIR



EVEN the stately beauties of the operatic stage have turned to bobbed hair for additional charm and fascination.

Just picture yourself, too, in an artistic mass of bobbed hair, with the lovely little curls making you beautiful and attractive (and underneath the bob, your own hair *safe*).

With the bewitching **NATIONAL BOB** your hair can be

BOBBED—WITHOUT BOBBING
(For the girl whose hair is uncut)
CURLED—WITHOUT CURLING
(For the girl whose hair is already bobbed)

The **NATIONAL BOB** slips on in a jiffy. It will bring to you the irresistible fascination—the charm and loveliness you have long sought! Tuck the tiny combs into place—lightly pat the invisible pins and be radiantly beautiful in your **NATIONAL BOB.**

Send us a strand of your hair and $10.00. The Bob will be sent to you at once postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

"The National Bob is an Investment in Personal Charm"

Send for free hair goods catalogue.
Artificial Eyelashes—$1.50 per pair.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. L. 368 Sixth Avenue New York

Why Love Story Magazine?

Love Story Magazine is published because:

The life into which love has not entered is barren and empty, indeed. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Empires have been built upon it. All of the good deeds inscribed indelibly upon the pages of the history of civilization were inspired by love.

Love Story Magazine is published because:

Everything else which men can possibly desire pales into insignificance when contrasted with love. Love, then, is the most desirable and greatest blessing in the world. Best of all it is not given to a chosen few but is present everywhere there are human beings—in hovel, in palace, in factory, in the fields. No man is so poor that he cannot lavish the riches of love upon some worthy object.

Love Story Magazine is published because:

There are many different kinds of love, but foremost stands the love of the good man for the good woman. In fact, this is the rock upon which modern civilization and progress are built.

Love Story Magazine is published because:

You need such a magazine in your home, in your daily journey through life. It will encourage and cheer you through hours which otherwise would be dull.

Price, Fifteen Cents

Published Twice Monthly

STREET & SMITH CORPORATION

79 Seventh Avenue **New York City**

A EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER.—The picture you refer to was a Cecil B. De Mille production for Artcraft, called "For Better, For Worse." Gloria Swanson played *Sylvia Norcross;* Elliott Dexter, *Doctor Edward Meade;* Tom Forman, *Richard Burton;* Sylvia Ashton, Gloria's aunt; Raymond Hatton, *Bud;* Theodore Roberts, the hospital head; Wanda Hawley, *Betty Hoyt;* and Jack Holt, a Crusader. Harold Austin is not married. May Allison's beau is her husband, Robert Ellis, the Selznick director and film star as well. Rubye de Remer is not with any special company. She recently completed "Pilgrims of the Night" for J. L. Frothingham's release through First National. She has gone to Europe to join Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in their tour of the world.

NANCY.—Carol Holloway was married to Jack Holloway, an assistant director. They have been divorced. Tom Moore and Rene Adoree have been married about six months.

LILLIAN C.—Mary Pickford has golden hair and hazel eyes. She is just five feet tall and tips the scales at one hundred pounds. Douglas Fairbanks has dark hair and dark eyes, with an olive complexion. He is about five feet ten. Mary was born in 1893 and "Doug" in 1883. Norma Talmadge was married October 31, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. They have no children.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Johnny Jones, Lucille Rickson, Lon Chaney, Russell Simpson, Helene Chadwick, Mary Alden, Cullen Landis, Richard Dix and Renee Adoree at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Mary Thurman, Jack Pickford, Claire Adams, and J. Warren Kerrigan at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Tully Marshall, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Ethel Clayton, Lois Wilson, Edith Roberts, Leatrice Joy, and Mildred Harris at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Franklyn Farnum, Allan Forrest, George Chesebro, Edith Sterling, Eva Novak, Ann May, ZaSu Pitts, Rosemary Theby, Betty Blythe, Mitchell Lewis, James Morrison, and Claire Anderson, care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Collender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, Albert Ray, Thomas Meighan, William Desmond, and Antonio Moreno, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

George B. Seitz and Marguerite Courtot, at Pathé Exchange, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Rod LaRocque and Madge Evans, care of Edward Small, 1493 Broadway, New York.

Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite De la Motte, and Mary MacLaren, at the Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

David Powell and Billie Burke, care of Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Walter Long, care of the American Legion, Hollywood, California.

Helen Ferguson, Eileen Percy, Shirley Mason, Tom Mix, and Buck Jones, at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand and Ben Turpin, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Phillips, Gladys Leslie, and Pola Negri, at the First National Pictures Corporation, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City. Also Richard Barthelmess and Marguerite Clark.

Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish, at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York. Also Carol Dempster.

May Allison, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Gareth Hughes, and Bert Lytell, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Juanita Hansen, at Warner Brothers' Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, Mildred Davis, Snub Pollard, and Harold Lloyd, at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Pearl White, at the William Fox Film Corporation, Tenth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

May MacAvoy, care of Realart Studios, Hollywood, California.

Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern, care of Lois Weber Studios, Hollywood, California.

Frank Mayo, Marie Prevost, Eddie Polo, Priscilla Dean, Gladys Walton, and Miss du Pont at Universal City, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor,* Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Grace H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, the security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President,
of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1921. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 239, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)



A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in the world, send for sample—sells at $15 an ounce and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops—made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at $15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

PAUL RIEGER & CO.
139 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

Rieger's
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Other Offers
Direct from us or at dealers.

Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.
Lilac, Crabapple $1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, ... $2.00
Mon Amour Perfume sample offer, 1oz. . $1.50
SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

Restore YOUR Pep and Power!



Resist the forces that are sapping your vital powers. Banish the weaknesses that make your life a wretched failure. Stop experimenting with dangerous dope and drugs and foolish fads. Shake off Catarrh, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bad Blood, Rupture, Nervousness, and the other results of neglect and abuse (see consultation coupon). Rebuild your Body and Brain and fit yourself for the joys of a healthy, happy, successful life. I want to help you—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM — The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in Restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for the Joys of Life. I guarantee it—no matter what your condition is, or what caused it.

Mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book—**"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It's a manbuilder and a life-saver. Send for it **Right Now.**

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Lionel Strongfort
Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 602, Newark, New Jersey

Cut out and Mail this Coupon

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 602, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Increased Height	..Rheumatism
..Catarrh		..Falling Hair
..Asthma	..Pimples	..Weak Eyes
..Hay Fever	..Blackheads	..Gastritis
..Obesity	..Insomnia	..Heart Weakness
..Headache	..Short Wind	..Poor Circulation
..Thinness	..Flat Feet	..Skin Disorders
..Rupture	..Stomach Disorders	..Lumbago
..Neuritis		..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Constipation	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Biliousness	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Torpid Liver	..Stoop Shoulders
	..Indigestion	..Muscular Development
..Successful Marriage	..Nervousness	
	..Poor Memory	..Great Strength

Name .....

Age .....Occupation .....

Street .....

City .....State .....



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 35
Masonic Temple Chicago

FREE DRESS DESIGNING LESSONS

Any Girl or Woman, 15 or over, can easily learn DRESS and COSTUME DESIGNING and MAKING in 10 WEEKS, using spare moments. Designers earn $50 to $100 WEEK.

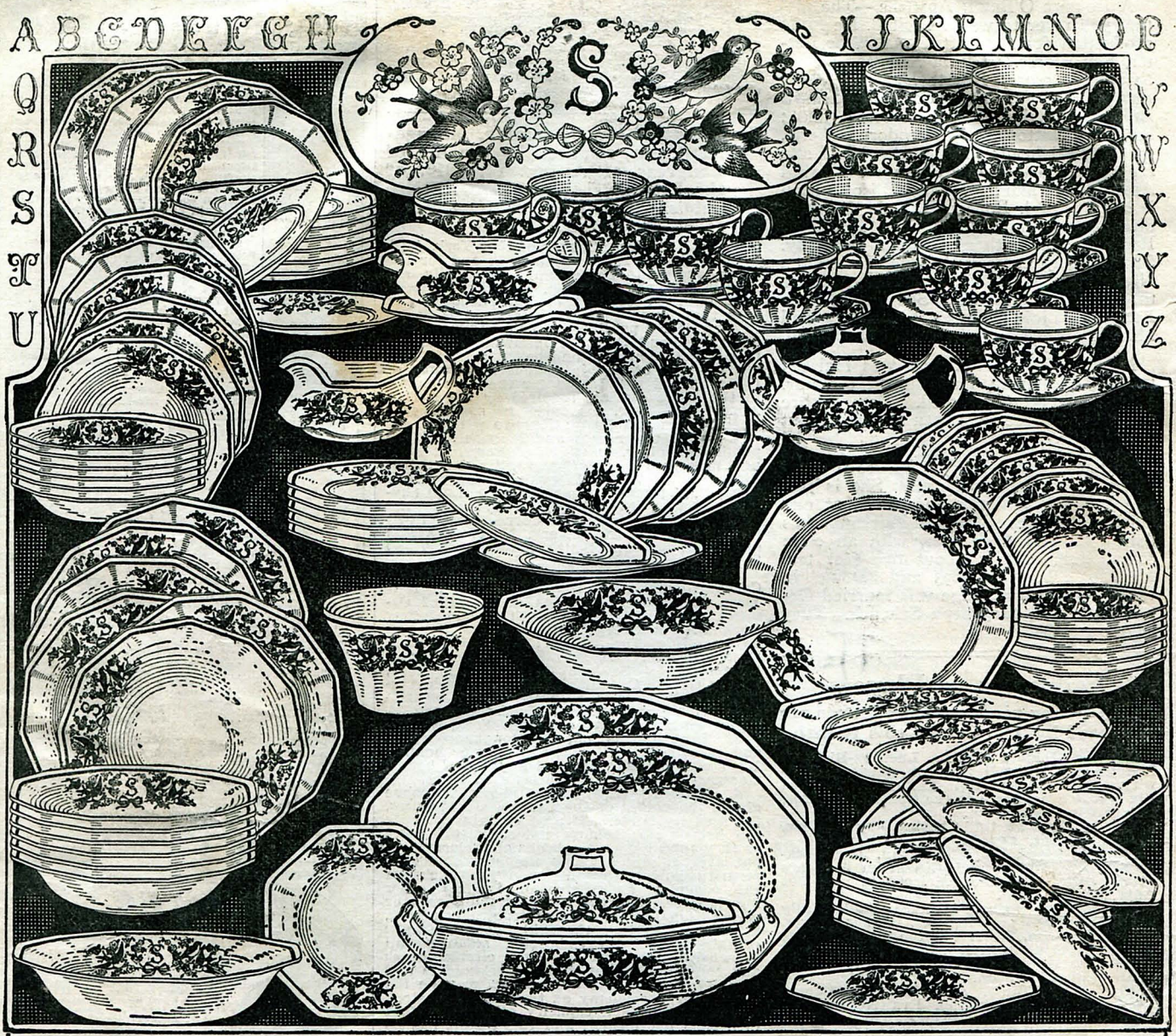
Hundreds Learn Millinery By Mail

Cut and Mail to Franklin Institute Dept. T703 Rochester, N.Y.
Send me AT ONCE, free sample lessons in the subject here checked
[] Dress Designing
[] Millinery
Name .....
Address.....



Bud Cigarettes

Plain or Cork Tip. Made of selected Pure Turkish Tobacco, with a distinctive blend which is appreciated by smokers of discrimination and taste. 100 Bud Cigarettes securely packed in Mahogany Wood Boxes. Send us $2.00 (post office, express money order or check) for a box of 100. Sent postpaid to any address. The Bud Cigarette Company, 2 Rector Street, New York City.



110-Piece Dinner Set

Superb Bluebird Monogram Design

$1.00 Down

A wonderful, exclusive bargain for Straus & Schram customers. A dinner set which combines the exquisite Bluebird design, that emblem of happiness, with the distinctive monogram, all woven together with a harmonious floral pattern in pink, green and lavender. Lovely blue border on each piece. Popular Colonial shape. **Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze.** That splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay before firing and gives that indestructible, snow-white glaze.

Your Initial on Every Piece FREE

Yes, we will furnish you this set with your choice of any initial in the distinctive shaded Puritan letter on every one of the 110 pieces—and no extra charge! This wonderful dinner set is yours for only $1.00 down and $2.70 a month; $29.90 in all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE! This set is guaranteed first quality, standard pattern. Replacements may be secured from us for three years.

30 Days Trial!

Just $1 with the coupon brings you this set for 30 days use in your own home. Our guarantee protects you. If not satisfied after 30 days, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1, plus any freight or express charges you paid.

Easy Payments

If satisfied, pay balance of rock-bottom price on small monthly payments. **Almost a year to pay!** We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D. Easy terms on everything in our bargain catalog.

A Complete Service for 12 People

This splendid set consists of:

12 dinner plates, 9 in.
12 breakfast plates, 7 in.
12 coupe soups, 7½ in.
12 fruit saucers, 6¼ in.
12 cups.
12 saucers.
12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in.
12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.
1 platter, 11½ in.
1 platter, 13¼ in.
1 gravy boat.
1 gravy boat stand.
1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces).
1 oval open vegetable dish, 8½ in.
1 round vegetable dish, 8¾ in.
1 bowl, 1 pint.
1 sugar bowl and cover, 2 pieces.
1 cream pitcher.
1 pickle dish.
1 butter dish, 7½ in.

This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight packed, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. G6702A. Send $1.00 with order, $2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $29.90. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1751 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set, **No. G6702A.** I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $2.70 monthly, **$29.90** in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

State Initial desired. (*One letter only*).....

Name.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If You Only Want Catalog, Put X in Box Below:
☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing

Cut Price—Send Now

Rock bottom prices now. Lowest since before the war. So send coupon at once with only $1 and we will ship this complete 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set at once to you on 30 days trial. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, talking machines, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send coupon today.

Straus & Schram, W. 35th St., Dept. 1751, Chicago, Ill.

BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY



XI—One perfectly cut, blue-white diamond set in "Merry Widow" mounting of white gold. $45.



X2—Artistic, hand-engraved mounting of platinum, 2 blue-white diamonds in hexagon settings. $125.



X 3 — Scarf pin with one exceptionally fine, blue-white diamond, set Tiffany style. $50.



X37—Seven fine perfect-cut, blue-white diamonds, uniform in size, color and brilliancy, crown set, resembling a $350 solitaire. Hand-engraved, white gold mounting (looks like platinum.)



X17 — Hexagon-set diamond, in hand-carved platinum mounting. $100.



X18 — Graceful pattern of white gold 7 perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds. $85.



X19—Twelve dazzling diamonds, platinum set, surround a beautiful blue faceted sapphire. $150.



X4—Gentlemen's massive, hand-carved Belcher ring, one fine diamond. $50.



X5—One blue-white diamond set Tiffany style. $25.



X20—Ladies' Belcher ring, one fine diamond. $45.



X21—Tiffany style ring; one perfectly cut diamond. $65.



X22—Platinum set 7-diamond cluster. $55.



X6—Exclusive scarf pin; white gold hand-engraved mounting, 1 perfectly cut, blue-white diamond. $30.



X7—Superior diamond, set Tiffany style, solid gold mounting. $85.



X8—Beautiful mounting of white gold, combined with green gold; one superior diamond. $50.



X9—Tiffany style set with one fine diamond. $35.



X10—Genuine, hand-carved cameo in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. $6.50.



X11—The "Merry Widow," always popular, set with 5 perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds, in platinum. $125.



X12—Solid gold, diamond-set tie clasp, Roman finish. $6.

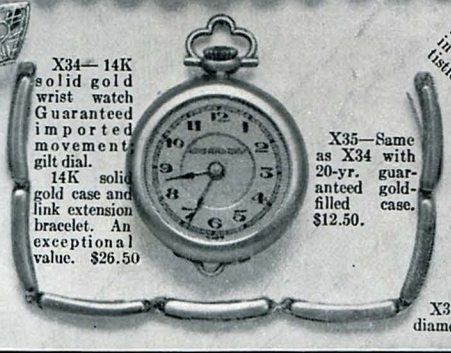


X13—One fine diamond; Tiffany style setting. $150.



X14—Festoon of solid gold, set with 4 blue-white diamonds; 15-inch chain included. $45.

X15—Handsome design of green gold; one beautiful diamond, hexagon-set in platinum, 2 faceted blue sapphires in diamond-shaped settings. $65.



X34—14K solid gold wrist watch Guaranteed imported movement, gilt dial. 14K solid gold case and link extension bracelet. An exceptional value. $26.50

X35—Same as X34 with 20-yr. guaranteed gold-filled case. $12.50.



X33—Gentlemen's massive, seven-diamond platinum set cluster ring. $60.

X32—An exceptionally beautiful pattern of green gold combined with white gold. Brilliant cluster of seven fine diamonds in center; four other perfectly cut diamonds complete the artistic arrangement. $150.



X31—Beautiful pendant; 47 genuine whole pearls; one blue-white diamond and baroque drop; 15-inch chain included. $25.



X27—Twin Belcher ring; two blue-white diamonds. $100.

X29—Flat Belcher ring, one superior diamond. $60.



X25—Genuine cameo brooch in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. $10.



X28 — Gentlemen's tooth ring, one fine diamond. $35.



X26—Seven blue-white diamonds, hexagon set in white gold mounting. $75.



X24—One superior diamond in tooth setting. $50.



X23—Genuine coral cameo set with two fine diamonds. $35.



X36—"SWEET indestructible pearls of rich, iridescent beauty and soft, changeable tints. Graduated necklace 16 inches long, complete with solid gold clasp, in handsome grey velvet gift case. $7.

Beautiful Xmas Gifts

On Credit—at Cash Prices

Blue white, perfectly cut diamonds, handsome watches, dainty toilet articles. Your choice ON APPROVAL. If satisfied after examination, pay only one-fifth the price—balance in ten monthly payments. ABSOLUTELY NO RISK.

Our Guarantee Value Bond guarantees you a 7½% yearly increase in exchange value on every diamond purchased.

Send for FREE De Luxe Christmas Catalog

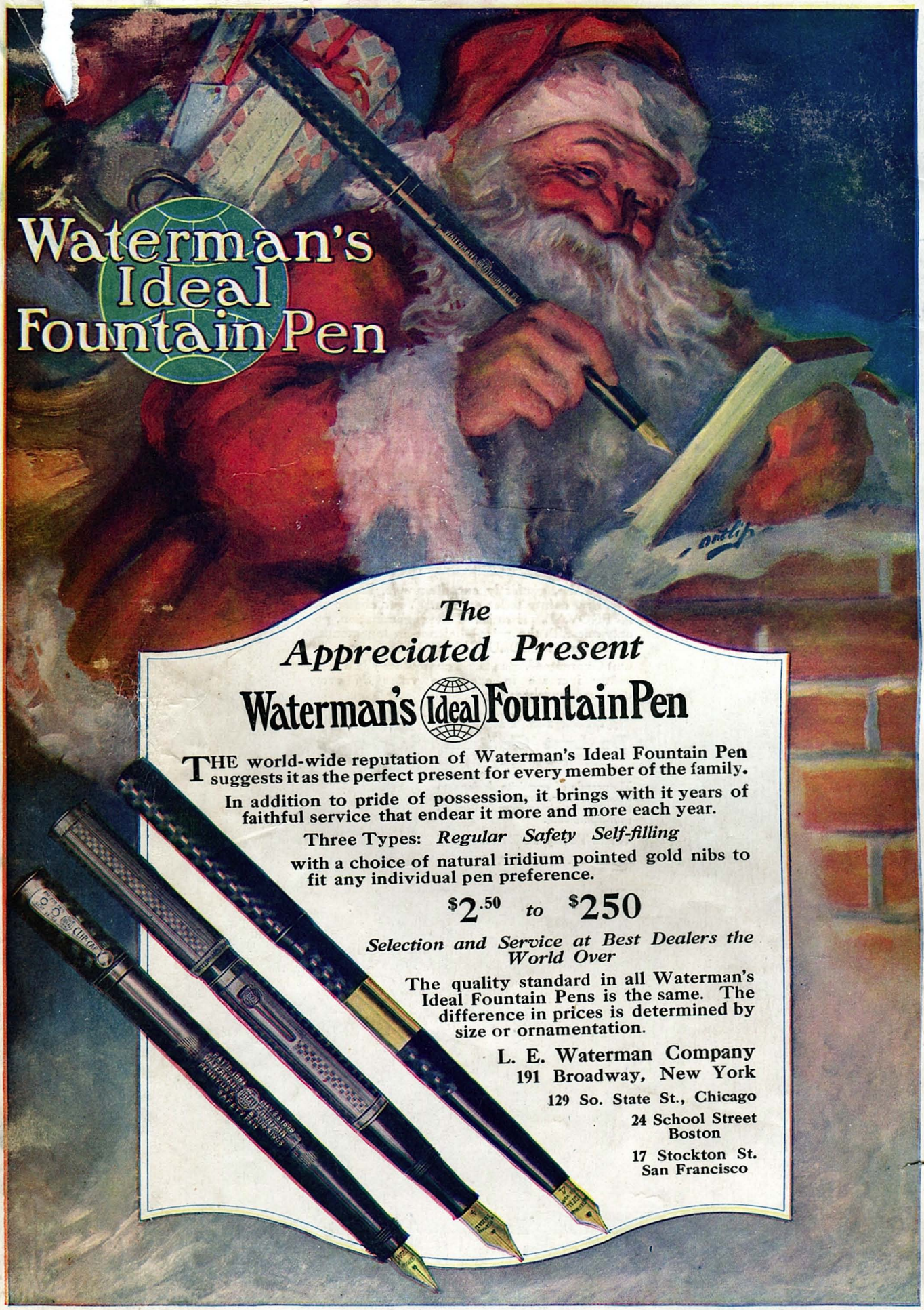
Thousands of exquisite designs to choose from—every article a Rare Bargain. *"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back."*

Write Today To Dept. 502-F

L. W. SWEET, Inc.
New York City



L·W·SWEET INC "THE HOUSE OF QUALITY" · 1650-1660 BROADWAY, N.Y.



The
Appreciated Present

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE world-wide reputation of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen suggests it as the perfect present for every member of the family.

In addition to pride of possession, it brings with it years of faithful service that endear it more and more each year.

Three Types: *Regular* *Safety* *Self-filling*

with a choice of natural iridium pointed gold nibs to fit any individual pen preference.

$2.50 *to* **$250**

Selection and Service at Best Dealers the World Over

The quality standard in all Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens is the same. The difference in prices is determined by size or ornamentation.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York
129 So. State St., Chicago
24 School Street
Boston
17 Stockton St.
San Francisco